The Outlook

VOLUME 95 MAY 28, 1910 NUMBER 4

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH), FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago Office, 150 Michigan Boulevard London Office, 3 Regent Street

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The Outlook

MAY 28, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

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A WORD OF EXPLANATION Many of the readers of "Collier's" found in its issue of last week a page headed "Tell Roosevelt." It had the general appearance and display of an advertisement, and was placed opposite an advertising page. Above it was printed the usual running head "Collier's," but its text contained no reference to "Collier's," and the editorial "we" was not used. These facts, combined with the fact that The Outlook was thrice mentioned, and the Outlook office was named as the place to which the letters called for might be sent, seemed to the publisher and editors of The Outlook to make possible and even probable a general misapprehension as to the origin of the proposal set forth. This was, in brief, that, by means of a coupon blank to be cut from the page, each reader should send to Mr. Roosevelt, at the Outlook office, for the purpose of acquainting him with the present state of public opinion in this country, the reader's opinions on twelve of the current political questions. In the absence of any clear indication that this was, in fact, solely a plan formed by "Collier's," The Outlook believed that readers might easily mistake it for an advertisement by The Outlook. Immediately upon the suggestion by The Outlook of its objection, "Collier's" stopped the presses and substituted another page for the one entitled "Tell Roosevelt," and in this week's issue it publishes editorially the following explanation:

> EXPLANATION
>
> The page "Tell Roosevelt," which appeared last week, contained nothing to indicate that it was an utterance of "Collier's." As it three times referred to The Outlook and asked readers to send their letters to The Outlook, that journal believes that many readers would mistake it for an Outlook advertisement. We hasten to explain that the idea of taking a sort of plebiscite for Mr. Roosevelt's benefit was conceived by us and undertaken on our own responsibility, and that The Outlook had nothing to do with originating or carrying out the idea. It did not occur to us that in asking our readers to send their opinion on the state of the country to the distinguished home-comer in care of The Outlook, we should be causing embarrassment to our contemporary. As soon as the question was raised, and in response to the vigorous protest of The Outlook, we stopped our presses and substituted another page in the remaining part of the edition. We hasten to assure our readers that the "Tell Roosevelt" page was a disinterested inquiry by ourselves, not an advertisement by The Outlook.

We do not need to add any word of personal explanation or disclaimer for our readers; but we desire publicly to express our appreciation of the action of "Collier's" in responding so promptly to our request, at no inconsiderable inconvenience and some cost to itself.

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THE KING'S FUNERAL London witnessed last week two ceremonial pageants of national grief and respect which have not been equaled in magnitude and impressiveness since Queen Victoria's funeral nine years ago. On Tuesday, after brief services in the presence of the royal family only, the coffin of Edward VII was placed on a gun-carriage and escorted from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Hall through four miles of streets lined by a double row of England's finest soldiery, behind which stood vast numbers of the people, quiet, sympathetic, and loyal. The procession was led by Earl Marshal Roberts; massed bands of four hundred pieces played solemn marches; behind the coffin walked King

George with his two elder sons; following close came the Duke of Connaught and the Kings of Norway and Denmark, and after them a group of royal princes of Europe, all akin to the dead King; the widowed Queen Mother, with her sister the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Princess Royal, and Princess Victoria, occupied the first carriage, and the second contained Queen Mary. The historic hall of William Rufus, with its brilliant assembly of noble and distinguished persons, was in itself a memorable spectacle. The Archbishop of Canterbury delivered a short discourse in which he urged that "now that we are united by a great sorrow, we may be united for the tasks which lie before us, for the fight against all that is unworthy of our calling as the Christian inheritors of a great empire, the fight against selfishness, impurity, and greed, the fight against the spirit that is callous or profane." Until Wednesday night the royal coffin lay in state, and long lines of men and women waited patiently, often for many hours, that they might pass by it; in all it is estimated that half a million persons walked past the bier; although no serious accidents occurred, the pressure and excitement were so great that the prediction has been general that in future it may not be thought wise to risk the peril inseparable from handling such crowds. The funeral procession on Friday was naturally even more imposing and spectacular than the royal cortège of Tuesday. One report asserts that there were a million onlookers in Hyde Park alone, and describes the striking contrast between the black-clad multitudes and the blazing uniforms of the troops standing shoulder to shoulder along the curbs for three miles. The deep tolling of bells, the booming of minute guns, the great volume of military music, the enormous number of flags at half-mast, and of evergreen wreaths (thousands of which were offered as tributes of respect by individuals), all gave effective evidence of the dignity and solemnity of the occasion. Again the coffin of Edward VII, borne on a gun-carriage, was escorted by a splendid body of troops, and now it was followed by a cavalcade of kings, princes, and representatives of great nations, such as has probably never before been gathered. The mere list would take columns. First rode close together nine reigning monarchs—George of England, William of Germany, Haakon of Norway, George of Greece, Alfonso of Spain, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Frederick of Denmark, Manuel of Portugal, and Albert of Belgium. Russia was represented by Grand Duke Michael, Japan by Prince Fushimi, and there were a dozen or more royal princes from as many foreign countries, including even one so distant as Siam. Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and many royal princesses and members of foreign royal families followed in carriages. The United States was represented by Theodore Roosevelt as special Ambassador; in the carriage with him were the representatives of France and Persia. The military and naval display was extraordinary. At Paddington Station a funeral car was waiting, and at Windsor Castle, in St. George's Chapel, the services were conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford.

A SUPREME COURT OF THE WORLD

The progress which the cause of international peace has made is strikingly illustrated by the contrast between the sixteenth meeting of the International Arbitration Conference, just held at Lake Mohonk, and the first one, held in 1895. At the earlier meeting Dr. Edward Everett Hale put before the Conference a proposal for a Supreme Court of Nations, to which all international differences should be submitted, as differences between the States are submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States; and he drew with great clearness the distinction between such a Court of Judicature and mere International Arbitration. This scheme of an International Court appeared then, even to many of the members of this peace assembly, as the impracticable dream of a poet; and though there were some to defend it, there were more to present obstacles and objections. The proposition was not new even then, as Dr. Hale very clearly showed in his addresses, which were continued for two or three years along the same line and with the same object in view. It was a little later taken up by the Bar Association of New York and put into more definite form; and when it was brought before the first Hague Conference, through the wisely directed efforts of Andrew D. White, one of the American representatives, the favorable action taken upon it, though far from complete and final, became the most important of the many important acts of that historic assembly. At the present Lake Mohonk Conference this idea of a Permanent Court at The Hague did not appear to any one as impracticable or visionary. The discussion elicited upon it was not *whether* it should be created, but *how* it should be constituted. And the early realization of Dr. Hale's dream was foretold by Dr. James Brown Scott, Solicitor for the Department of State, in a paper which we hope to publish in full next week. He closed by an announcement which was rightly regarded as making this meeting a truly historic event. It was as follows:

> Secretary Knox has recently addressed a circular identic note to the Powers, requesting them to collaborate with the United States in the establishment of a truly permanent tribunal, composed of professional judges, which tribunal shall be at The Hague, ready to receive a case when it is presented, and to decide it according to the law and evidence, without the delay or friction so often involved in the creation of a temporary tribunal. The expenses of this court are to be borne by the nations participating in its constitution, and the decision of the court will not merely decide the individual questions submitted, but develop the common law of nations just as clearly and scientifically as the courts of England and the United States have developed the common law. The Secretary of State, the Hon. Philander C. Knox, authorizes and directs me to say officially that the responses to the identic circular note have been so favorable and manifest such a willingness and desire on the part of the leading nations to constitute a Court of Arbitral Justice, that he believes that a truly permanent Court of Arbitral Justice, composed of judges acting under a sense of judicial responsibility, representing the various judicial systems of the world and capable of insuring the continuity of arbitral jurisprudence, will be established in the immediate future, and that the Third Peace Conference will find it in successful operation at The Hague.

We judge from unofficial utterances that the Great Powers will not wait until all the nations, great and small, agree upon a basis for such a Tribunal. The obstacle which for a time blocked the way to the organization of such a Court—the insistence by the smaller states that every nation should have identical representation in the Court—will be avoided by the organization of a Court by the greater Powers at first, with some provision that will enable lesser Powers to come into the convention and avail themselves of the Court if they wish to do so on the basis on which it has been organized. The equal representation of all the States in the United States Senate has been attended with some serious difficulties. If the attempt had been made to organize the Supreme Court with a representative of each State upon the bench, it would have been entirely unworkable. The leading Powers have found, or are finding, a way to the constitution of a World Court which is acceptable to them, and the announcement of this fact marks the beginning of a new era in civilization, and one the importance of which it is impossible to overrate.

* * *

MEDIATION The ideas set forth in this year's session of the Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration were accentuated by an event which served to indicate the beneficial influence of that and other conferences towards arbitration and mediation. The formal proposal to Peru and Ecuador of the United States, Brazilian, and Argentine Governments as mediators in the present complicated dispute is certainly such an event. The dispute concerns the boundary between the two countries, to which has been added a dispute concerning other boundaries. The Peruvian and Ecuadorian armies are now close to each other on the frontier. When it was seen that war might be imminent, Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, instructed our representatives at the Brazilian and Argentine capitals to inquire of the Governments to which they are accredited whether a joint mediation would be feasible. The two Governments promptly consented, and, as a result, the American, Argentine, and Brazilian representatives at Lima and Quito, the Peruvian and Ecuadorian capitals, have presented a joint note, which has been communicated by telegraph from the respective Governments concerned. "In order that peace be not broken between any two of the sister American republics, and believing that the moment has arrived for recourse by the Governments of Peru and Ecuador to the mediation of friendly and disinterested Governments, strangers to the dispute, the American, Argentine, and Brazilian Governments ask earnest consideration of their views." These are:

> (1) It is unthinkable that Ecuador and Peru should go to war over a boundary dispute which both, by solemn agreement, submitted to arbitration. Neither would it be conscionable to sanction the repudiation of the award in advance by either party, for such sanction would dishonor the enlightened institution of arbitration, to which institution of an advanced civilization the American republics are committed. (2) If the Governments of Ecuador and Peru will withdraw their forces from the frontier, suspend mobilization and other preparations of war and await eventualities, then, in case no award is made, or in case serious difficulties should subsequently arise, the three Governments will undertake a satisfactory solution by mediation.

This action affords the first occasion in which the mediation provision of the Hague Convention of 1899 has been involved in this manner. The first Hague Conference drew a sharp distinction between mediation and arbitration. A mediator is a common friend who counsels both parties to a dispute, but he is not an arbitrator to whose decisions they submit differences which diplomacy fails to adjust. Hence the Conference agreed that "in case of serious disagreement or conflict, before an appeal to arms, the signatory Powers agree to have recourse, as far as circumstances allow, to the good offices or mediation of one or more friendly Powers." But, "independently of this recourse, the signatory Powers recommend that one or more Powers, strangers to the dispute, should, on their own initiative and as far as circumstances may allow, offer their good offices or mediation to the States at variance." This was confirmed by the Hague Convention of 1907, to which Ecuador and Peru, as well as the other three Governments, are signatories. It is, then, a satisfaction to learn that, at Quito and Lima, the proposal of the three Governments for joint mediation has created an excellent impression. We hope that this impression will find expression in the formal acceptance of the proposal. If so, a great good will have been accomplished, not only as regards an immediate issue, but as constituting an impressive example of the possibility of averting war by pacific means.

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MR. BALLINGER CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. PEPPER

When Mr. Brandeis, counsel for Mr. Glavis, relinquished the cross-examination of Secretary Ballinger before the Joint Committee of Congress, Mr. George Wharton Pepper, representing Mr. Gifford Pinchot, followed with a cross-examination of the Secretary on the subjects relating to the Forest Service, Reclamation, and Conservation. Mr. Pepper asked Mr. Ballinger whether he had made any special study of the theory on which the Forest Service had been managed under Mr. Pinchot. Secretary Ballinger replied that he had not, and that when he had, under direct examination, referred to the theory of using the National forests as "preserves" instead of "reserves," he based his remarks on what he understood to be theories promulgated by the Forest Service and what he had heard about the practices in the field. It turned out, in the course of the cross-examination, that Secretary Ballinger wished to base his criticism of the Forest Service, in part at least, on complaints he had received from interested parties. Secretary Ballinger found it necessary also to modify the statement which he had made that some five million acres had been eliminated from the Forest Reserves. He had made this statement to show how extensive had been the reform instituted since Mr. Pinchot had been dismissed, and to indicate how much land had been unnecessarily included in these Reserves. He corrected this five millions to five hundred thousand. By a curious coincidence, this mistake of Mr. Ballinger's is exactly of the same sort as one for which Mr. Ballinger and his counsel, Mr. Vertrees, have roundly criticised Mr. Pinchot and others. Mr. Ballinger also was unable to say that even these eliminations were not due to plans and specifications prepared by Mr. Pinchot last year. Another error of Mr. Pinchot's has been matched by Mr. Ballinger in saying he knew a man, when he meant he knew *of* him. This would not be worthy of mention if it had not been magnified in Mr. Pinchot's case. Mr. Ballinger acknowledged that he had inserted in the testimony a report adverse to the methods used by the Forest Service which he had not read and which he was not willing to acknowledge as a part of his testimony.

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MR. BALLINGER AND THE RECLAMATION SERVICE

With regard to the Perkins affair Mr. Ballinger was led to make a rather explicit statement as to what he regarded as legitimate for a man in public office to do. Mr. Perkins had been receiving five hundred dollars a month from a railway which was constantly transacting business with the Government, and particularly with that branch of the Government with which Mr. Perkins had to do. This regular retainer Mr. Perkins did not report. It was received by him avowedly for giving lectures. Mr. Ballinger expressed the opinion that although this action on the part of Mr. Perkins was a gross impropriety, Mr. Perkins was justified in receiving this money, because he had received a letter from his superior eighteen months before approving his giving lectures and receiving pay for the same from newspapers, men's clubs, and similar organizations. As a counter-attack Mr. Ballinger read some telegrams that had passed between himself and Mr. Davis, Mr. Perkins's superior, regarding some services for which Mr. Davis was to receive compensation from a company of contractors. The evidence in this case, however, was not such as to show that the two cases were at all parallel. After repeated questions to which Mr. Pepper found it rather difficult to get specific answers, Mr. Ballinger acknowledged that he came into office with a distrust of Mr. Newell and without very specific knowledge of the Reclamation Service, of which Mr. Newell was the head. And he acknowledged, moreover, that he had considered persons for the directorship in case Mr. Newell should be superseded. Later, it may be added, there was introduced into the testimony a letter to Mr. Thomson, City Engineer of Seattle (who had been mentioned as one of those considered as a successor to Mr. Newell), in which Mr. Ballinger stated that he had chosen a young engineer who could advise him "independent of the director and chief engineer and other engineers of the Reclamation Service." This letter was written barely more than six weeks after Mr. Ballinger had gone into office. This Mr. Thomson, by the way, is the same man whom, as was later shown, Mr. Ballinger recommended as an engineer to accompany a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. in an examination of the lands in Alaska. When it is remembered that the whole question of the Cunningham claims, with regard to which Mr. Ballinger acted as attorney, is involved with their relation to the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate, this recommendation, made after Mr. Ballinger became Secretary, has a distinct bearing upon this investigation. Secretary Ballinger also acknowledged that he had acted on a report adverse to the director and the chief engineer, without giving them a chance to see the charges that had been preferred against them.

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MR. BALLINGER AND THE POWER SITES

With regard to the Reclamation withdrawals, Mr. Ballinger admitted that he had made the restorations of the withdrawn lands without having at the time any idea of re-withdrawing those lands. This admission is in strange contrast with his letter to the President in which he said that he could find "no solution of the problem except by restoration and re-withdrawal in the manner in which it was handled." It is now perfectly evident that Mr. Ballinger threw open these water power sites to entry without any thought of the necessity of preserving them. It is not possible here to go into a detailed story of those restorations and re-withdrawals as it was brought out in cross-examination. All that can be said here is that Mr. Ballinger's only explanation for his course of action in that respect seems to be that he was making decisions from day to day without knowledge of the subject. On direct examination Mr. Vertrees had characterized the difference between the Garfield and the Ballinger administration as the difference between a reign of men and a reign of law. After Mr. Pepper had educed the fact that Secretary Ballinger's official counsel, Mr. Lawler, had shown the Secretary how he could make these re-withdrawals legal, Mr. Pepper cleverly characterized the facts by suggesting "that to March the 4th there had been what Mr. Vertrees picturesquely calls the reign of men, during which there was the policy of broad withdrawals followed by paring down, and that from March 4 to April 23 there was what he has with equal picturesqueness described as the reign of law, during which there was a policy of wholesale restorations, and that after April 23 there was the reign of Lawler, perhaps we will call it that, where there was a policy of re-withdrawals with a carefully chosen form of words to justify it." Secretary Ballinger gravely stated that he thought that was "rather a strained statement of the situation," but admitted that it had "certain elements of truth in it."

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MR. BALLINGER AND HIS ENEMIES

Mr. Ballinger could not understand the attitude of Mr. Garfield, Mr. Pinchot, and Mr. Newell as anything but an attempt to drive him out of public life for their own purposes and aims. When Mr. Pepper, referring to the holding up of the reclamation and water power sites, the danger to the co-operative agreement, and the falling of conservation stock generally, asked Mr. Ballinger, "Have you ever thought of those things, not as isolated problems, but as evidence of the general tendency of the movement?" the only answer that Secretary Ballinger could make was, "I have thought that my enemies had been most assiduous in trying to magnify everything of that kind." Mr. Pepper tried to explain to Mr. Ballinger the attitude of Mr. Garfield, Mr. Pinchot, and Mr. Newell by asking, "When you cleaned up Seattle and withdrew the dens of vice from entry, suppose your successor had found a defect in the police power and restored them all, would you not have regarded that as a blow to the cause for which you had been laboring?" Mr. Ballinger could not see the parallel. He admitted that he was not as sensitive to this blow at Conservation as some people who had, in his estimation, a fanatical notion regarding it. When examined about the legal authority for withdrawals and for the irrigation of private lands, Mr. Ballinger was quite insistent in limiting that power, but he failed to show that he had any clear idea as to what he based his opinion upon.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF CONSERVATION

Present interest in the movement towards conserving the Nation's natural resources calls attention to the beginning of that movement. It may be traced to Major John W. Powell, Director of the Geological Survey thirty years ago. He made many explorations in the West, and his book on its arid lands is now regarded as a classic on the subject. His personality stimulated an interest in the larger matters of public welfare. His enthusiasm regarding the development of the country's resources became contagious. At that time, however, Americans knew comparatively little of the region, extent, and value of their public lands. One of the first persons to direct attention to this lack was Mr. Frederick Haynes Newell, at present Director of the Reclamation Service. Mr. Newell printed the results of his investigation in the sixteenth annual report of the United States Geological Survey under the title "The Public Lands and Their Water Supply." While discussing the relation of the water supply to the forests, Mr. Newell was brought into contact with an expert forester, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and frequently talked over with him the broader problems connected with the general subject. Some years later Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York and had under consideration the question of the conservation of the Adirondack forests. In this consideration he consulted freely with Mr. Pinchot. A number of bills had been presented to Governor Roosevelt for signature with reference to water power in the Adirondacks. In consequence, he became much impressed with the necessity of having definite facts for guidance before approving legislation of this character. At Mr. Pinchot's suggestion Mr. Roosevelt sent for Mr. Newell. As a result, in January, 1900, an agreement was reached between New York State and the Federal Government by which the latter began a systematic measurement of the streams of that State with a view to obtaining impartial facts. Future control and use of water power must, of course, be based upon such facts. A few days following President McKinley's death, Mr. Roosevelt, then President, signalized his interest in the subject by inviting Mr. Newell and Mr. Pinchot to discuss the matter with him at length. The President asked his visitors to prepare memoranda for use in preparing his first Message to Congress. This Message called the attention of the Fifty-seventh Congress to the matter. It had already been discussed by some of the Western members, but they seemed hopelessly divided. However, as they realized, if success were to be attained there must be unity of action. Accordingly, in December, 1901, they organized and held almost daily sessions. Three weeks later Senator Newlands, of Nevada, submitted a report with a draft of a reclamation bill which was ultimately passed by Congress, and became law upon the President's signature (June, 1902). The beneficial effect of this act then directed general attention to the other uses of our public lands. In October, 1903, President Roosevelt designated Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Newell, together with Mr. W. A. Richards, the Land Commissioner, as a Public Lands Commission to report to him. Several partial reports were made containing certain recommendations; some of them have now been embodied in law, and others are still under discussion. In particular the Commission indicated the changes needed to effect the largest practicable disposition of the public lands to actual settlers, showing that the number of patents issued had been increasing out of all proportion to the number of new homes. The Commission was the direct stimulus of the attempts at reform legislation since then, as well as of the Governors' meeting at the White House, out of which has grown the present National movement towards the conservation of natural resources, which is constantly increasing in extent and wide-spreading value.

THE DEFEAT OF THE DIRECT PRIMARY IN NEW YORK

The Hinman-Green direct primary bill has been defeated in both branches of the New York Legislature. In the Assembly the vote stood 67 to 77, in the Senate 23 to 25. With the final vote so nearly evenly divided, there seems little reason to doubt that the coming retirement of Governor Hughes from public life in the State to the Supreme Court may have influenced the result. Governor Hughes, during his two terms, has had great influence in important matters of legislation, not because he has tried to exert influence personally and directly upon the Legislature, but because he has been successful in arousing and crystallizing public opinion. His success in this direction was a large factor in securing the enactment of the Public Service Commissions Law, and the determining factor in the passage of the anti-race-track gambling laws. He has directed the force of aroused public opinion against the intrenched strength of machine politics, and won successive victories. His approaching departure from the field has apparently given heart to the Old Guard and emboldened them to new defiance. We are sorry, for several reasons, that the Hinman-Green Bill has been defeated. First, we believe in the direct primary principle. We believe that the candidates and the leaders of a party should be chosen by the members of the party, not by a little group of party bosses acting in secret. Second, conditions of party organization and party control in New York State call loudly for reformation, and we believe the direct primary would provide in large measure the means for such a reformation. Third, the Hinman-Green Bill contained a method of direct nomination which has not been adopted elsewhere, and which we believe would have avoided many of the disadvantages which the direct primary has encountered in other States. We would like to see this new plan tried. The direct primary is defeated in New York for this session of the Legislature. But we do not believe it will be long moribund. The legislators who have put themselves on record against it have yet to reckon with their constituents; and the sentiment in favor of the direct primary is strong in the State and will in the end demand adequate legislation.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CONGRESS

Bishop Doane, of Albany, was absent from the earlier sessions of the Episcopal Church Congress recently held at Troy, New York, because he had been suffering from the results of an accident. But when he took his place as presiding officer on the last afternoon, he received a greeting of affection which will not soon be forgotten. Two subjects, closely allied and relating to social welfare, "the rights of the individual and the common interests of society" and "the influence of the Church of to-day on human progress," were discussed with special force during the sessions of the week. How in the dawn of human history the individual was the prime social factor; how families, tribes, trusts, and associations followed, until individual rights have been suppressed and their bare existence threatened, was told by Professor Riley. Ending a strong commendation of the present crusade for the conservation of the Nation's resources, the speaker alluded to the degradation of a noble river to the level of a sewer. Where Albany drains upon Poughkeepsie, and that city on Newburgh, and all on New York, the Hudson becomes little more, he said, than an avenue for a progressive microbe party. The Rev. Philo Sprague, who knew by long experience whereof he spoke, declared that the coming industrial age must by virtue of necessity be founded upon the Christian doctrine of service, and its problems be met by organization of all the social forces which can be aroused to combat hunger, cold, famine, and misery. Mr. Sprague added that the industrial system is more than a mere bread-and-butter system, that the highest interests of the race and the noblest types of character are to be determined by the extension to man of the mercy, love, and magnanimity of God. "The Church of to-day as a factor in human progress" was then discussed, and Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, of New York City, the first speaker, claimed that all progress since the days of Rome has been due to the teachings and principles of Christ. Individual men and women with Christian ideals may have given the initial impetus to reform, but the churches as such are now leaders in human progress.

THE FORMATIVE INFLUENCE OF A DEMOCRACY UPON THE CHURCH

The speakers in an interesting discussion on this vital topic maintained the liberal views that for many years have made the platform of the Congress influential. Democracy, said Dr. Van Allen, rector of the ritualistic Church of the Ascension in Boston, desires equality of opportunity, while aristocracy sets one class on high. Democracy exalts man's dignity as man, and in this democracy and the Christian Church are as one. Quotations from Barnabas, Clement, and other early Fathers of the Church show forcibly that the early conception of the Church was democratic. Yet to the Church, the speaker said, after these nineteen centuries, this divine ideal of her origin has become little more than "a dream of the shadow of smoke." It is now that the democratic spirit of the day points her back to the very citadel of her Catholic faith. If in the last five years, as the Rev. Frederic Palmer, of Andover, Massachusetts, claimed, a fundamental change has taken place in American politics, her people advancing from passive to active participation in their Government, he believes rightly that the Church has felt the movement. As she has been deeply influenced by the change, now she may in return influence democracy. A demand is made on the Church to bring its Gospel to the poor, to show by its works that it has received the divine spirit. Socialism, it was said, is one of the mighty forces of the day, and the Church loses influence if it fails to recognize in its spirit of brotherhood its essential likeness to the teachings of Christ. Democracy has substituted for its thought of an arbitrary government an ideal of constitutional order. The ancient world knew nothing of democracy as we understand the term, and the first thought of equality among men grew from Christ's teaching of the value of the human soul. The Hon. Thomas Ewing made this point, yet he holds that democracy has profoundly influenced the Church. She is no longer a determining political influence; the authority of the clergy has diminished; democracy, too, is responsible for the development of sects and the spread of liberal opinion. It has been as difficult for the Church as for society to work out its democratic principles. The work of the Church must be carried on, money must be raised; many things tempt the clergy to stand by existing conditions, but while they do it, democracy, the speaker feared, is drifting away from the Church, and its clergy, so well fitted for leadership, loses its chance of service. It is a sign, however, of health on the part of both the democratic movement and the Church that men of such stamp as those assembled at Troy recognize the signs of the times.

THE TRINITY TENEMENTS

Incontrovertible facts contradict allegations that the dwelling-houses paying rent to Trinity Church in New York are in a condition discreditable to it. Two or three hundred dwellings owned by others on land leased by the Church are in many cases a just reproach to their owners, but not to the church, which has no control of them till the leases expire. On request of the Property Committee of the Church, the Charity Organization Society of New York has caused a searching examination of the dwellings owned by the church to be made by its Tenement-House Committee, whose report deserves as wide publicity as has unfortunately been given to unjust accusations. These 334 houses, with their 810 apartments, provide homes for several thousand people in proximity to their places of employment in the lower part of Manhattan Island. The changing condition of the district under the demands of business for more room raises the question whether to maintain so much residence property at a proper social and sanitary standard, or to transform it for other uses. This question involves consideration of the welfare of 788 families, and so an investigation was asked and undertaken as helpful to its solution. The report states that "the results of the investigation have been a surprise to those making it." The details are given under eighteen heads, and accompanied with photographs both of typical and of rare conditions, including the "worst." Four per cent of the houses were found in bad condition, and have since been taken in hand; 34 per cent showed some or many defects, but averaging fairly with neighboring buildings, frequently much better, and with lower rental; 62 per cent were in good condition throughout. Remarkable features of the Trinity houses are their low rentals, their freedom from overcrowding, and the permanency of their tenants; 39 per cent of the families have more than one room per person; 51 per cent have occupied the same houses for five or more years. A large proportion are native New Yorkers. With 38 per cent of the houses tenanted by but one family—the average number of families in all the houses being but 2.3—these three-story dwellings with their roomy back yards are an interesting and a decent relic of a past generation, affording advantages that compete with the special conveniences of a populous model tenement, of which Trinity has built four. The investigating committee found some tenants who needed to be held to a better standard of cleanliness. They found an overwhelming majority spontaneously expressing cordial liking for Trinity and its representatives, many speaking of kind treatment in hard times. In an examination occupying nearly sixteen weeks no sensationally bad conditions were found, nor anything inconsistent with the declared purpose of the vestry to deal with its property "not merely from the business point of view, but from the standpoint of religion, of social responsibility, and of enlightened citizenship." It is a debt to justice to call attention to this report by experts. It can be obtained in condensed form from the Charity Organization Society of New York.

THE COMET AS A PUZZLE

"Comets are very troublesome things," said a famous astronomer to an ecstatic admirer who named them as among the joys of star-gazing. Last week the world's sky experts were hard put to it to keep their explanations abreast of the erratic actions of our interesting visitor from far space. That Halley's Comet would on Wednesday night pass between earth and sun, and extend its gaseous tail in such a direction that the earth must pass through it, was confidently believed. Not much that is new or strange was expected to be seen—probably the earth has gone through many comets' tails; on June 30, 1861, we traversed the tail of a very large comet without any visible phenomenon except a slight phosphorescence, while very few people, and, we believe, not all astronomers, knew anything about the event until long after it was over. Watchers on Wednesday night of last week were more disappointed than surprised that they saw no wonders, and were prepared to be told that the passing had happened without display. But, lo! on Thursday morning the comet's tail appeared in its old place in the east instead of in the west as predicted, and explanations were in order. It was even a mooted question for a day or two whether the head had not lost all or a part of its fifteen million miles of tail. The accepted theory, however, is that the tail is so convex in shape that, when the head passed the sun, the tail, being curved back instead of streaming straight out, could not brush the earth until later, if at all. Professor Frost, of the Yerkes Observatory, says: "The comet is like a comma. It floats on a plane between the earth and the sun. Its tail is like the comma's tail. It is curved and the end extends toward the earth. But the tail approaches us from the convex side. We are unable to tell how far or how near the end may be because of our position in looking at the curve. It is like standing at a distance and looking at the bow side of a crescent on the line with the eyes." Probably before these lines are read the lost comet will be found, tail and all, in the western sky. Whether the enormous sun-spots which appeared last week and the strange spectrum noted on Thursday at the Yerkes Observatory were related to the nearer presence of the comet or not is uncertain, but Professor Frost thinks it at least possible that there may be some not yet understood connection. Observations of the nucleus of the comet at Manila and in South Africa last week as it passed the sun are said to indicate pretty clearly the absence of solid matter even in the nucleus.

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THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE

The paramount issue in the United States is represented by the legal phrase Special Interests vs. Public Welfare.

We do not agree with those who condemn all representatives of Special Interests as corrupt politicians and commend all pleaders for public welfare as pure patriots. Some high-minded men represent Special Interests; some demagogues represent Public Welfare. But the trial of a cause is not a prize contest in which the verdict is awarded to the best lawyer. The case of Special Interests vs. Public Welfare is not to be determined by the merits of the men who represent their clients. It is to be determined by the character of the issues involved and the probable effects of the public decision on the Nation. All the issues now before the country are different forms of this fundamental issue.

Protection: Shall we organize our tariff to protect Special Interests, or to promote Public Wealth and Public Welfare? Shall we determine our tariff by balanced agreements between the Special Interests, so as to give something to each one? or by a disinterested and non-partisan estimate of the effect on the general public—the consumer no less than the manufacturer?

Conservation: Shall we invite Special Interests to take possession of our mines and our water powers, in the faith that private enterprise will develop public wealth? or shall we keep them under public control in order to insure the participation in their benefits of all the people?

Forestry: Shall we deliver over our forests to the lumbermen to transform them as rapidly as possible into building lumber and wood pulp? or shall we so control them that our trees shall be a perpetual crop—always drawn upon, never exhausted?

Reclamation: Shall we leave private enterprise to pick out such lands as it thinks profitable for the private person to reclaim, and leave the reclaimed lands to be the perpetual property of the corporations which have reclaimed them? or shall we reclaim them by the public and for the public?

Railway Rate Regulation: Shall we leave our National highways to be owned and operated by private parties for private profit? or shall we bring them so under public control that all the public—the big shipper and the little shipper, the big town and the little town—shall profit on equal terms by the service which the highways render?

The peril of allowing the Nation's wealth to fall into a few hands is emphasized by modern writers on government. For example:

W. E. H. Lecky: "The evils that spring from mere plutocracy are great and increasing. One of the most evident is the enormous growth of luxurious living. The evil does not, in my opinion, lie in the multiplication of pleasures. . . . What is really to be deplored is the inordinate and ever-increasing expenditure on things which add nothing, or almost nothing, to human enjoyment. It is the race of luxury, the mere ostentation of wealth, which values all things by their cost. . . . But the worst aspect of plutocracy is the social and political influence of dishonestly acquired wealth. . . . No one who is acquainted with society in England, France, and America can be blind to the disquieting signs of the increasing prominence of this evil. With the decline of rank and the breaking down of old customs, conventionalities, and beliefs, the power of wealth in the world seems to grow."

And again: "It is not the existence of inherited wealth, even on a very large scale, that is likely to shake seriously the respect for property; it is the many examples which the conditions of modern society present of vast wealth acquired by shameful means, employed for shameful purposes, and exercising an altogether undue influence in society and in the State. When triumphant robbery is found among the rich, subversive doctrines will grow among the poor."

More explicit in its bearing on American life is the warning of

James Bryce: "Plutocracy used to be regarded as a form of oligarchy, and opposed to democracy. But there is a strong plutocratic element infused into American democracy; and the fact that it is entirely unrecognized in constitutions makes it not less potent, and possibly more mischievous. The influence of money is one of the dangers which the people have always to guard against, for it assails not merely the legislatures, but the party machinery, and its methods are as numerous as they are insidious."

History illustrates and enforces these warnings.

The concentration of wealth in the control of a few, the consequent growth of luxury on the one side and of discontent on the other, the simultaneous development of a privileged class and of a proletariat, the contempt of the privileged class for the proletariat and the hatred of the proletariat for the privileged class, made Greece an easy prey to Rome. The same conditions in Rome brought her to a similar downfall.

In reading the first volume of Guglielmo Ferrero's "The Greatness and Decline of Rome" one might imagine that he was listening to a modern journalist's description of modern conditions in parts of America. There is the tenement-house—"wooden lodging-houses, many stories high, managed and sublet by a freedman or a lessee;" high rents to the poorer classes—"the laborers and small tradesmen of Rome would pay heavy rents for a single room;" extravagant rise in land values—"if a man inherited land in Rome or had been early enough in buying it, his fortune was made;" a great cleavage in society between rich and poor—"on the one side was the great host of men who had lost all they had to lose in the world, the bankrupt traders and ruined landowners who were to be found in every corner of Italy, on the other a small and grasping clique of parvenu millionaires;" a consequent growing restlessness and discontent—"the glaring contrast between the ill-gotten gains of the few and the penury of the many did much to accentuate the general unrest," an unrest which was not cured and was scarcely abated either by public entertainments lavishly supplied by the privileged classes, or by "united charities" offering corn to the poor to keep off the threatened famine, or even by giving them land which they might cultivate—"for it was not lands to cultivate that the proletariat desired, but incomes that could be enjoyed without undue exertion."

The French Revolution was a revolt of the common people against the privileged classes—the clergy and the nobles—of whose special privileges Taine gives an appalling account. That Revolution was more economic than political; its precursor the hunger riots in various parts of France beginning as early as 1774.

The bitter discontent which threatens Russia with a revolution not less terrible than that of more than a century ago in France is the discontent of an ill-paid, overworked, and overtaxed proletariat and their attempted revolt against an overpaid, underworked, and undertaxed nobility.

The battle of the Budget in England is nothing but a battle on the part of democracy which is determined on an economic leveling which a landed and wealthy aristocracy resists at every step in its slow but steady progress.

This issue of the centuries America now confronts: Shall this land and its contents belong to Public Welfare or to Special Privilege? That issue was never in the history of the past so well understood by so many persons as it is to-day. The popular instinct is right, the popular demand is just: America for Americans, not for a few specially favored Americans. Abraham Lincoln's phrase is the accepted motto of political democracy: Government of the people, by the people, for the people. Modified by a change of one word, it becomes the motto of industrial democracy: Wealth of the people, by the people, for the people. The Nation's wealth belongs to the people; it should be controlled by the people; it should be administered for the people. To this result American democracy is slowly moving. It is moving in the right direction. It can be led; it cannot long be thwarted. The present problem of the Nation is not to increase the Nation's wealth; it is to distribute that wealth more equitably. It is not to increase the Nation's population; it is to make that population more intelligent, more virtuous, more prosperous and contented.

THE LAWLER MEMORANDUM

Recent proceedings in the investigation into the Interior Department and the Forestry Bureau have sharply raised the question whether the exoneration of the Secretary of the Interior by the President was secured in such a way as to mislead the country. The attention of the country has been therefore turned for the time being from the Secretary of the Interior, who was exonerated and whose Department is now under investigation, to the President, who exonerated him, and to the Attorney-General, on whose advice the President's decision was based.

The special center of interest has been the history of two documents, one known as the Lawler Memorandum, the other as the Summary by the Attorney-General, September 11, 1909. The facts which must be stated in connection with the history of these documents are as follows:

Mr. L. R. Glavis, Chief of Field Division, in charge of Alaska Coal Land cases, had come to the conclusion that the public coal lands in Alaska were in danger. Failing to find in Mr. Ballinger, the Secretary of the Interior, any sympathy for his fears, he decided to appeal to the Attorney-General and to the President. Consequently in August of last year he submitted to the President a statement of some length which cast some reflection upon the Secretary of the Interior. After receiving this statement the President called upon Mr. Ballinger for his comment upon it. Mr. Ballinger was in the West, and immediately went to Washington to get material, and from there to Beverly, Massachusetts, to see the President. The President referred this to the Attorney-General and received from the Attorney-General an opinion, and, within seven days from receiving the material which had been submitted to him, rendered a decision. In this decision he exonerated Mr. Ballinger and condemned Mr. Glavis to dismissal. Several weeks afterwards, in response to a request from Congress, the President transmitted the material that was before him to Congress, and together with this material a summary of it by the Attorney-General concluding with the Attorney-General's opinion. This summary bore date two days before that on which the President had rendered his decision.

After much questioning on the part of Mr. Glavis's attorney before the Investigating Committee, and partly as the result of the voluntary statement by a stenographer (who has since been discharged for breach of confidence), further facts appear.

It appears that the opinion which the Attorney-General submitted on September 11 was informal, not complete, and that after the President had rendered his decision the Attorney-General expanded this opinion into a summary and report; and that it was this expanded summary and report, dated, in accordance with the President's order, back to September 11, two days before the President had rendered his decision, that was transmitted to Congress for the purpose of showing, to use the President's own words, "that my decision was fortified by his summary of the evidence and his conclusions therefrom."

The further fact has been elicited that when Mr. Ballinger went to Beverly with the material and his comment on the case, he took with him Mr. Lawler, the Assistant Attorney-General who was assigned to act as counsel to the Secretary of the Interior; that a few days later Mr. Lawler went again to Beverly and carried with him a memorandum; that this memorandum had been prepared by Mr. Lawler, in accordance with the President's orders, as Mr. Lawler would prepare it if he were President; that it had been submitted to Mr. Ballinger himself and certain subordinates for verification of facts; that this memorandum was handed to the Attorney-General; and that finally some portions of this memorandum were incorporated literally in the President's final decision and that other parts were used as a basis for this decision.

It was only after searching questions that Secretary Ballinger admitted the existence of this memorandum; and it was only after repeated requests that a copy was secured from the Attorney-General's office. The whole story, however, has been told by the President in a letter which he has voluntarily sent to the Chairman of the Investigating Committee.

These incidents do not indicate any purpose on the part of the President to misrepresent or conceal the facts in an endeavor to shield Mr. Ballinger or to condemn Mr. Glavis. It is customary not only for public officials but also for private citizens carrying the heaviest burdens of great business concerns to employ subordinates to do the work of investigation and to prepare not only the evidence on which a judgment must be founded but also the briefs which form the outline of a decision, and even, in whole or in part, the phraseology in which that decision is finally expressed. And it is not uncommon to date a letter or document back to the time when it was originally prepared, *nunc pro tunc*, though it may not have been finally perfected until a subsequent date.

We think, however, that both the President and the Attorney-General must now realize that their course in this case was inexpedient and unfortunate. It was unfortunate for the President to take as his assistant to prepare the brief for his opinion respecting the charges of Mr. Glavis against Mr. Ballinger, and the counter-charges of Mr. Ballinger against Mr. Glavis, the attorney who was not only Mr. Ballinger's associate but also his official counsel. It was also unfortunate that the Attorney-General, in his document prepared after the President's decision but dated before it, did not explicitly state that the summary and conclusion therein contained were not fully in that form before the President when he rendered his decision. It was again unfortunate that when this document was sent to Congress some explanation of the facts now known did not accompany it.

We must add in all frankness that the suspicions concerning the document have been considerably increased by the apparently perfectly needless objections which have been so strenuously urged against letting the public know all the facts in the case. If anything could allay these suspicions, it would be the fact that the explanations which might have been made at first have now been offered by the President as voluntary statements and not in response directly to official demand.

WHOM SHALL WE BELIEVE?

We know so little and believe so much that it is a matter of supreme importance to decide whom we shall believe. The most matter-of-fact man, who scorns sentiment and has only contempt for those dreamers who believe in things they do not know at first hand, depends for a large part of his thinking, his information, his success, on the reports furnished him by those he trusts, and the most skeptical could not conduct his life for a day if he did not trust himself to a small army of people. Life, on any scale that is measurable, is a matter of belief; life on a great scale is always the evidence and fruit of a great faith. We do not and cannot live by sight; whether we shall have faith is not an open question; the only open question is, "Whom shall we believe?" The man of most limited experience does not ask himself whether he shall believe that Damascus exists; he asks whose account of it he shall accept. The most hard-headed man of to-day does not ask himself whether he shall believe that Napoleon was a real person; he asks who is the most trustworthy reporter of Napoleon's career or the most intelligent interpreter of his genius. The most cautious man does not make up his mind whether or not he shall believe in the stars that lie on the uttermost boundaries of the universe and are invisible to him; he finds out the most authoritative investigator and accepts the reports of his telescopes and calculations.

In answering the only open question in the field of knowledge, "Whom shall I believe?" the rational man goes straight to the experts. They may be mistaken in their inferences from the facts, but they know the facts. In chemistry their analysis is final, in geology their classification is authoritative, in astronomy their report has the weight of law. We believe them in fields where we cannot go, because they have first-hand knowledge of the facts in that field, and because they have special training and the scientific habit of mind. The astronomer must have an eye of unusual power and a thorough preparation for his work; if his sight is impaired, he ceases to be an observer. His authority rests on the precision of his observation and of the operations of his mind; any impairment of his sight or any disturbance of the balance of his mind is fatal to his authority. Visual and mental health are indispensable in his work.

Who are the experts in the knowledge of life? Whose reports shall we believe when we ask ourselves the fundamental question, What does life mean? "Who are the most expert reporters of the facts and the most trustworthy interpreters of their meaning?" Are they not in every case those whose organs of observation are in the best condition and whose health of mind and spirit is most perfect? There is this vital difference between getting a knowledge of physical facts and a knowledge of life: the scientist's work is objective, he stands outside the things or processes he watches; the student of life, on the other hand, is involved in the movement he watches, and cannot see it unless he is part of it. No spectator ever yet understood a great contemporary human movement into which he did not enter; no man can stand outside of and apart from the all-inclusive movement which we call life and really see it. This is the reason that many things are hidden from the so-called wise, who follow formal methods of exact observation, and are revealed to the babes and sucklings who know nothing of these methods but are deep in the process of living. Living is a vital much more than an intellectual process, and truth of the deeper kind is distilled out of experience and does not come through logical processes. The fundamental truths about life in which we live and move and have our being—love, loyalty, sacrifice, self-surrender, devotion to country, passion for righteousness, sorrow, joy, peace in tumult and strength in defeat—came into the possession of men not as the results of logical but of vital processes; they were known in experience before they were known in thought; a host of men and women understood them long before a philosopher had formulated and defined them. In this access to the ultimate wisdom, this disclosure of the mystery of being to any man who chooses, is found the foundation on which democracy rests far below the structure of any other political or social order.

It is one of the unconscious ironies of those who are blind to the vital relation between the observer and the things he studies that experience with the superficial, conventional, or vicious aspects of social experience is called knowledge of life, and that those who have disqualified themselves from the highest form of observation are classed as experts. It would be as cruel a sarcasm to put a blind man among the clear-sighted and far-sighted as to place the man of a certain kind of knowledge of the world among the expert students of life. No man knows less about life in the broad range of its developments and its structural quality than he who has learned only the social observances of many countries or studied vice where its practice has become an art. To credit the cynic, steeped in knowledge of vice, with knowledge of life is as absurd as to credit the man who knows the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo with a knowledge of Europe. There are no skeptics so ignorant of life as those who do not believe in virtue, and none so dull of sight as those who have lost the power of believing in goodness. They and their kind live by sight, not by faith. And to them it is given to know only those things which lie close about them in the little circle to which life has shrunk, not in itself, but in the range of their vision. The cynic "knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." Life has dwindled to a cheap bazaar because he has become an idle tourist seeking, not the knowledge, but the show of things.

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE BALLINGER CASE

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

THE stage setting is not elaborate. The actors are not in good view of the spectators. Like the alleged Chinese drama, the play begins on one day where it ended on the day before. Almost every day it occupies about six hours, and it has continued for over forty days. The action often drags. It is evident that a theatrical manager or a dramatic critic would not hesitate to condemn the piece. Nevertheless, a number of people have been attending the performance continuously, and at times there has not even been standing room.

The first thing a playwright would do with this drama would be to change the title. At present it is called "Hearings Held Before the Joint Committee of Congress Relative to the Investigation of the Department of the Interior and its Several Bureaus, Officers, and Employees, and of the Bureau of Forestry, in the Department of Agriculture, and its Officers and Employees." That, it must be admitted, is not very snappy. Those who value time call it for short the "Pinchot-Ballinger Investigation;" but a playwright who wanted to be terse and reach the truth would call it bluntly "The Ballinger Case."

That is what it is to the majority of those people, most of them women, who day after day and week after week have been coming with almost unvarying regularity to Room 210 in the Senate Office Building in Washington. It is not an inquiry into the methods of a part of officialdom; it is the story of the contention and struggle, the supposed intrigue and alleged conspiracy, the plots and plans that have centered about a member of the President's Cabinet. When a document full of figures and technical terms is read, the audience actually welcome it as a resting-place for their wearied powers of attention. When, however, the dull reading of such a paper is over, and some actor in the drama begins to speak, then necks are craned to catch a glimpse of the speaker between huge hats, and ears are turned to catch the words that may at any moment bring some new surprise or solve some pending puzzle.

In most dramas the sympathies of the

audience are clearly drawn to some one figure, and usually their judgment unmistakably selects the villain. Not so here. The audience is composed of two camps of partisans. In the one are those who see in this drama the unfolding experience of a persecuted man, the victim of a crowd of ambitious but disappointed men; in the other camp are those who see in this drama the gradual but inexorable entanglement of a man in a net of his own weaving.

Sometimes chair-neighbors engage in discussion, setting forth their differing views, and even drawing others to the right and left, behind, in front, into comment and debate. The elderly man, with white hair crowning a rather shrewd but benign face, remarks:

"I know him. I've known of him ever since he was a boy. I tell you he wouldn't do anything dishonest. This is the first day I've been here, but I tell you he's done what he thinks is right, and that other fellow is just trying to get even."

"Well," says the young man with a bronzed face, "I don't know either of them, but that other fellow comes of good stock, and I'd trust him. I've been out in that country, and I tell you that west of the Rockies you don't have to prove a man dishonest; he's got to prove he's honest. I wasn't out there two days before they robbed me."

Along one side of the further half of the room is a table. At the head, facing the audience, sits Senator Nelson, the Chairman. At his left sit the Senate members of the Committee, and at his right the House members. It is to this Committee that the testimony is addressed. At the opposite end of the table, in a raised chair, sits the witness, flanked by the opposing counsel. Between the counsel and the Committee sit the industrious stenographers.

Of all of these, perhaps the most continuously prominent has been Mr. Brandeis, counsel for Mr. Glavis. It was the removal from office of Mr. Glavis, a subordinate in Mr. Ballinger's department, that made the controversy over Mr. Ballinger acute. Mr. Brandeis has virtually been prosecuting attorney. That he has established this position for himself in the circumstances is due in no small measure to the vigor of his manner, his inability to accept or even recognize a rebuff, and the undiscouraged renewal of effort with which he has met every resistance on the part of witness or Committee member. From the first he has evidently had a plan in setting forth his case and in eliciting facts, and no unwillingness in a witness, no protest at delay from the Committee, no sign of confusion in the mass of documents submitted, has deterred him from following the main course he has determined to pursue. When the testimony has led the proceedings off from that course, he has apparently acquiesced, only to be found somewhat later back upon the trail again. His deliberate, incisive manner of speech sometimes conveys a meaning that is hidden in the printed record of his questions. His attitude toward a reluctant witness is aggressive. More than once Mr. Ballinger requested that a question be repeated by the stenographer so that it might be rid of Mr. Brandeis's "intonations." The effect upon a witness of Mr. Brandeis's methods in cross-examination has often been one of irritation. As a consequence, the very effort of the witness, and particularly of Mr. Ballinger, to see an attack in every question submitted by Mr. Brandeis has intensified any inclination the witness might have to conceal facts until forced to reveal them, and has thus emphasized every admission which the witness has finally made.

In marked contrast to Mr. Brandeis's method, as well as to his temperament and bearing, is that of the other counsel "for the prosecution." Mr. Pepper, counsel for Mr. Pinchot, whose enforced retirement from the Forest Service did more than anything else to subject the controversy to Congressional investigation, is imperturbably gentle, almost suave, invariably courteous, in manner. The witness who passes from Mr. Brandeis to Mr. Pepper breathes a sigh of relief, lets down his defenses, and before he knows it is involved in contradictions that he finds it difficult to explain. The witness finds his statements accepted so readily at their face value by Mr. Pepper that if he is inclined to stretch the truth he may find himself indulging in statements so obviously inaccurate that his credibility as a witness is vastly injured. Several occurrences gave Mr. Pepper good occasion for anger, but his anger only made his self-control more evident and his courtesy more freezingly effective. Now and again he injected in a question or statement some observation that approached the heights of wit and that showed to everybody, except perhaps to the one to whom it was directed, the weakness of a situation or a character.

In contrast both to Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Pepper, Mr. Vertrees, the Tennessee lawyer who is counsel for Mr. Ballinger, appears to be beyond middle age, is apparently slow in his mental movements, and is rather prone to epithet. As was cleverly remarked by one in the audience, Mr. Vertrees addresses the Committee as he would a rural jury in Tennessee. On direct examination he has the happy faculty of making the witness do a good share of the work by asking him to tell anything further he happens to recall, or inquiring if he has anything to say on a certain subject. On cross-examination he does not hesitate to follow the fashion of some lawyers by assuming in a question that a witness has made a statement which he has not made. For a large part of the time he has had, besides his regular assistant, a number of others, officials in the Department of the Interior, who all together constitute a noticeable array of legal advisers. Much of this assistance is ascribed to the frequent calls for information from the Interior Department. Certainly Mr. Ballinger has been well fortified by advisers and representatives.

Looking down the length of the table at these counsel on either side sits the Chairman, Senator Nelson. No one would imagine that he had once come as an immigrant from Scandinavia. One would imagine rather that he had just come from acting as Moderator in a New England town meeting, or from discussing politics in a village grocery. He has all the appearance and manner of a prosperous Yankee farmer, proud of his common sense, aware of his own ability in a horse trade, able to handle men, and not unaware of the flavor of a quid of tobacco. As a matter of fact, he is not a Yankee at all; but here we are dealing not with what is, but with what appears to be. So it can be said that the Chairman appears to be consistently, frankly, naïvely anti-Pinchot. If he is not, he has a genius for misrepresenting himself. Senator Flint, who sits on the Chairman's left, asks pertinent questions, calls counsel to account, and casts a Republican (that is, an Administration) vote. Senator Sutherland, who sits next, is solicitous about affairs in Utah, which he helps to represent, is not patient with the established policy of Conservation, assists the Chairman in assisting Mr. Ballinger and his witnesses out of difficulties, and casts a Republican vote. Mr. Root, who sits next, is plainly impatient with the whole proceeding, objects to anything that is not clearly and technically pertinent as that would be understood in judicial proceedings, and casts a Republican vote. The two Democratic Senators, Messrs. Fletcher and Purcell, do their duty as members of the opposition, Senator Fletcher particularly asking the sort of questions which the Republicans would have asked if the positions were reversed. On the other side of the table, Mr. McCall, Vice-Chairman, is not averse to noting whatever advantage the Administration, in the person of Mr. Ballinger, makes, but is willing to vote independently. Mr. Olmsted quietly, and Mr. Denby vocally—and repeatedly—reinforce the efforts of the Chairman and Senator Sutherland to assist any official of a Republican Administration out of a difficulty. Mr. James, Democrat, who can conceal a large body in an armchair more successfully than any one else, is acutely and wittily against the Administration, and can ask as illuminating questions as any one on the Committee. Mr. Graham, his Democratic colleague from the House, is judicial in his questions—even if they tend to help Mr. Ballinger's opponents; but he never hesitates to vote with the Democrats on any question that affects the Administration. Mr. Madison, Insurgent Republican, is judicial and keen in his questions. When there is controversy, it is Mr. Madison who is more likely than any one else to say the thing that restores balance and moderately good feeling. He has perhaps more frequently voted with the Democrats than with the Republicans.

There are the judges and the jurymen.

And who is at the bar? Once it appeared as if Mr. Glavis were. He was the first witness called upon to testify. Cool, self-possessed, modest in demeanor, ready with his answers and brief in stating them, he did not present in person the figure of a suspicious egotist, ambitious megalomaniac, as he has been pictured. Cross-examined by the Committee and then by Mr. Ballinger's counsel, he gave plain replies. As he sat in that elevated chair and told his story, he was evidently not the prisoner at the bar; neither was he accuser. He was simply a very important and competent witness. He finished his testimony and left the stage. He remains only in the hundreds of pages of his testimony and in the dominating person of his counsel.

As the drama drew to an end, the chief figure in it all, occupying the seat which was flanked on the one side by his official supporters and on the other side by representatives of his critics, appeared for the first time on the stage. Even while he was in the hands of his own counsel, and before he was subjected to cross-examination, he seemed like a man under accusation. Again, it should be said, I am dealing, not with what is, but what appears to be. Frequently, when some phrase in the question of even his own very friendly counsel brought to his mind some grievance, then, with voice raised and with face flushed and with shaking arm, he burst out with an angry speech. After such a display of emotion Mr. Ballinger sat back in his chair and, holding his eyeglasses in his hand, threw back his head as if to rest from an exertion. On more than one occasion it seemed as if he were on the point of breaking down. The very mention of the name of one of several men would bring to his face a look of hostility approaching vindictiveness. When Mr. Brandeis referred to his unofficially announced intention of "killing snakes," he received the reference with evident relish. More than once when he seemed to be involved in a contradiction he showed evidence of tense excitement. At those times when his feelings seemed to be gaining mastery over him, the audience were evidently relieved when the crisis had passed, but, like the crowd at an acrobatic performance, seemed to enjoy having experienced a thrill.

One lawyer remarked who had watched the lawyer Mr. Ballinger on the stand, "A doctor makes the poorest patient."

So the play has crawled along. So the actors have appeared on the stage. So the audience has listened and watched. When the curtain is rung down, the opinion on The Ballinger Case which the actors express will not count for much. The final verdict will be rendered by the public.

Ernest Hamlin Abbott.

THE SPECTATOR

The morning was balmy if you liked it, muggy if you didn't; but either way it spoke of spring. A certain inveterate vagabondism awoke in the staid Spectator's blood. The sight of silver pussy-willows—fat country ones—on a flower-stand on the avenue fired in him a passion as resistless as the gold fever. He had plenty to do. But he caught the first train home, and at an unwonted hour of the morning burst in upon Mrs. Spectator, who, also smelling spring, was deep in moth-balls and tar paper. "Come on," he shouted hilariously, "put on your oldest togs. The pussy-willows are out. We're going a-Maying!" One wild gesture of denial she made, a gesture comprehending the housewifely mess upon the floor. Then, in spirit and in the flesh, she rose to the occasion. She knows that nothing so salts with zest a spring escapade as the sense of having broken with dozens of unbreakable engagements. She sprang up, scattering a golden rain of insect powder as she vigorously shook her skirts. "I'll just fling together a bite of lunch," quoth she, and, without one backward look at the billows of newspaper and fur, she was out of the room. There's a glorious specimen of womankind!

◆

While she was raising a promising bustle in the pantry the Spectator rummaged cheerfully around in certain dark cubbies for his forgotten botany drum and trowel. It was years, too many years to be confessed to, since he had thus cut loose and gone a-Maying. As he opened the creaking hinges of the battered old drum an odor of dried greenery smote his nostrils. The thing was half full of shriveled herbage. And was there not, too, a spiritual emanation, a breath of his youth, canned up all these years with the ghosts of long-dead flowers? Anyhow, as he scoured away at the layer of gray dust that dimmed the scarlet-painted tin and slung the strap over his shoulder, clapping his youthfulest outing cap upon his head, he felt like a revival of his boyhood's self. And when Mrs. Spectator appeared, trig in short camping skirt, jacket, and indestructible hat, he came near quoting to her the slangy spring slogan of his high-school time:

"Come, chum,
Sling on your trusty drum,
Come, bum."

It was with a conscious springiness of step that he swung himself jauntily up on the platform of a pay-as-you-enter electric.

⁂

Too jauntily, it seemed. With a crash like a battery of artillery, the broad botany can across his shoulders struck the posts of the easy access platform, and the violence of the impact jerked the Spectator bodily into the street. The tinny crash drew all eyes. The Spectator could scarcely have devised a more spectacular entrance. He slung the drum round and, clasping it upright like a baby, sprang aboard and slunk into the nearest seat. As he covertly chafed his shoulder where the strap had bitten into it his face was as long as your arm. Time was when a species of mental feelers, like the whiskers on a cat, would have apprised him to a nicety how wide a space was necessary to accommodate him and his beloved drum. He had never been one to get caught by the vasculum between two trees! Were the years indeed beginning to tell? Should he find all the rest of his wood-lore gone to rust?

⁂

With sober circumspection he piloted his drum from trolley to train, leaving Mrs. Spectator to shift for herself. But when the train drew near the object of their quest, a little stretch of woodland on the outskirts of a sleepy country town, his spirits went up with a bound. There was the featureless little station, and there, huzza! there was an amethystine mist of budding branches feathering the quiet, sunny slopes beyond the town. No marble-hearted farmer had yet chopped down the spring! In a mild delirium of anticipation the Spectators hopped off and struck out for the familiar road. Well they remembered the tally—two plowed fields, a railway line, a frog-marsh, and then the little wood peppered thick with hepaticas, spring-beauties, and harbingers-of-spring. At the edge of the first furrow they drew up and listened. Faint and far across the open came the welling heartbreak of a bluebird's note, the steady sawing of a vast orchestra of frogs. "Playing up the curtain of the spring," the Spectator observed, not without a touch of that fatuous satisfaction which goes with the perpetration of a particularly inevitable bromidianism. Mrs. Spectator rapturously sniffed the damp spring wind, stripping off her gloves that she might bathe her hands in the sweet country air. The act was symbolic, she said, of the shedding of all that was urban. Then, with that blissful face of hers turned toward the budding woods, she struck out bravely across the new-plowed field.

⁂

Lightly the Spectator followed suit. Three steps and he stood rooted—a powerful clay that threatened to drag the boots from his feet, if not his very bones from their sockets! A volley of despairing squeals came from Mrs. Spectator where she floundered, her gait expressed by the old New England saying, "treading like a chicken in a dough-dish." The Spectator, drawing a leg as an engine draws driven piles, found breath for sarcasm. "What more can you want, my dear?" quoth he. "You wade ankle deep in a saturated solution of spring." Her answer was game: "It must be a very strong crop that grows up out of this field. Corkscrews, I think." And she blundered on. When at length they drew themselves up on a little green oasis of sod, a considerable chunk of landscape adhering to each foot, the Spectator was forced to fish out his trowel and excavate four unrecognizable boots before they could proceed on their way. He joked. All the same, it was borne in upon him that he was blown, body and spirit, as he would not have been ten years before.

◆

What need to drag the reader through the other field and a half of miry clay? Beyond them lay the railway line, sizzling in the merciless spring sunshine, great sprangling dandelions shooting up between the weathered ties. Beyond the line should have been a well-remembered barb-wire fence. But times had changed. In place of the historic barbs rose now an edifice of crossed wires full seven feet high. An inconspicuous plaid barrier, a mere cobweb in the landscape, but not meant to climb! When Mrs. Spectator essays a fence, she accepts neither help nor an audience. She says that, while thoroughly practical, there's nothing artistic about the performance. So the Spectator, well trained, scaled the height alone (coming down, it must be confessed, on all fours), picked himself up, and marched steadfastly on. Two minutes passed, and still no sound of the scramble which usually announces Mrs. Spectator's arrival on the hither side of a fence. He slackened his pace. At length a curious sound behind him made him pause. Wheeling, he beheld the lady, oddly bunched on the top of the barrier, being mildly interrogated by an interested and sympathetic cow. Alternately she waved an arm to shoo the animal away and clutched at the swaying wires, rocking the while with laughter that threatened her breath.

◆

Swinging his arms like flails, the Spectator boldly charged the cow, which shambled clumsily off and stood eying him in slow surprise. Then he turned his attention to the extrication of the lady. Perplexedly he surveyed the muddy little boot-toes, braced desperately among the slippery wires. "You might be an Egyptian hieroglyph by appearances," he complained. "Have you *two* right feet? Which side are you on, anyway?" "B-both," she wailed. "I can't m-move, it w-wabbles so. And the best of it is that ten feet farther down the track there's a beautiful g-gate!"

◆

When the Spectator finally got his wife righted and safe on firm ground, they twain sat down to breathe on the warm dry slope that led to a musical frog-marsh. The Spectator slyly opened the drum and rustled the wrappings of a packet of sandwiches. "Well," said his spouse, with a comical look, "I don't care if I do. I had no idea the country was so difficult. I'm quite in need of sustenance." With alacrity the Spectator spread the feast, not forgetting the large, cold, non-conducting bottle of lemonade, and the two of them fell to with zest. Just as the last crumb vanished they became aware of a troop of country children cheerfully navigating the marsh, their chubby hands full of bloom.

◆

The Spectator looked at Mrs. Spectator, his eyebrows lifting. "Well, we might—" said she. No sooner said than done. The Spectator was presently the possessor of a job lot of spring-beauties dragged up root and all, five bouncing fistfuls of deep-colored early hepaticas, and a ragged mass of greenery undesignated. The Spectator held up a bright new quarter. "That's for you," he said with his most ingratiating smile, "if you show us a way back to the village that doesn't cross any plowed fields." "Or any wire fences," put in Mrs. S. "Huh," quoth the oldest little rustic, contemptuously, "see that there line o' trees? Well, all you gotta do is foller that and you'll come out right by the grocery. Them's the bars in that there corner. Yuh can't miss it." The quarter changed hands. A pair of double-dyed spring frauds sneaked off toward the bars and the lane.

◆

"My dear," quoth the Spectator as they trudged quietly along, "I hope you don't mistake the situation. This may look like flight. Nothing of the sort. It's a well-considered refusal to countenance the sophisticated modernity of this pseudo-wilderness." His gesture included the surrounding countryside. "An Adirondack solitude is one thing. We know quite well how to cope with that. But this man-made nature overspread with nets and gins, no thoroughgoing nature worshiper can be expected to stand for that. The next time we go a-Maying in the country, we'll take our country *straight!*"

A Race in the Air

By Percival Phillips

Special London Correspondence of The Outlook

THE world took another stride forward when Louis Paulhan, a little French mechanic in brown leather clothes, alighted from an aeroplane in a clover-field near Manchester early on Thursday morning, April 28.

His cross-country flight of 184 miles from London, with only one stop, was not only the greatest feat yet accomplished by any aviator; it was also one of the greatest races in the history of the world, for a second aeroplane, piloted by an Englishman, was at his heels, and the magnificent flight, made partly at night, which gave Louis Paulhan the victory, and incidentally the prize of $50,000 offered by the "Daily Mail," thrilled Great Britain as no other sporting event has ever done.

Two important things were established by this flight from London to Manchester: the ability of an aeroplane to travel at night over unknown country, when guided by signal lamps, and to withstand the buffeting of dangerous air currents; and the increased stability of the new aerial engine.

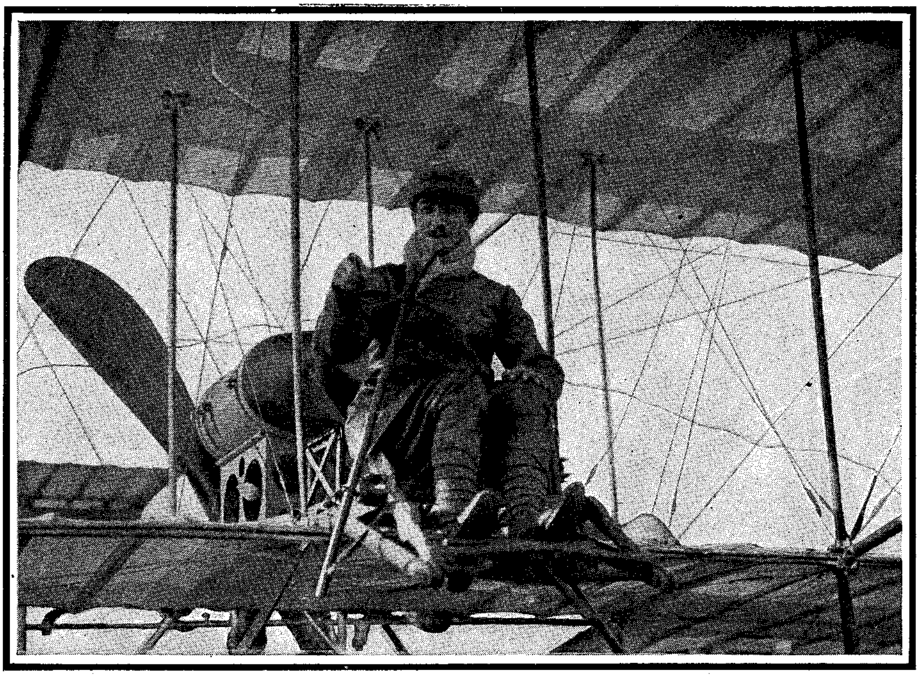
Aviation has brought many surprises, but none greater than the sudden race between Claude Grahame White and Louis Paulhan over the untried course between London and Manchester. A few weeks ago an aeroplane flight across central England seemed as remote as it did two years ago, when aviators were still regarded as dangerous madmen. Then, almost without warning, Grahame White, a young motorist who had taken to the air as ducks take to water, made the country gasp by flying from London nearly to Lichfield, a distance of 116 miles, with only two stops.

The Manchester prize seemed within measurable distance, and Grahame White was preparing for a second attempt when suddenly Louis Paulhan canceled his engagements in France, hurriedly packed up his aeroplane, and crossed to London to enter the lists. As in the case of the famous cross-Channel flight, a French pilot appeared at the last moment to snatch the victory from an opponent who had previously scored a splendid failure. Hubert Latham fell twice into the sea while attempting to reach the cliffs of Dover in his monoplane, and then, one peaceful Sunday morning, without warning, Louis Bleriot slipped away from Sangatte, on the French coast, and alighted above Dover with the ease of a bird.

Grahame White had the same heartbreaking experience. His first cross-country flight from London, on April 22, brought home the fact to all skeptics that it was actually possible for an aeroplane to fly at least two hundred miles over rugged country, for Grahame White's descents were due to cold and fatigue rather than to any defects in his machine. And yet misfortune dogged him as it did Hubert Latham. His rival started suddenly, and Grahame White could not overtake him. Then the darkness and the rain held him back while Paulhan soared triumphantly to victory.

In many respects the competitors were splendidly matched. They rode the same type of aerial cruiser, a Farman biplane. Henry Farman, the inventor, and himself a pilot of the first rank, came to London to watch his pupils and impartially give them his advice. Paulhan's biplane was a new one, differing from the one he used in America. It was slightly smaller, the planes had been altered, and there were modifications in the curious box-kite tail which apparently increased the stability of the aeroplane.

Grahame White knew every inch of the country between London and Manchester, whereas Paulhan had only made a journey by train between the two cities. Paulhan, on the other hand, was probably the most experienced aviator as regards wind currents in the world, while Grahame White was still new in the field of aviation.



LOUIS PAULHAN

They were about the same age—less than thirty. Paulhan is a small, highly strung Frenchman; Grahame White a typical, clean-shaven Englishman, brimful of dogged pluck and enthusiasm. They were, on the whole, evenly matched, and no one could foretell the result.

With characteristic energy, Paulhan surprised his opponent by starting suddenly, when every one least expected him to do so. All day Wednesday the rivals had been working with feverish rapidity, Grahame White at Wormwood Scrubbs, a northwestern suburb of London which had been his starting-point for the previous flight, and Paulhan at Hendon, another suburb, more directly north, about six miles away. Paulhan's biplane had arrived from Paris at midnight on Tuesday; at six o'clock Wednesday morning the sections were being pieced together by his mechanics in a field adjoining the cemetery at Hendon—which cemetery Paulhan with grim humor selected as the landmark at his starting-point because he could see the white gravestones when high in the air.

Throughout Wednesday London waited at high tension for the race. Grahame White was to have started at sunrise, but noon found him still at Wormwood Scrubbs, hemmed in by thousands of spectators. He was receiving messages hourly from his rival's headquarters. Each pilot was working with his eyes on the other. Grahame White waited for the wind to drop. Paulhan waited for his mechanics to finish. London waited breathlessly for both men to start.

The wind was still sharp at six o'clock in the evening, and Grahame White's friends were discussing the probability of there being a start that night, when they were electrified by the announcement that Paulhan was already in the air. He had shot into his seat the moment the last mechanic had finished his work, and had risen at 5:31 with the steadiness of a bird. He circled around the cemetery, took his bearings, and sailed away northward.

Grahame White had been caught napping. His friends roused him at the Pavilion Hotel, where he was getting a much-needed sleep. He darted to his aeroplane. The crowd was so tremendous that he could not start. The police were useless. Almost with tears in his eyes, Grahame White begged for more room. Already his rival was forty-seven miles away. At last a lane was made across the field for his machine, and at 6:29 he was off, just fifty-eight minutes behind his rival.

I cannot adequately describe the excitement caused by this first real race in the air. As the aeroplanes passed northward a great tidal wave of emotion swept over the country. Shops were shut, factories were deserted, even policemen left their posts to watch the skies and to join in a futile chase after the competitors. The roads were choked with motor cars and carts of every description. Only an earthquake or an aeroplane could have caused such an upheaval of British sentiment. It was like a flight from an invading army or a plague-stricken city, with men, women, and children pouring northward along the dusty roads.

The sun dropped and the shadows lengthened. Paulhan was still traveling between forty-five and fifty miles an hour. He never swerved from his course. Around his neck was suspended a chart rolled on two cylinders, so that a turn of one wrist brought a new section of the map before his eyes. He has a marvelous sense of locality, and, incredible though it may seem, his one view of the country from a train window two days before had been sufficient to impress many landmarks on his mind. He steered along the main line of the London and Northwestern Railway as far as possible. The signal lamps guided him when night fell. At some places powerful motor lamps flashed out prearranged signals like lighthouses, and the pilot identified the towns or villages they represented.

The perils of such a mad journey cannot be overestimated. Everything depended on his seven-cylinder Gnome engine. Had it stopped suddenly when Paulhan was nine hundred feet in the air, death would have been inevitable. He could not have planed down into the darkness. Most of the time he was over woodland, or houses, or brushwood. The slightest obstacle might have killed him had he been forced to descend. Even a telegraph wire might have been fatal.

His danger increased when he entered the Trent Valley, a long, rather narrow depression filled with treacherous, eddying air currents. It was like shooting rapids in a frail boat. The biplane swayed and rocked as the shifting wind caught the planes. Still Paulhan plunged forward, keeping his craft resolutely on her course. Near Lichfield, however, he had to come down. The cold cut him like a knife, and his hands were so numbed that he could hardly manipulate the levers. Moreover, there was no necessity for traveling farther without a rest. He had broken the back of the journey; hardly more than a third of the total distance remained. A mile from the old cathedral town he descried a vacant level field near the railway line, and so he dropped easily and gracefully, without even jarring a wire loose. He had been in the air two hours and thirty-nine minutes, and he had accomplished one hundred and seventeen miles.

He well deserved the ovation which awaited him. His wife had followed him in a special train—having only one glimpse of him in the air, however—and she rescued him from the mob and took him to the old George Hotel, where he was warmed and fed and put to bed for five hours.

Meanwhile, what of Grahame White? He had flown steadily and confidently from his starting-point. There were prayers that he might overtake his rival. His course was practically the same. He passed over the same towns as had his rival an hour before. The hopes of the country hung on Grahame White's aeroplane. But, after traveling an hour and thirteen minutes, the darkness forced him to descend at Roade, sixty miles from London, where he also sought food and sleep before resuming the race.

So far the competitors had kept within the terms of the competition, which allowed each aviator to make two stops during the journey. The total distance had to be flown in twenty-four hours.

Paulhan was to start again at four o'clock. Grahame White heard this at Roade, at midnight. He would not be caught napping again. He cut short his sleep. While Paulhan was still abed at Lichfield his rival was busily inspecting his machine, replenishing the petrol tank, and preparing to take the air again. He did not wait for sunrise. An hour before daybreak he was off again. It was barely three o'clock, and when the news reached Lichfield, fifty-seven miles

CLAUDE GRAHAME WHITE

farther north, Paulhan rushed madly for his aeroplane. Can you imagine anything more thrilling than this wild race in the night, with death or glory held evenly in the balance?

At five minutes past four Paulhan rose above Lichfield Cathedral and far to the right. It was quite light. He had sixty-seven miles yet to travel. An angry wind caught him at an angle, and he kept staggering and wheeling, sometimes dropping thirty feet in a second, but always keeping on his course. The entire countryside had waited up over night, and there was the same weird procession filling all north roads pressing on beneath the aeroplane to the goal.

It was only an hour and a half, this last lap of the most exciting race in the world. It was apparent before Paulhan had traveled half-way beyond Lichfield that he would easily outdistance his rival. It was not until an hour later that Grahame White's fresh discomfiture became known. He had come down again, after vainly groping about in the dark for an hour and a quarter, during which time he got forty-seven miles nearer the finishing post.

The goal was a clover-field in the dingy little suburb of Didsbury, five miles from the heart of Manchester; and it is not the least wonderful thing about this wonderful journey that Paulhan, with no other guide than his hawk's eye and his chart, drove straight for the field beside the railway station, noted the four white sheets that had been spread to attract his attention, turned with a wide flourish in the air, and came down in the exact center of the field. There he sat and laughed like a school-boy. It was half-past five, on a cold, wet morning—the rain began just before his descent—yet he was the happiest man I have ever seen. Neither the special train which carried his wife nor the motor cars which tore along the roads had been able to keep up with him, and he had to wait until they arrived. A somewhat stolid Lancashire crowd had witnessed his drop from the clouds, but I doubt if many persons fully realized the tremendous significance of the descent into that clover-field of the little man in brown leather clothes, who opened the door to a new sport—the finest the world has ever seen.

London.

The Conquest of the Air

By Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

[*The author, a Harvard Junior, by this poem won the Floyd McKim Garrison memorial prize of $100*]

With a thunder-driven heart
And the shimmer of new wings,
I, a worm that was, upstart;
King of kings!

I have heard the singing stars,
I have watched the sunset die,
As I burst the lucent bars
Of the sky.

Lo, the argosies of Spain,
As they plowed the naked brine,
Found no heaven-girded Main
Like to mine.

Soaring from the clinging sod,
First and foremost of my race,
I have met the hosts of God
Face to face.

Met the tempest and the gale
Where the white moon-riven cloud
Wrapt the splendor of my sail
In a shroud.

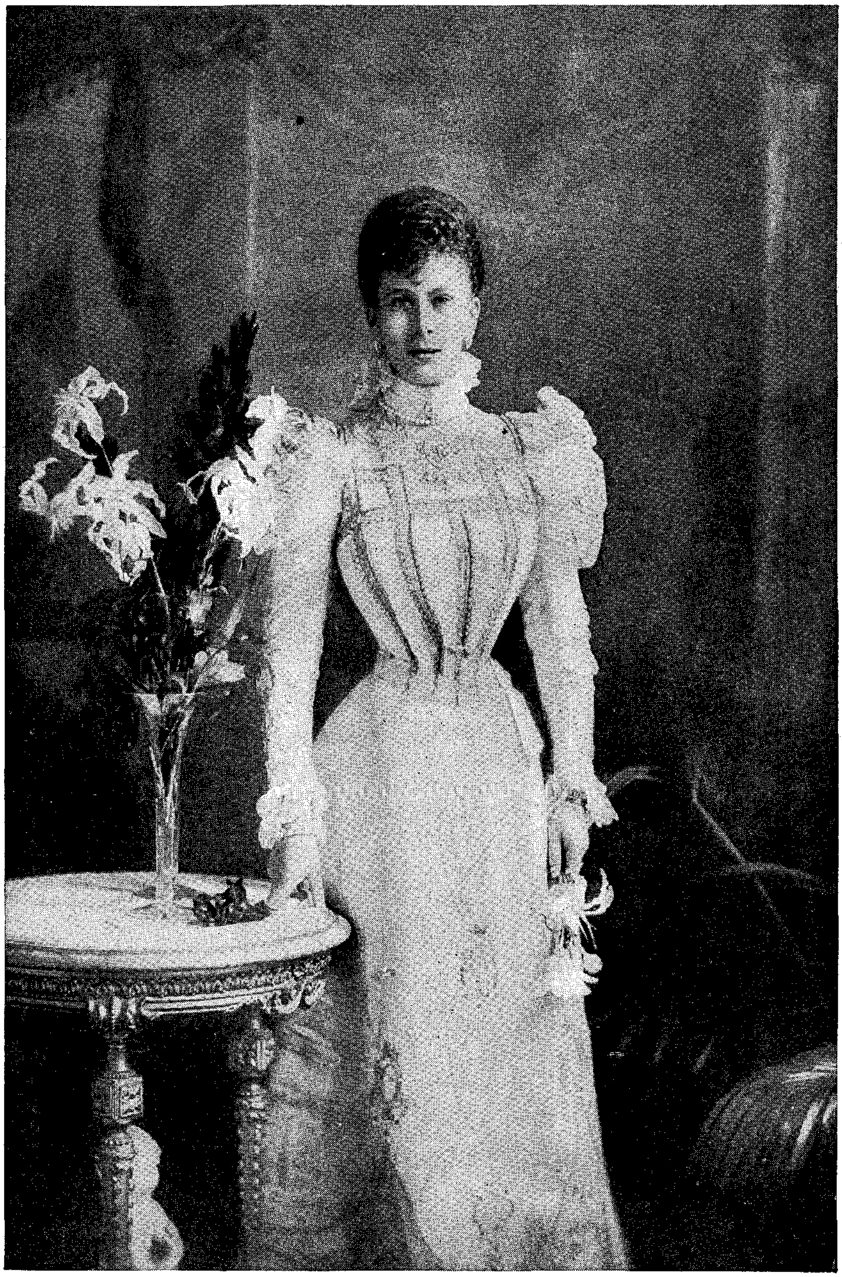
Where the ghost of winter fled
Swift I followed with the snow,
Like a silver arrow sped
From a bow.

I have trailed the summer south
Like a flash of burnished gold,
When she fled the hungry mouth
Of the cold.

I have dogged the ranging sun
Till the world became a scroll;
All the oceans, one by one,
Were my goal.

Other winged men may come,
Pierce the heavens, chart the sky,
Sound an echo to my drum
Ere they die.

I alone have seen the earth,
Age-old fetters swept aside,
In the glory of new birth—
Deified!



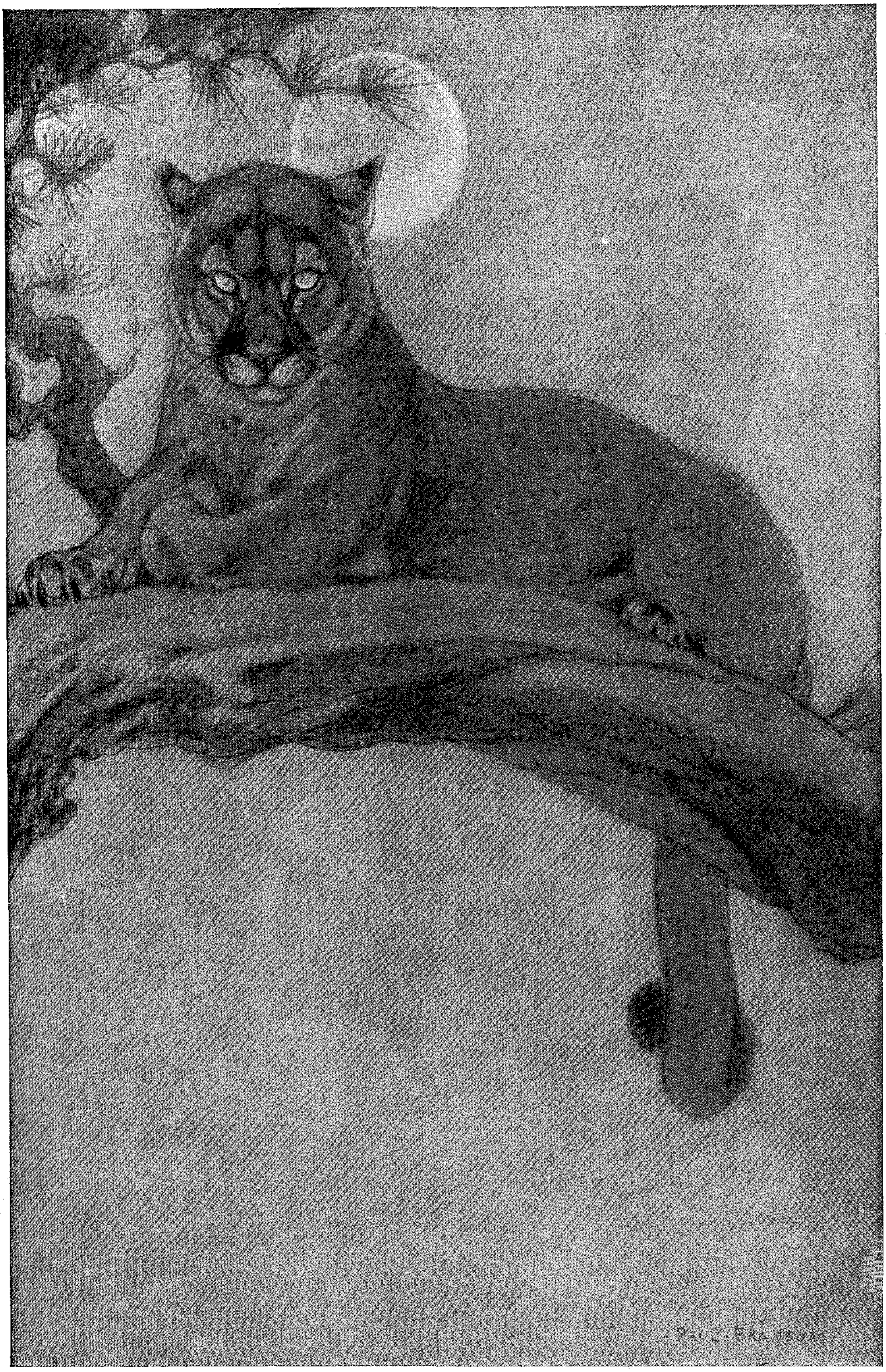
QUEEN MARY

KING GEORGE V

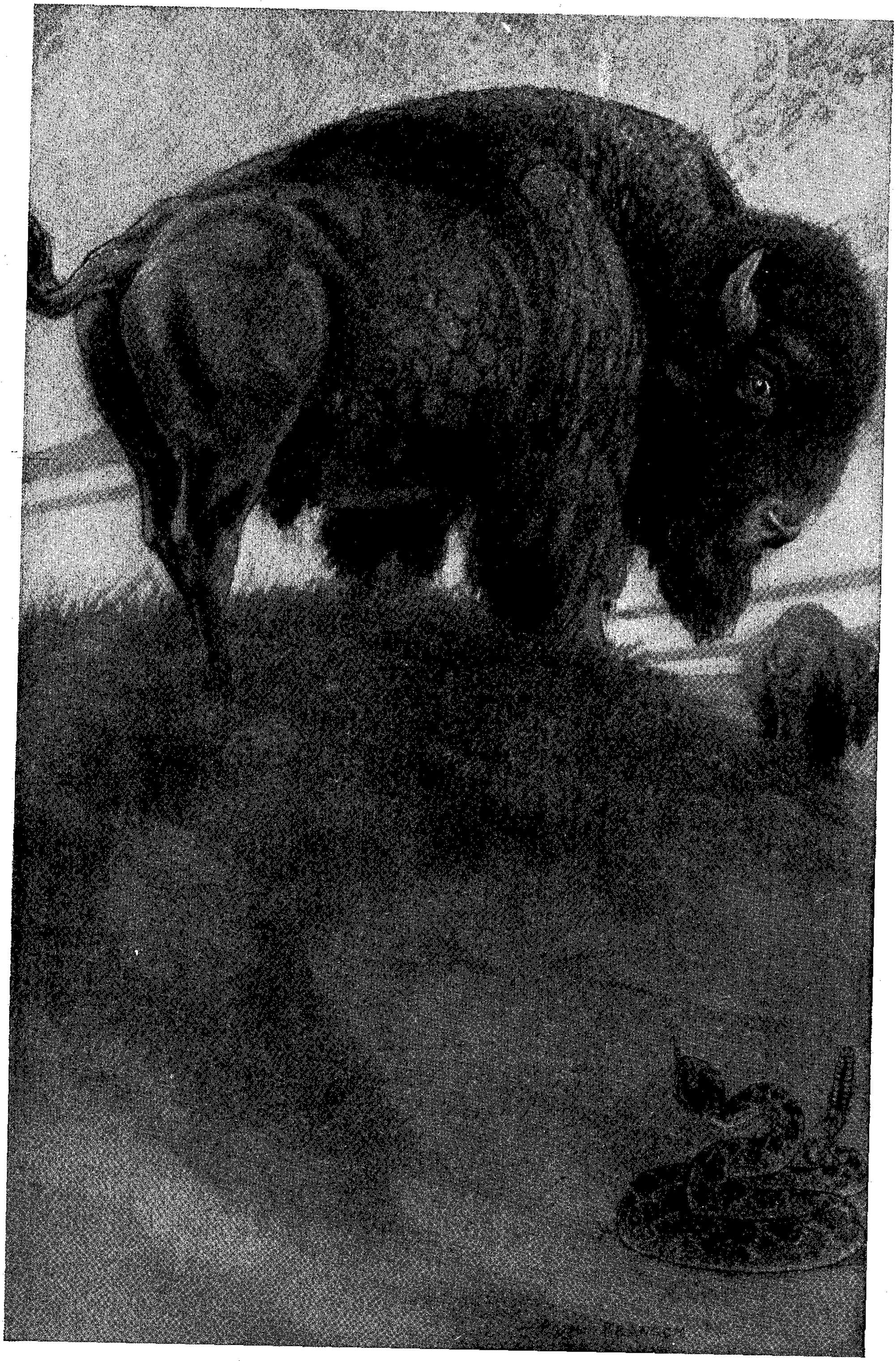
Animals of Our National Parks

By

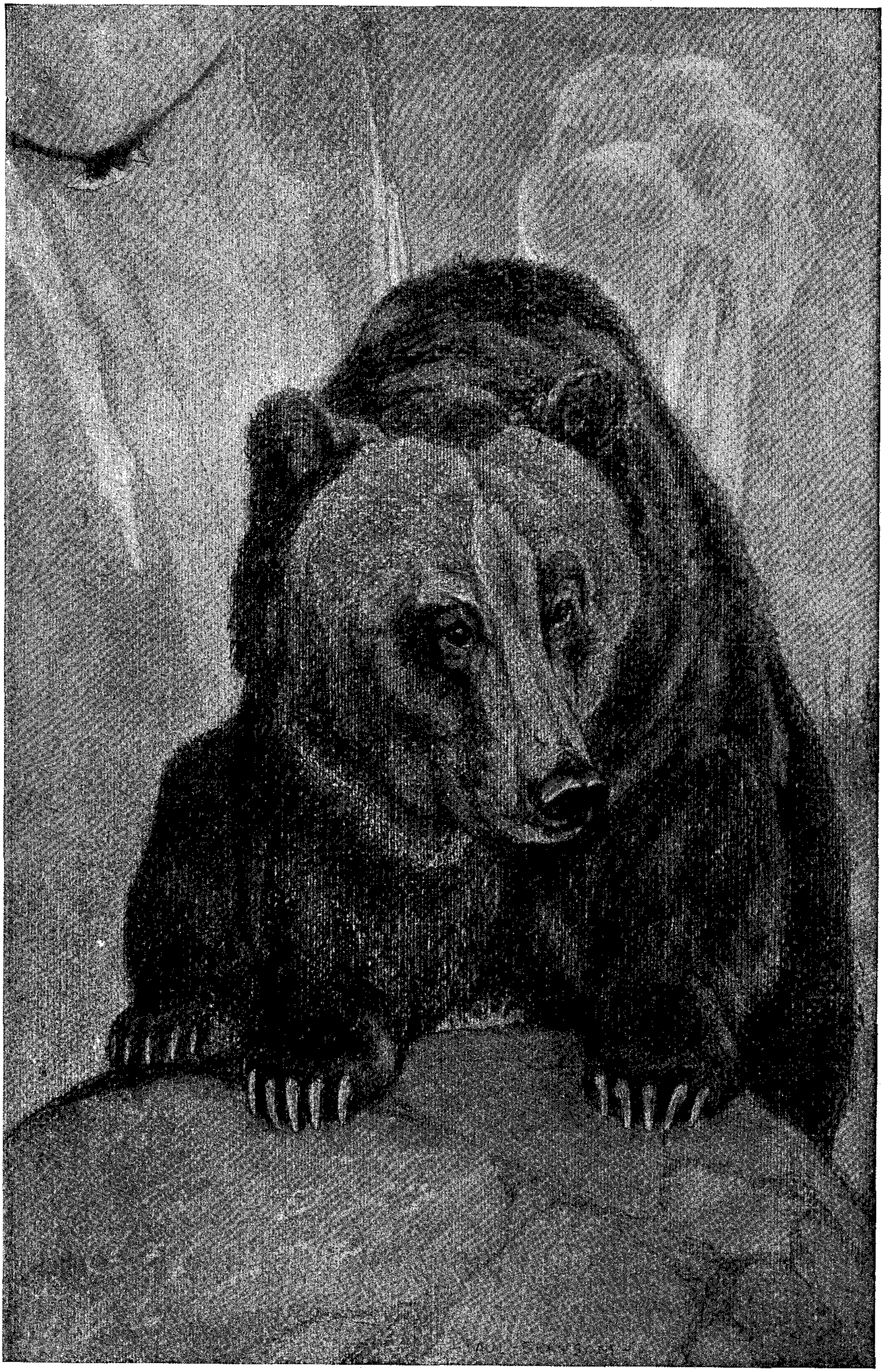
Paul Bransom


PAUL BRANSOM

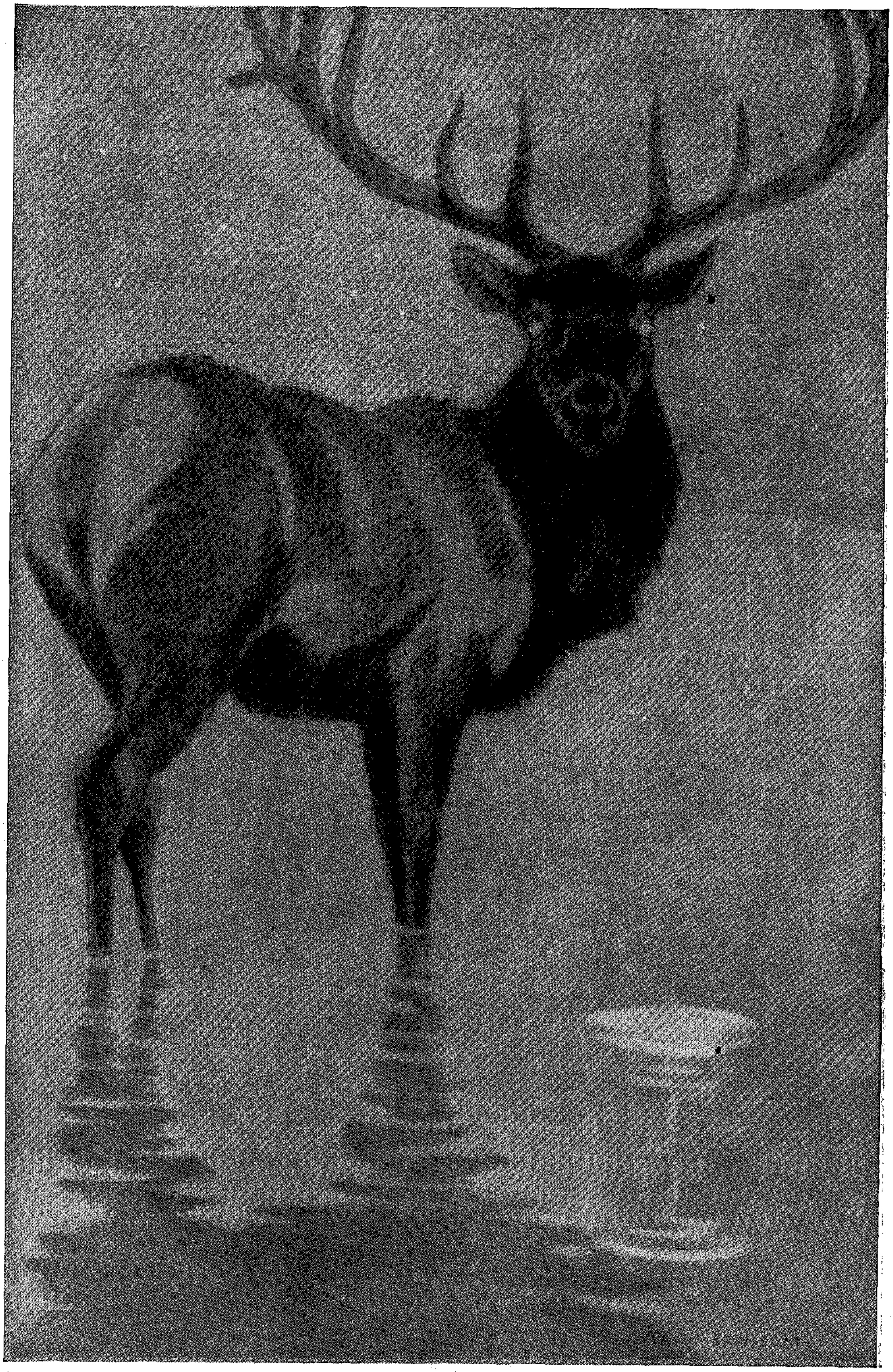
THE PUMA, OR MOUNTAIN LION



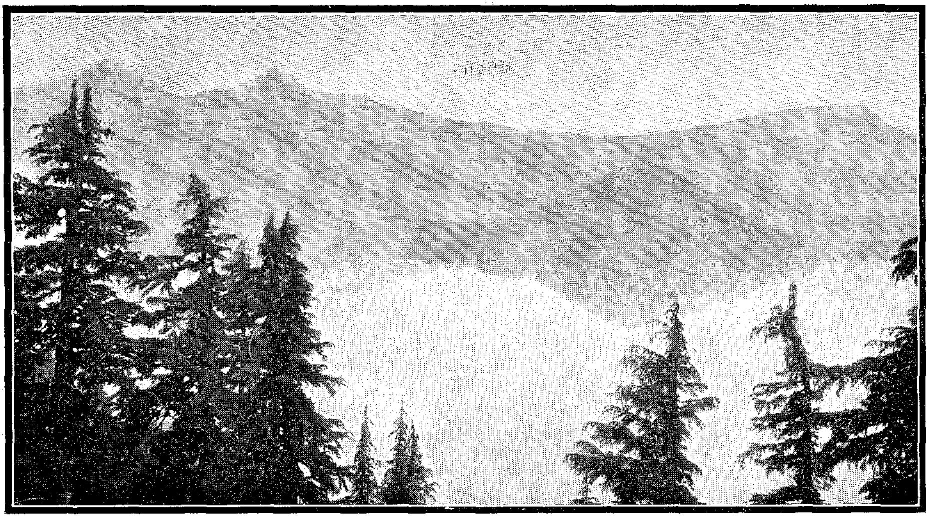
THE AMERICAN BISON



THE GRIZZLY BEAR



WAPITI, OR ELK



CRATER LAKE

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. GLEASON

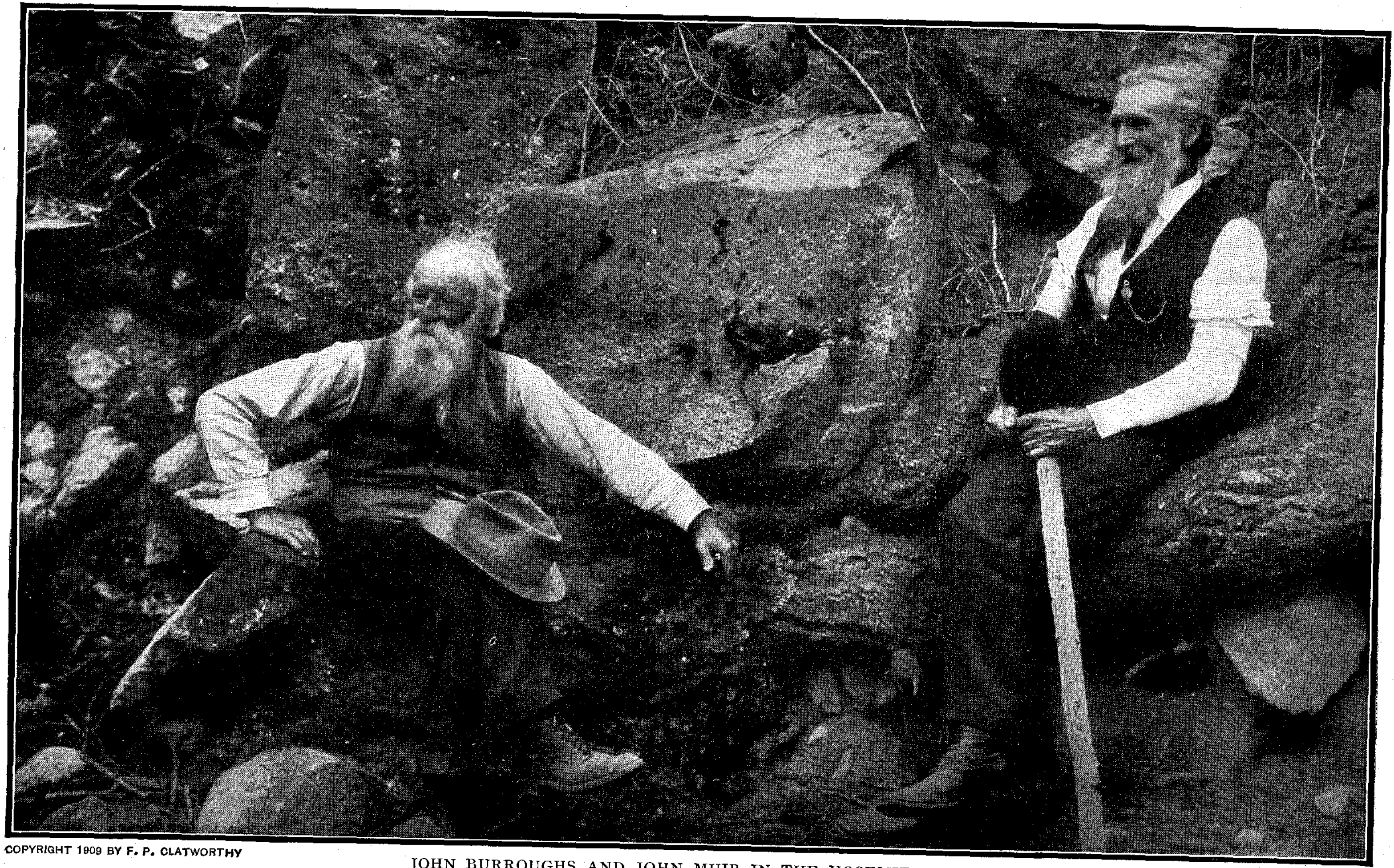
Scenery as a National Asset

By Allen Chamberlain

HERE is one phase of the policy of the conservation of natural resources, now prominently before the country, that has not as yet been widely exploited, although it has been officially recognized as well worthy of serious consideration. In fact, it may be confidently asserted that, as a Nation, the United States has put itself upon record as valuing its notable scenery as a public asset deserving of careful conservation. In the formal declaration of views and recommendations adopted by the historic White House Conference of Governors it was proclaimed "that the beauty . . . of our country should be preserved and increased." Later the National Conservation Commission, in its report to the President, reiterated these views, but in more definite form, when it recommended that "public lands more valuable for conserving . . . natural beauties or wonders than for agriculture should be held for the use of the people." In these concurrent declarations the people have asserted their faith in the intrinsic value of sentiment.

It is significant that these bodies of essentially practical and wholly representative men, with their minds bent on a problem so purely and vitally economic, should have granted this meed of recognition to this phase of the subject. It shows at least that as a people we are not entirely incapable of recognizing the true worth of beauty as a necessary adjunct to a normal and healthy human life. Nor is it in any wise discreditable that the more materialistic value of beautiful things should thus have been given recognition.

During the past few years Congress has reflected the growing public interest in these matters in a notable manner, not only by greatly increasing the number of our National parks, but also by giving to the President the power to proclaim as "National monuments" (to all intents and purposes National parks) such Government-owned lands as he believes to be of sufficient historic or scientific interest to warrant their being thus set aside. The rapid growth of State and municipal parks and the preservation of scenic spots in all parts of the country by the direct will of the people further testifies to a widespread appreciation of the value of scenery and of things beautiful. Witness also the recent earnest efforts to protect the Falls of Niagara from disfigurement through a too complete development of their commercial power. Yet another



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JOHN BURROUGHS AND JOHN MUIR IN THE YOSEMITE PARK sign of the times is found in the storm of protest which rose from every corner of the land when San Francisco sought to acquire the right to dam a gorge and thereby destroy the Hetch-Hetchy, one of the most beautiful valleys of the Yosemite National Park. All this indicates an active interest in the recreative value and generally uplifting power of natural beauty.

Notwithstanding so great a public interest in this subject, it will surprise no one to find that, in their inventory of our natural resources, the National Conservation Commission presented but a meager exhibit covering this field. The people of the country are fairly well posted to-day on the National forests, and what they stand for, since that matter has been much in the public press in recent years. Of National parks, however, little seems to be known either East or West. During a recent trip which included several of the National forests, parks, and monuments, it was found that even the people in the immediate neighborhood of those properties failed to differentiate between these establishments. Few realized that they were not all under one control, or that they were not established in some ununknown but uniform manner.

Ask your neighbors to name half a dozen of the National parks. The chances are that almost every one will begin with the Yellowstone, because that park has been widely advertised by the railways for many years. Some will hazard a guess that the Yosemite Valley is a park. It is, in fact, one of the chief features of the Yosemite National Park, which as a whole is one hundred times larger than the valley from which it derives its name. Some will include in their list the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which is technically a National monument, and there the guessing breaks down in the majority of cases. Even those individuals whose tastes and inclinations lead them to take the greatest interest in such affairs have but an indefinite idea as to the actual location and extent of our National parks, to say nothing about such details as the statutory provisions which relate to them.

As a people we are awakening to a realization that it is unsafe to allow large Governmental interests to become too completely subject to the individual caprice of whoever may be for the time in office. The danger of misrepresentation by the best-intentioned official is fully appreciated. To encourage honest and efficient government the citizen must keep himself informed in a general way at least. For that reason, and since it is manifest that the Nation approves of the conservation of scenery through the establishment of National parks and monuments, it seems important that some positive information concerning these properties should be made publicly available.

In National parks, National monuments, and National military parks, all of which were created or authorized by Congressional action, there are now considerably more than five million acres. Here are some of the world's sublimest scenes, many wonderful records of past ages, relics of the prehistoric occupants of portions of our land, and inspiring mementoes of the patriotism of a rapidly passing generation. These properties are managed for the people by three Government departments, those of the Interior, of Agriculture, and of War. In some cases all three departments are involved in the control, direct or indirect, of a single reservation. It speaks well for the harmony of purpose and effort that no serious clashes of authority ever reach the public ear as a result of this complex arrangement. That it is unsatisfactory and uneconomical from the standpoint of the departments is evinced by the official recommendation of President Roosevelt and of his Secretary of the Interior, that most of the parks and all of the monuments should be placed entirely in the control of the Secretary of Agriculture.

It means but little to the average mind to read that in these parks are five million acres. To say that this amounts to two-tenths of one per cent of the total area of the continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, is not particularly enlightening. The State of Massachusetts, however, furnishes an excellent yardstick for this purpose. Ninety-six per cent of its area is approximately equal to the total area of the parks, monuments, and battlefield reservations. All of the twelve parks and the twenty-two monuments are located west of the Mississippi River, in thirteen of the twenty-two States which lie on that side of the continent. The so-called military parks, embracing four of the celebrated battlefields of the Civil War, are situated in four of the Southeastern States. Their location, area, and characteristic features may be found in the accompanying tables. The parks and monuments are there named in the order of their creation:

The National parks came into being through special acts of Congress beginning with the establishment of the Yellowstone in 1872. Eight years before that the Yosemite Valley had been granted to California as a State park, but it was not until 1890 that Congress created the Yosemite National Park out of the wonderful mountain country surround-

NATIONAL PARKS

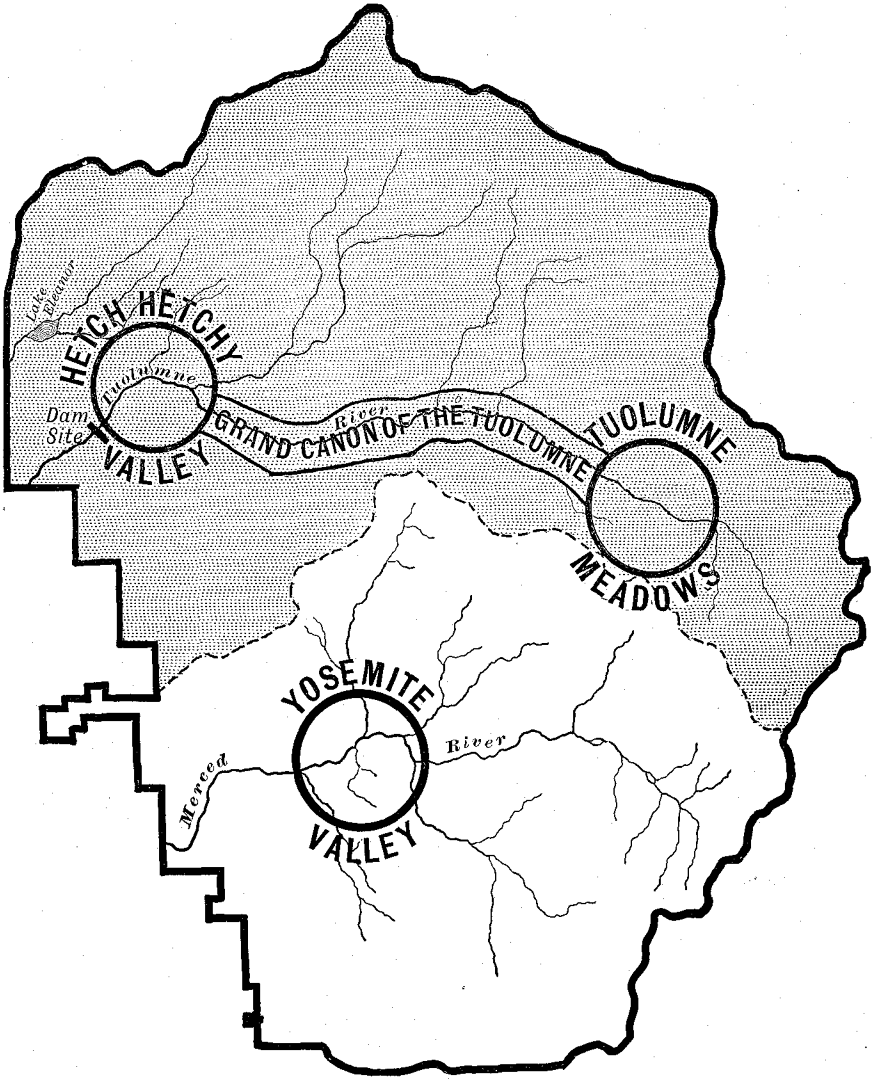
Name.	Location.	Acres.	Characteristic Features.
Yellowstone	Wyoming	2,142,720.00	Mountains, cañon, geysers
Hot Springs	Arkansas	911.63	Medicinal springs and wooded hills
Sequoia	California	161,597.00	"Big" trees, high mountains
Yosemite	"	719,622.00	Unique glacial valleys and snow peaks
General Grant	"	2,536.00	"Big" trees
Casa Grande	Arizona	480.00	Prehistoric dwellings
Mount Rainier	Washington	207,360.00	Snow peak and glaciers
Crater Lake	Oregon	159,360.00	Lake in extinct volcano
Platt	Oklahoma	848.22	Mineral springs
Wind Cave	S. Dakota	10,522.00	Caverns
Sully's Hill	N. Dakota	780.00	Wooded hills and lake shore
Mesa Verde	Colorado	43,376.00	Prehistoric dwellings
Five-mile strip surrounding Mesa Verde	"	175,360.00	" "
Total........	....	3,624,472.85	

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

Name.	Location.	Acres.	Characteristic Features.
Devil's Tower	Wyoming	1,152.91	Example of erosion
Petrified Forest	Arizona	60,776.02	Silicified mesozoic forest
Montezuma Castle	"	160.02	Prehistoric cliff dwellings
El Morro	New Mexico	160.00	Inscribed rocks
Chaco Cañon	" "	20,629.40	Prehistoric pueblo ruin
Lassen Peak	California	1,280.00	Extinct volcano
Cinder Cone	"	5,120.00	Lava field
Gila Cliff Dwellings	New Mexico	160.00	Prehistoric cliff dwellings
Tonto	Arizona	640.00	" " "
Muir Woods	California	295.00	Primeval redwood forest
Grand Cañon	Arizona	806,400.00	"Titan of Chasms"
Pinnacles	California	2,080.00	Rock pinnacles and caves
Jewel Cave	S. Dakota	1,280.00	Large cavern
Natural Bridges	Utah	2,740.00	Three limestone arches
Lewis & Clarke Cavern	Montana	160.00	Limestone cavern
Tumacacorri	Arizona	10.00	Spanish mission ruin
Wheeler	Colorado	300.00	Volcanic formations
Mount Olympus	Washington	576,000.00	Snow mountains
Navajo	Arizona	600.00	Cliff dwellings and pueblos
Oregon Caves	Oregon	480.00	Natural caves
Mukuntuweap	Utah	15,360.00	Extraordinary cañon erosion
Shoshone Cavern	Wyoming	840.00	Vast crystal cave
Gran Quivera	New Mexico	160.00	Early Spanish church and pueblo ruins
Total........	....	1,496,783.35	

NATIONAL MILITARY PARKS

Name.	Location.	Acres.	
Chickamauga and Chattanooga	Georgia	6,876.95	Battlefields of Civil War
Shiloh	Tennessee	3,325.05	
Gettysburg	Pennsylvania	2,047.80	
Vicksburg	Mississippi	1,282.89	
Total........	....	13,532.69	



YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

The shaded portion represents the area of the Tuolumne drainage which would be affected by the Hetch-Hetchy grant. The Hetch-Hetchy Valley is a wonderfully exact counterpart of the great Yosemite. The Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne is one of the finest cañons in America, with its wonderful cascades and waterfalls and tremendous cliffs and walls. John Muir says: "The upper Tuolumne Valley is the wildest, smoothest, most serenely spacious, and in every way the most delightful pleasure park in all the High Sierras"

ing the valley. Later, in 1905, California receded the valley to the United States, so that it is now a part of the great National Park. The last park to be created was Mesa Verde, the ruin of an extensive prehistoric settlement in southwestern Colorado. That same year Congress provided for the creation of the monuments through the passage of an act entitled "For the Protection of American Antiquities." This law gives power to the President to set aside from the public domain any "historic landmarks, historic or prehistoric structures, or other objects of historic or scientific interest."

The several laws establishing the parks placed them in charge of the Secretary of the Interior, but the Antiquities Act provided that the monuments should be controlled by a board consisting of the Secretaries of the Interior, of Agriculture, and of War. Special enactments created the battlefield parks, and they are all in charge of the War Department, which appoints a salaried commission to care for each park. These battlefields were all purchased through direct appropriations from the Treasury, whereas the other parks, with two exceptions, were set aside out of Government lands. The exceptions referred to were Platt and Sully's Hill National Parks, both of which were purchased in the course of certain Indian settlements. None of the monuments cost the Treasury a copper, two of them, in fact, being gifts, in whole or in part, of individuals.

It is indeed a handsome showing that the country makes in reserved resources of this character. How superb it really is no one can possibly comprehend from the mere study of statistics, and little or nothing has been written descriptive of many of these properties. The public is only just beginning to realize that these parks exist. Many of them are to-day so remote from railways that they are little visited. With wise forethought they have been dedicated well in advance of any great public necessity, to be developed gradually as the needs of the times shall dictate.

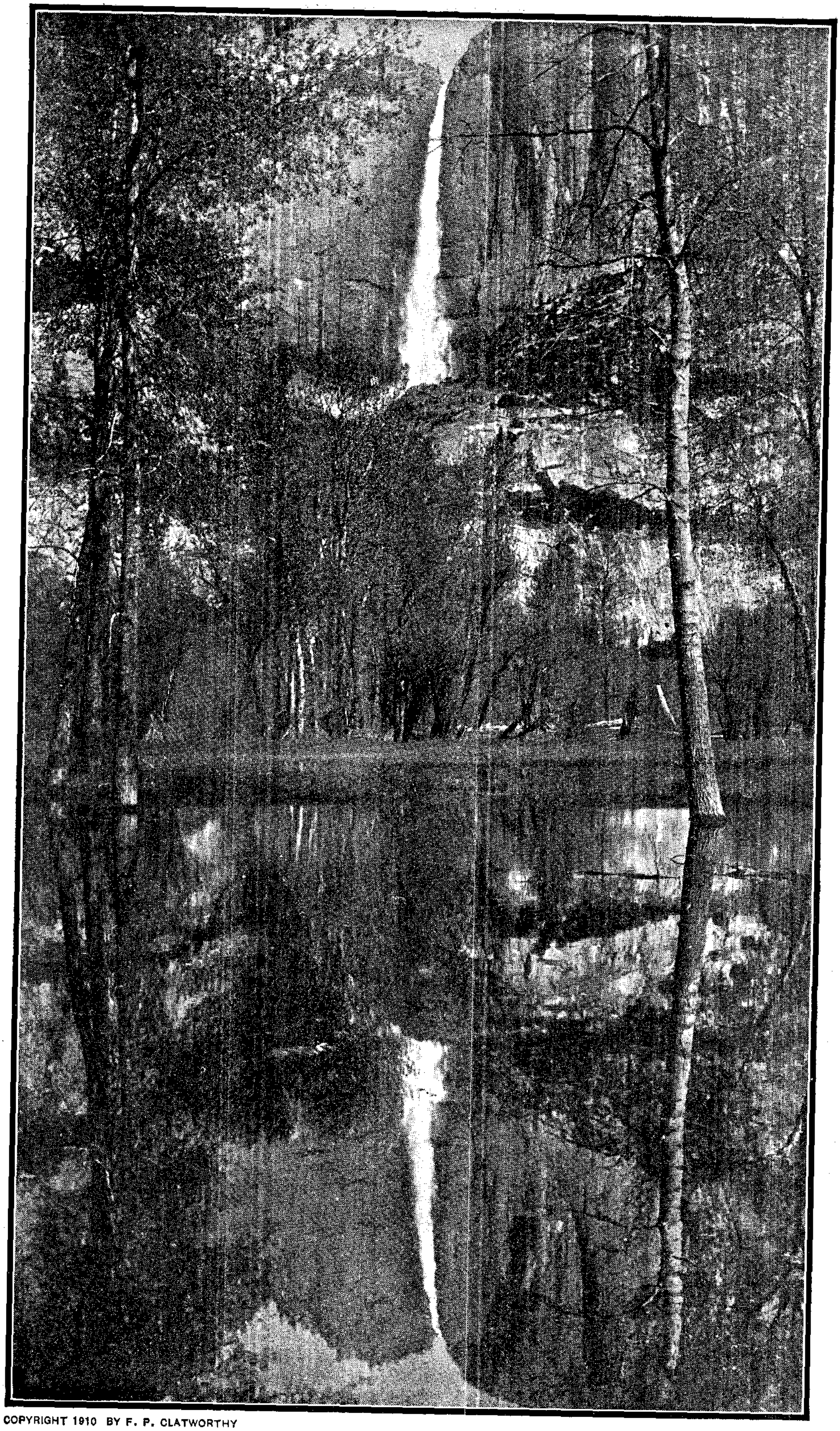
In 1872, when the Yellowstone Park was created, there was no railway within five hundred miles of its borders, and few could know of its wonders without organizing an exploring expedition. With the advance of transportation facilities the number of visitors multiplied apace. Fifteen years ago the records show that 5,500 people visited the park during the season. In five years the number had increased to almost 9,000, and the figures for 1908 were 32,545.

The same is true of the Yosemite Park, which until three years ago lay back two days' hard drive from the rails. During the season prior to the opening of the new railway, which now takes the visitor to within fourteen miles of the great tourist center of the park, the Yosemite Valley, some 5,400 people were registered. The first season of the railway saw this number rise to just over 7,000, and in 1908 there were more than 13,000 visitors.

Now that the Government has built a good wagon road up to the snow-line on Mount Rainier, that park is rapidly becoming popular. The completion of that road next year (a remarkably skillful piece of construction, built on easy grades, and so placed that it exhibits the glorious scenery to perfection), and the erection of adequate accommodation for guests at its upper end, will stimulate travel tremendously.

Thousands of people are waiting for an opportunity to visit Crater Lake Park. To-day it is well-nigh impossible so much as to learn how to get there. Evidently the railways of that section are not ready to exploit that attraction. Having crossed the continent last summer for the special purpose of visiting as many of the parks and monuments as might be possible in eight weeks, I naturally desired to see Crater Lake. Diligent inquiry among the railway and excursion agency offices was productive of no definite results. Through another source it was learned that by previous arrangement a four-passenger automobile could be engaged for $100 to whirl me up over a rough mountain road, at the risk of my neck. Not being disposed to indulge myself in excitement of that order, I missed seeing Crater Lake, only to learn, quite by accident, and when too late, that local excursions are occasionally run to the park and at a reasonable price.

There is no doubt about it, the public is ready to take advantage of many of these parks to-day, but there are instances where the transportation facilities and the living accommodations now afforded are not calculated to make them attractive vacation resorts. Take the Yosemite Park as an example. When the stage road from the new railway to the big valley has been properly built, so that one can enjoy the drive up the Merced Cañon and think of something besides the insufferable dust, the transportation problem will have been solved there. That will at once stimulate travel, and a new problem will arise, namely, how to care for the people after they are in the park. As a matter of fact, this is already a problem to some extent. The accommodations offered to-day are good, but by no means adequate. Even the camping possibilities are taxed to the limit. Everybody is herded into the great valley, and little is done to encourage people to go into the magnificent country farther back in the mountains. Some of the finest scenery in that park is as yet practically sealed to the average traveler. The congestion will soon force a move to



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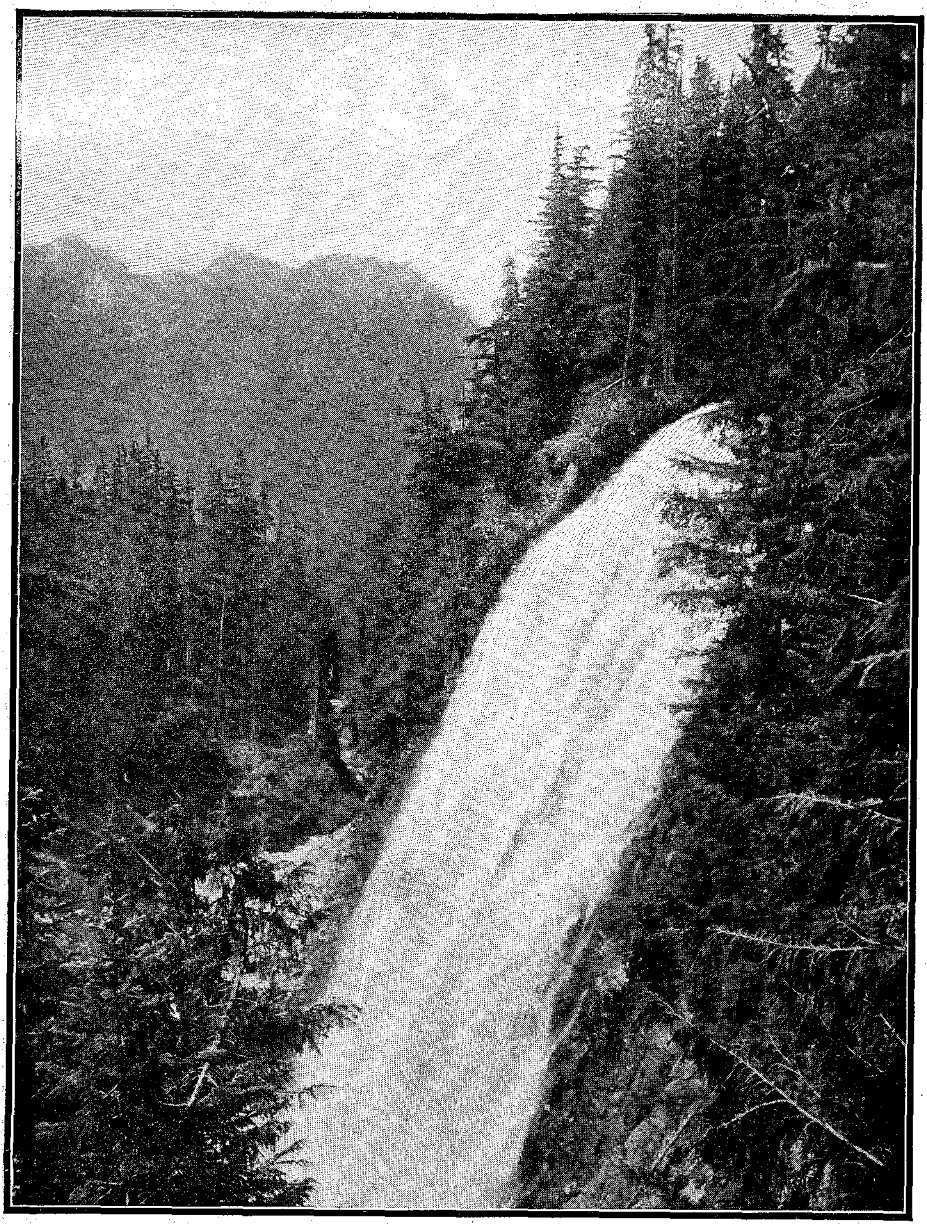
YOSEMITE FALLS, TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED FEET HIGH



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. GLEASON

UARADA FALLS, MOUNT RAINIER PARK

be made in this direction. The Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which is a second Yosemite—"Twin Temples," John Muir aptly calls them—and the Tuolumne Meadows should be made accessible to general travel. The extension of the present road for nine miles will open the former, and the latter can be reached by repairing the old Tioga road. In no other way can the superlatively grand mountain country lying north of the Hetch-Hetchy be brought within the reach of the tourist. It should not be kept locked up as it is to-day when it is so manifestly needed. Hotels, or boarding camps at the very least, would undoubtedly be established at both of these points if opened.

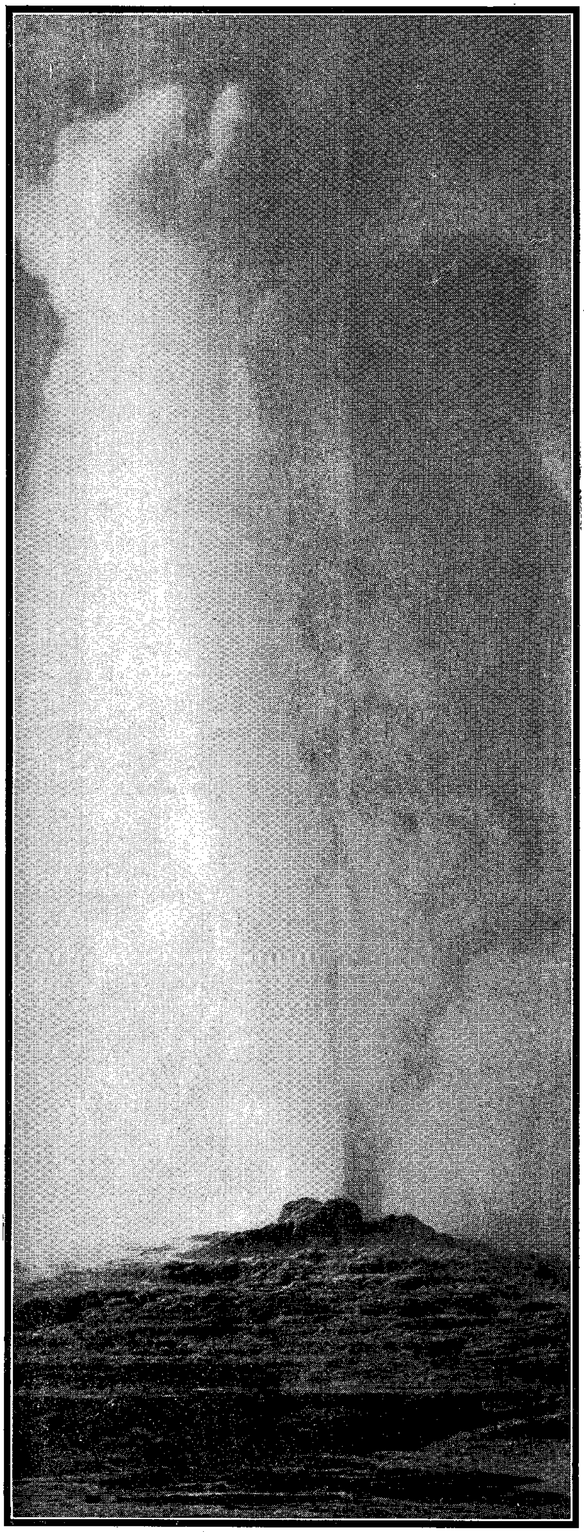
Thousands of American dollars are being spent every year in the Canadian mountains because the railway and the

Government there have been wise enough to cater to the growing interest in mountain climbing as a recreative sport. Yet here, in one of our National parks, is a country full of noble peaks and beautiful old forests, affording the best of camp grounds, and with a summer climate beyond reproach, but closed effectually against all save those who can afford the luxury of a private pack-train.

Having heard so many conflicting stories in connection with the Hetch-Hetchy controversy as to the scenic value of that northern half of the park, I counted myself highly favored at being able to join Mr. Muir and his Sierra Club friends for a two-hundred-mile tramp in and out through all that region. I do not hesitate to declare that it is fit to rank with the finest mountain scenery in the country. Once the public is allowed a glimpse into that Tuolumne River watershed, with its sunny and hospitable meadows, its wide-spreading forests, its great snow peaks, innumerable lovely lakes and majestic cañons, the clamor for its development will be irresistible.

In short, the Nation has in these parks a natural resource of enormous value to its people, but it is not being developed and utilized as it might be, and as there is even now need that it should be. There is considerable danger, moreover, that unless the public is permitted to learn more about these properties selfish interests are likely to steal an important part of our birthright. The meaning of this may be drawn from what follows.

Inasmuch as the battlefield parks appear to be well provided for in every way,



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. GLEASON

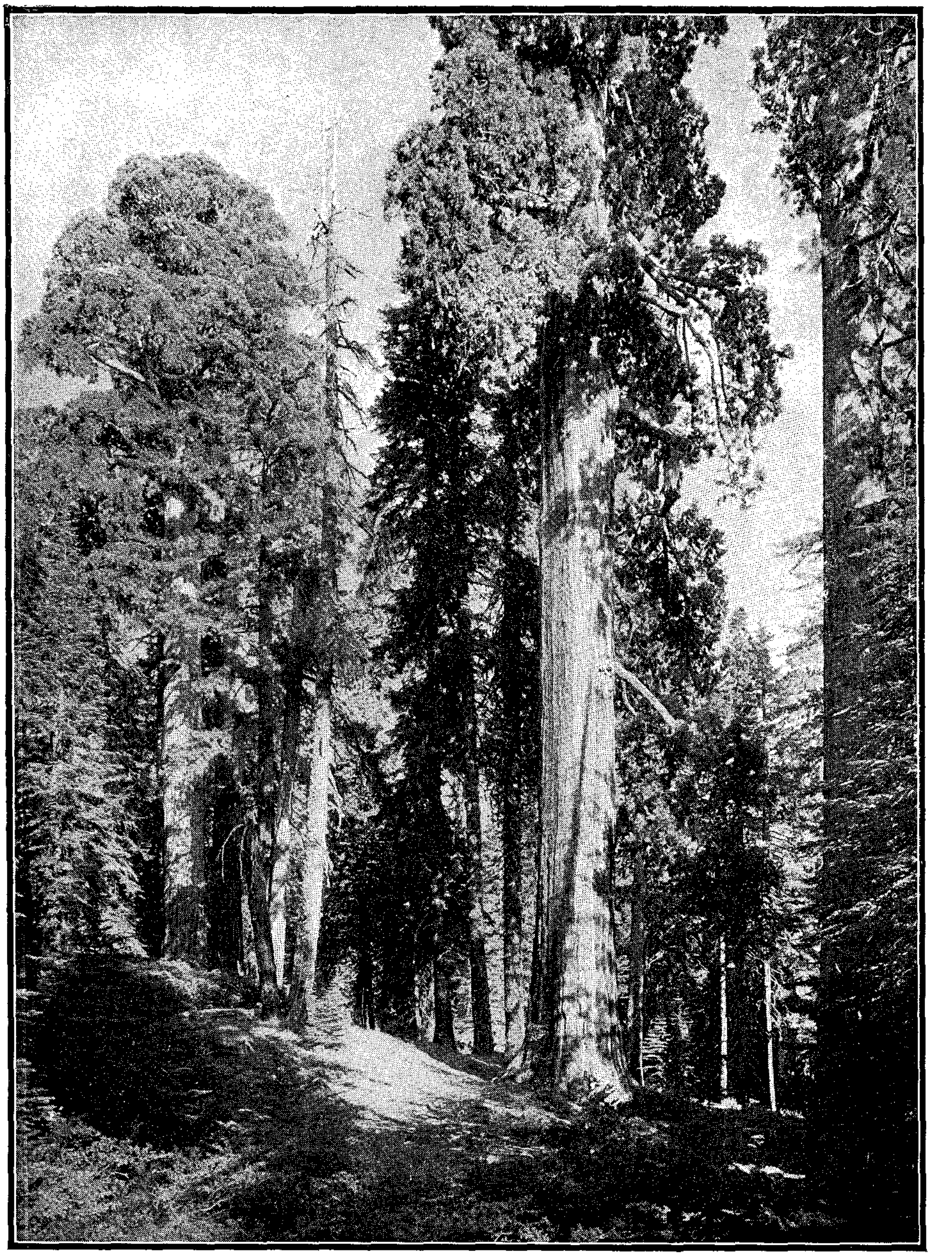
OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

being amply guarded by statutes, fostered by special paid commissions, and suitably financed, the remainder of this article will be devoted to a partial review of the needs of the other parks and the monuments. Little need be said concerning the monuments at the present time, beyond calling attention to the fact that Congress has never granted any funds for their benefit in any way. As a result they are insufficiently protected against vandalism. Ten of these properties were created out of portions of National forests, and these are therefore placed under the charge of the Forest Service and receive from the rangers of the adjoining forests some attention and protection. If these lands were worthy of segregation in the public interest, they should be granted full protection at the Nation's expense, and those which are much visited, such as the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, for example, should be developed and made reasonably accessible through the building of roads and trails. In his first annual report Secretary Ballinger recommended that Congress should give to this superb reservation the dignity which is its due by establishing it as a National park.

It is to the condition of the National parks proper—the scenic parks of the West—that public attention needs particularly to be called. It is popularly supposed that they are fully protected against every encroachment or human danger. It is the general belief that they are guarded by cavalry details in a very efficient manner, and that their beautiful forests and other wonders are quite safe by reason of ironclad laws. It would be impossible within the space here available to show up all the dangers which threaten these parks or all the weaknesses of the laws which relate to them, but enough can be said to indicate the general situation.

As a matter of fact, only four of the parks are patrolled by troops, Congress having authorized the Secretary of the Interior to call on the War Department for assistance in these particular cases. These four are the Yellowstone, Sequoia, General Grant, and Yosemite Parks. As for the laws, there is little that can be said in favor of the majority of the National Park statutes. After reading in detail the numerous acts relative to the parks, it is impossible to refrain from suspecting that, in some instances at least, there was not a sincere desire to afford complete protection. For seven of the twelve parks the law requires specifically that they shall be preserved in their natural condition. This requirement is perhaps implied in the case of some others. The Yellowstone alone seems to be adequately protected through legal provisions. It not infrequently happens that officers who are held directly accountable for the safety of the parks find themselves handicapped through lack of power. Of what value is a power of arrest if no punishment can be meted out to the culprit? Rules and regulations (required by most of the establishing acts), if unsupported by fines and forfeitures, are of little avail, and yet six of our parks are thus unprotected. Reliance is placed in such cases on the general statutes which make State laws applicable where no United States law covers the point. Unfortunately, the State laws are insufficient for the purposes of the park administration. The far famed Yosemite is one of the parks which stand in this predicament, and in cases where punishable offenses are there committed, the prisoner has to be transported one hundred miles before a United States Commissioner or a District Court can be found.

In 1901 Congress made a provision that revocable rights in public lands might be granted by the departments in control for the benefit of pole lines, conduits, water supply works, and the like, whenever the same did not conflict with the public interest. The three parks in California were by name included in this provision, and under it San Francisco last year secured rights in the Yosemite Park—rights which may yet cause the Nation to lose forever one of the finest features of that park. When that city first petitioned for the right to establish a municipal water reservoir in the park, the then Secretary of the Interior ruled that, being required, under the law which created the park, to preserve it in its natural condition, he was unable to find that such a grant would be compatible with the public interest. The law relative to granting easements required the Secretary to use his discretion in this regard. Upon the retirement of that Secretary the city petitioned his successor to

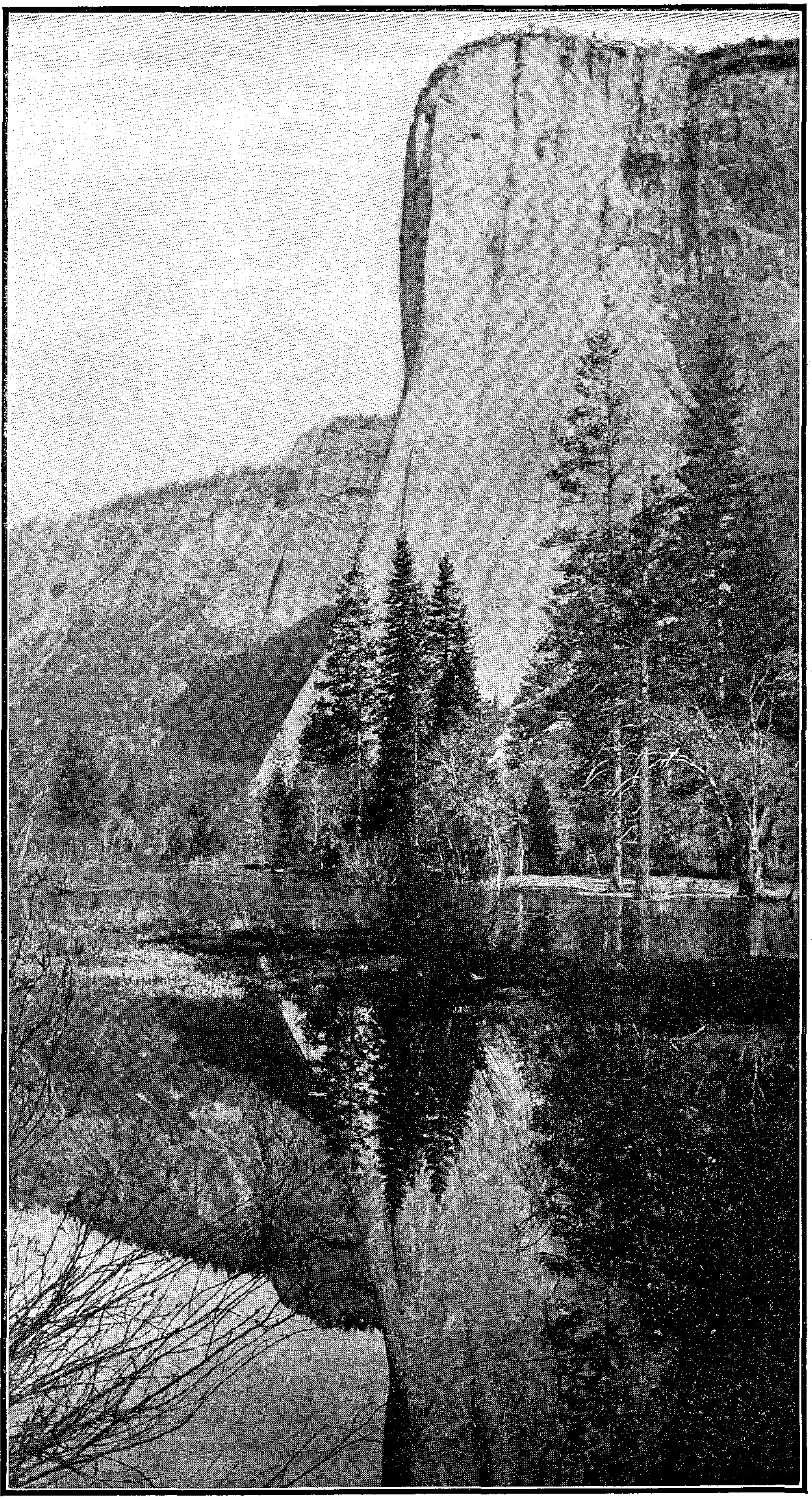


PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. GLEASON

GENERAL GRANT PARK

reopen the case. The result was that he eventually granted substantially all that the city asked. It is reassuring, however, to note that the present Secretary of the Interior entertains well-founded doubts as to the necessity for this sacrifice of an important portion of the park. After personally visiting the region involved, he caused an investigation to be made by engineers of the Geological Survey to determine if in fact the necessities of the city require this water, as has been claimed. As a result, the city was invited to show cause why the grant should not be revoked, in part at least.

To provide for the convenience of the visiting public, most of the park laws allow the leasing of ground for the erection of



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EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE PARK, THREE THOUSAND FEET HIGH hotels and camps, but, with the exception of the Yellowstone, the statutory provisions in this regard are decidedly flimsy. This was also the case with the Yellowstone itself, until it narrowly escaped being surrendered to a company which secured from an Assistant Secretary of the Interior a lease to a number of sites, of about one square mile each, and aggregating some 4,400 acres. These parcels were so disposed that the concessionaires would control most of the chief scenic features of the park. The friends of the park, the despised "scenery savers," rallied to its defense on that occasion in time to frustrate the plan before it was carried to completion. They also managed to secure from Congress a special act which limited the leasable area and forbade the alienation of any of the natural wonders.

At Mount Rainier and at Crater Lake there is no legal limit to the area which may to-day be allotted to a hotel, and at Wind Cave Park the law specifically provides that the cavern, the principal natural wonder of the park, may be leased.

It will also be surprising to many to learn that in seven of the parks there are private lands aggregating more than 78,000 acres. For example, there are private claims in the Yosemite Park which equal more than two per cent of that park's total area. Moreover, these claims control much of the finest timber in the park. Repeatedly Secretaries of the Interior have recommended that Congress should extinguish these claims by purchase, but nothing has ever come of it. The presence of these private lands makes a proper administration of the parks difficult and unsatisfactory. Even mining is permitted in two of the parks by the terms of the creating acts. At Mount Rainier Park alone there are 178 outstanding mining claims.

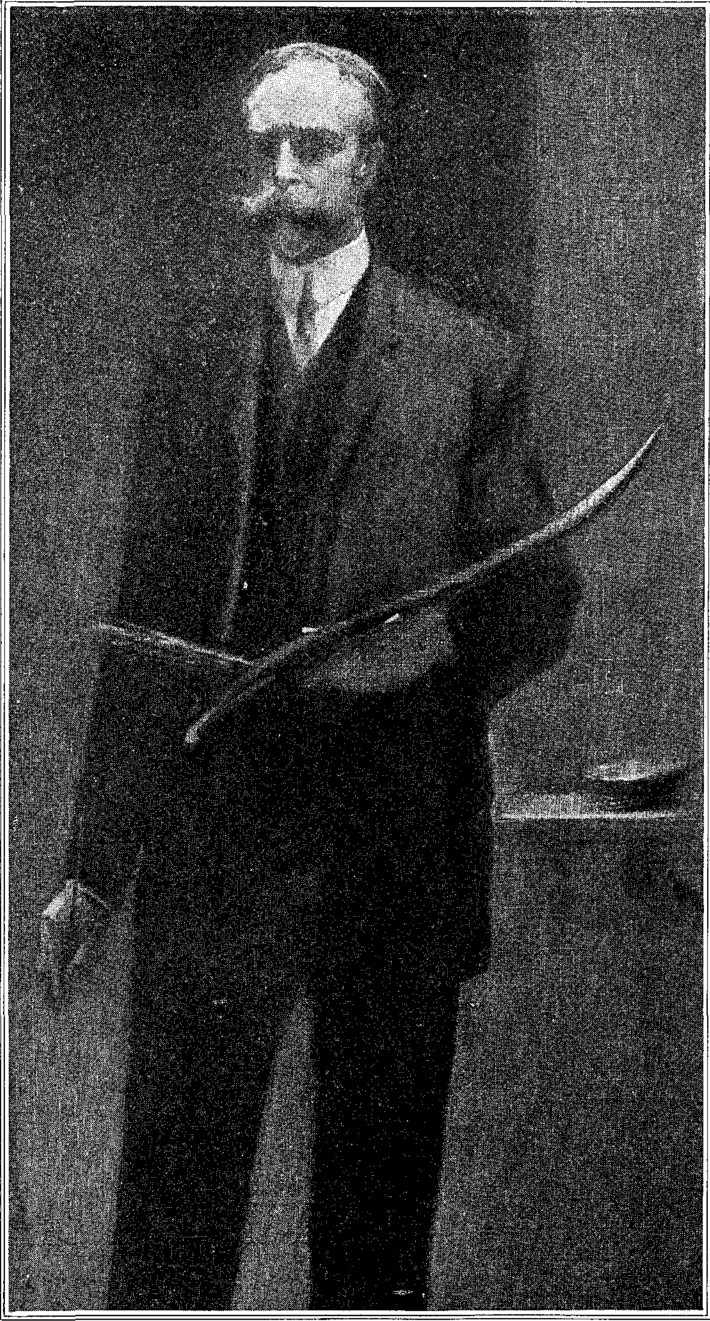
These parks are chiefly supported by annual appropriations by Congress. Added to the funds thus provided, the Interior Department is authorized to use whatever is realized from the leases and concessions. At the Hot Springs in Arkansas the revenues are alone sufficient to carry on the park; but, on the other hand, there are four parks from which not one cent of revenue is derived.

It might naturally be supposed that the revenues from the hotel leases and the concessions, especially in the Yellowstone, would amount to a considerable sum. All told, these returns amounted last year to a paltry $65,345.06, and the Congressional appropriations for the current year amounted to only $191,450 for all purposes. Of this, $115,000 was a special appropriation for road construction in the Yellowstone and Mount Rainier Parks, and to be expended, not by the legal custodian, the Secretary of the Interior, not even under his direction, but by the engineers of the army. This has been the practice for some years when funds are granted for large engineering undertakings in the parks. In this way the Government secures the assistance of its corps of highly trained military engineers without extra outlay, which is desirable from every point of view. But why, pray, should this not be done under the direction of the officer who is directly responsible for the parks as a whole?

The infinitesimal returns from the valuable concessions forms one of the most surprising facts connected with this exhibit of park conditions, and it is encouraging to note that Secretary Ballinger has lately announced his intention to inquire into the matter.

It is to be hoped that the Secretary will not confine his inquiry to this phase alone. He is the steward over many of the most important of the Nation's assets, among them these scenic treasuries. It is well-nigh impossible for him properly to fulfill his trust under the existing park laws. Why not, then, take advantage of the recommendation of the National Conservation Commission that the public land laws, as a whole, should be revised, and urge upon Congress the necessity for a comprehensive codification and amendment of the National park statutes?

It is confidently believed that the Nation will be content to value these possessions purely for their ennobling influences. If, however, we must consider them from the commercial standpoint, let it not be forgotten that Switzerland regards its scenery as a money-producing asset to the extent of some two hundred millions of dollars annually.



JOHN W. ALEXANDER
BY HIMSELF

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FROM "THE TENTH MUSE," PAINTED BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

JOHN W. ALEXANDER
· PAINTER ·

· BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN ·

SEABRIGHT! Not the Seabright most people see. Below lies the sandy spit, with its scant vegetation and its too prominent cottages in a long row up and down the coast. But the Seabright which most people do not see—the smiling green country, the hedge-bordered lanes, the luxuriant vegetation, and the distant view of the Navesink Hills. In such a country, and yet not far from Seabright station, one finds the summer home and the summer studio of Mr. John W. Alexander.

This artist cannot help working even in his "*Sommerfrische*," as the Germans say. During his dozen years in France he would take an old farm-house on the coast, or a château on the Seine would be lent to him by some friend, but, despite the delights of one or the other kind of residence, he would return to Paris with twenty pictures ready for the exhibitions. So it is in America. At the time of my visit to his summer studio there were three important large canvases which emphasized the Alexander technical characteristics and showed conclusively the poet in the painter.

The studio is about an eighth of a mile away from Mr. Alexander's house. One walks across the lawn surrounding the residence, past the tennis court, and through the well-kept vegetable garden to a huge, barnlike-looking building. It incloses an immense room in which the mural decorations for the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh and many of the Alexander portraits have been painted. Here the artist is seen at work. He is a tall, alert, well-set-up man. His glance is penetrating, seemingly reinforced by his physical well-being. You feel yourself in the presence of a typical American, a kind of cosmopolitanized Brother Jonathan. Mr. Alexander has the nervous energy, the acuteness, the keenness, with which we are accustomed to associate the conventionalized Brother Jonathan. But he also has the poise, the balance, the serenity, the indefinable charm, which come from knowledge of many men and many lands, and of long experience with both. As one watches him at work in his studio, as one talks with him, this double impress is increasingly felt.

One day a jury of artists asked the late James McNeill Whistler to criticise a student's work. He quickly remarked, "The man can't draw."

Looking at the work more closely, he said, "He can't paint."

Then he protested, "And he has no sense of color."

"But," concluded Whistler, decisively, "he does not have to have it."

For the student's work had revealed to Whistler something beyond mere technique—an indefinable personal, individual atmosphere, a revelation of the subject's soul. The portrait in question was not, it is true, exactly like the original; indeed, the eyes, the brow, the hair, the nose, the mouth, were decidedly unlike; but looking from those eyes was the individual's soul.

This indefinable personal atmosphere is what Mr. Alexander puts into his portraits. For the test of portrait-painting is not the power of painting merely brilliantly. That may mean brutally, too, when it comes to the revelation of the sitter's character. Such a power may be applied just as well to a painting of still life, of cabbages, apples, copper kettles. Some people's heads resemble still life, it is true. But most should be differentiated from that category. Hence a sense of unrest and even of irritation comes when we find that mere technique, no matter how striking, takes the place of comprehensive portraiture.

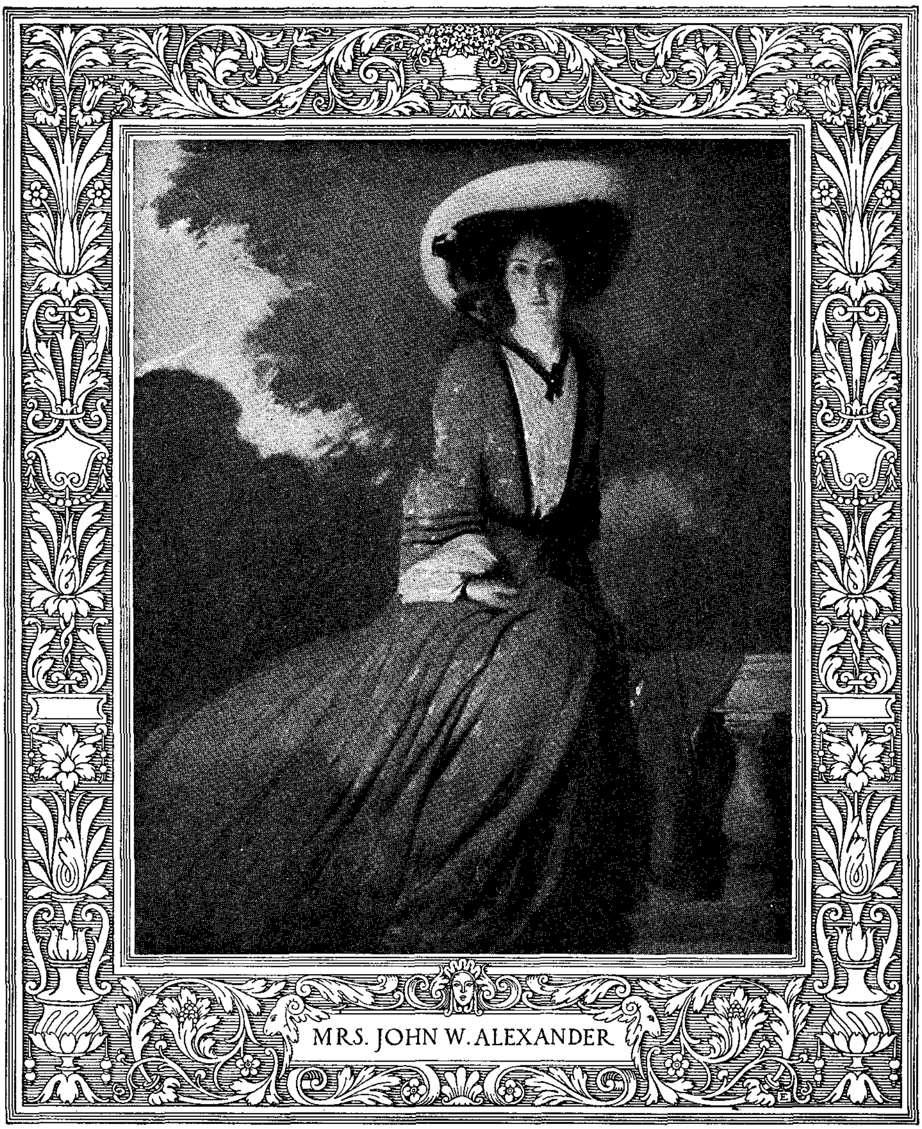
For instance, some years ago, Mr. John S. Sargent, the foremost American artist, left his London studio to paint ex-President Roosevelt's portrait. The picture now hangs in the entrance hall of the White House, just to the right as one enters the Red Room. It is an interesting and a disappointing canvas. It is interesting because, in composition, handling, light and shade, it reveals the artist's consummate technical merits, as does everything he produces. If the portraits in the White House may be said to constitute a gallery of art, it may be counted perhaps the most notable recent addition. Indeed, it properly hangs in a gallery of art, but nowhere else. It would seem out of place in Mr. Roosevelt's home at Sagamore Hill.

For some of the ex-President's friends say of this portrait, "It is not Roosevelt." They say so because it depicts him at one of his very few unstrenuous moments. It shows him as he might appear, say, at five o'clock in the afternoon, just a shade weary from hundreds of hand-shakings and from a long day's discussions. His hand now rests upon a staircase newel as if for support. Thus the artist has perpetuated a very transitory phase, and not at all a characteristic one, in the life of his subject. All of Mr. Sargent's splendid powers do not reveal to us how Mr. Roosevelt generally looks, but how he may have looked for a moment, or possibly for a few moments—doubtless the very moments when the artist had a chance to paint him from the life.

When a painter is unable to see as much of his sitter as is desirable, it might be quite natural for him to fancy that a hundred years hence, when all who have known the particular sitter are gone, the portrait will live by sheer power of its artistic perfection. There must often come to an artist the desire to work for eternity only, with no regard for the immediate human appeal. There must sometimes come an impulse to pay little attention towards painting exact likenesses so long as the portraits show resourceful and individual technique. The portrait may please or displease the sitter, his family, his friends. Never mind. The artist has done what he wanted to do. He has disregarded an immediate human appeal in a desire to paint for eternity only. That is one idea.

But there is another. A portrait has two values—a present value as well as an eternity value. Of course a portrait ought to mark art development; it ought to express the soundest technique; it ought to be, first of all, a picture. But it ought also to be a likeness. In order to be both a picture and a portrait, it must not merely be an example of brilliant painting, it must be a likeness. No amount of clever treatment of hands and hair, of clever arrangement of position and light, will answer. The portrait must *speak.* The eyes that look at you from the canvas must be your friend's eyes, into which you have looked a thousand times. The brow, the hair, the mouth, must be his own—not overaccentuated until they are brutalized into a caricature. This latter result, it is true, sometimes draws crowds to a picture gallery merely to see how shrewdly the artist has "brought out" eyes, brow, hair, mouth—in other words, how he has exaggerated them. This kind of picture is a picture only, not a portrait. It is for the gallery, not for the home. But to put the loved features of a father or mother upon canvas, as Mr. Alexander does, so that you *feel* those features, is not this an appeal to every one of the family, evoking a new loyalty and affection, an appeal to every friend, bringing out a new glow of comradeship and devotion?

Whistler's work was frequently whimsical, often fantastic. Mr. Sargent, with his Jove-like genius, can reproduce a flash of light or a characteristic contour with a



MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER

PAINTED BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

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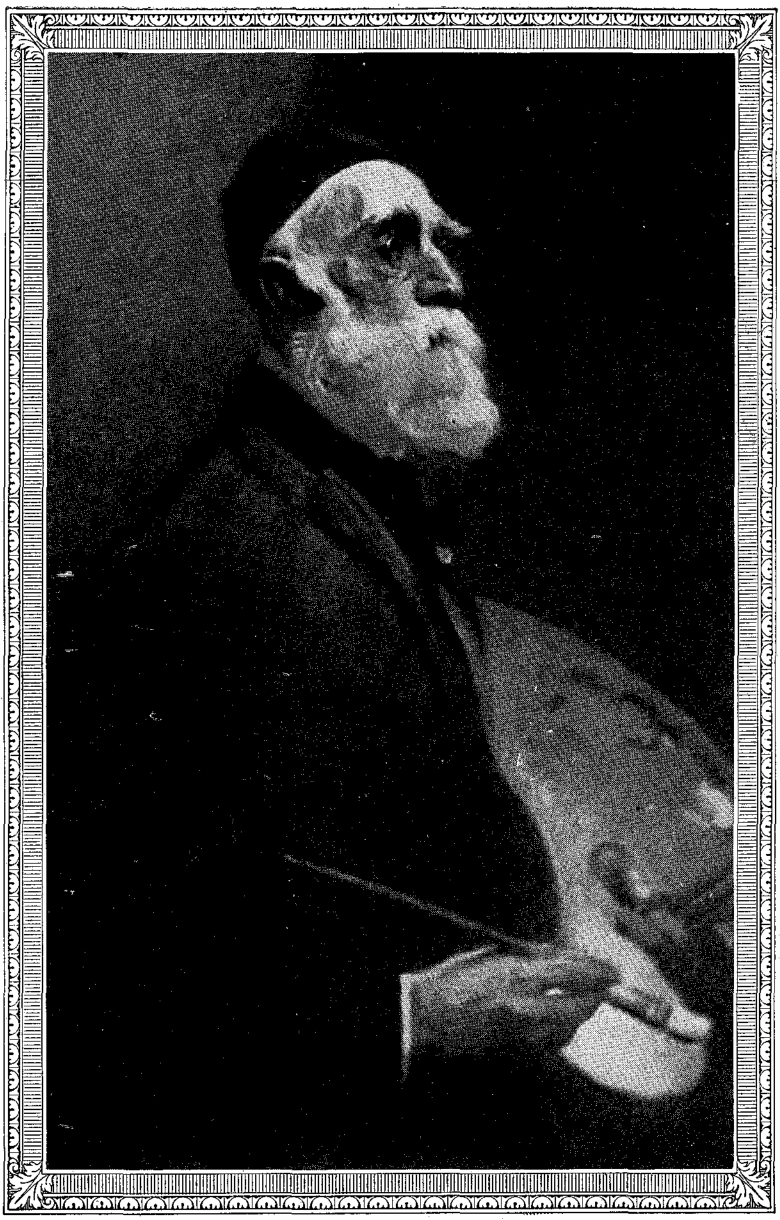
few strokes of apparently unerring accuracy. Not so Whistler. To turn from the picture to the portrait, Whistler was a deplorably uneven artist in depicting his sitter's features. Some of the Whistler portraits were with sorrow consigned to the attic by their owners. But other portraits more than atone for all these misfits. The really great Whistler portraits seem well-nigh immortal. Take, for example, the portrait of Whistler's mother, now hanging in the Luxembourg. It has a subtle, strong, serene touch of fidelity. One longs to live with such a portrait.

Now Mr. Alexander is no Sargent. He is no Whistler. He is no Watts. The Alexander pictures do not impress one as having the force of the Sargent, the subtlety of the Whistler, the spirituality of the Watts portraits. Yet the Alexander portraits seem *nearer us* than any of these. The artist may not show us the human, physical flesh as much as does Mr. Sargent, the real red blood of a subject who breathes our atmosphere and is tempted with our temptations. But, while the physical side of the Alexander portraits is sufficiently to the fore, it does not inter-



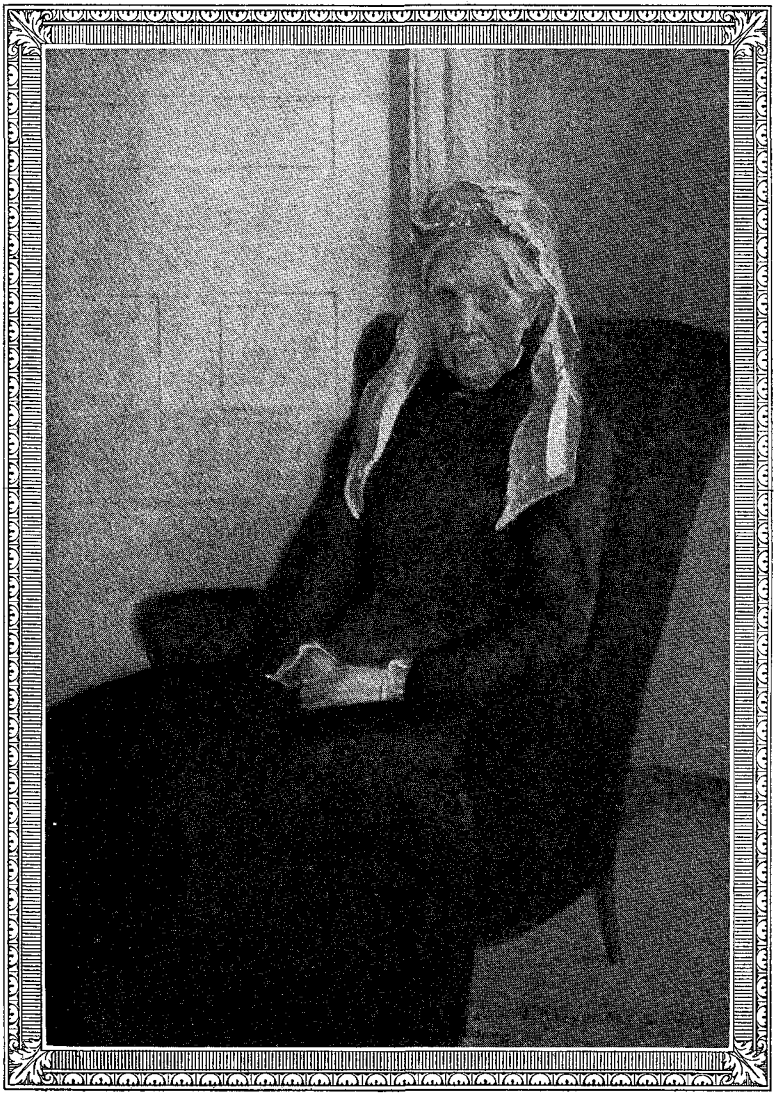
PAINTED BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE OWNED BY THE CENTURY CLUB

fere with the sitter's subtler individualisms and charms. The light, for instance, as it falls upon the sitter's hair in the Alexander portraits, is painted not only with power but with fascination. The warm surfaces of flesh are modeled with an exquisite delicacy, especially the wholesome firmness of the fresh springlike tints of flesh in its prime. On the physical side Mr. Alexander's portraits are thus differentiated from the Sargent portraits, not only generally by a certain lightness and airiness, but sometimes by a more satisfactory humanness and entirety of presentation.

Mr. Alexander's portraits also differ from Whistler's, which are, in turn, on the physical side, a sharp contrast with the Sargent canvases. In comparison, the Whistler men and women seem a thinblooded lot indeed. They are remarkable chiefly because of their subtle psychological qualities. But Whistler would depict a mature, sometimes, a sinister psychology where it did not belong. Not so Mr. Alexander. There is the right sort of subtlety a-plenty in his work. To be convinced of it, one has but to regard what I would fain call the artist's masterpiece—the lovely portrait of Mrs. Alexander, which hangs in his own library. Or consider the portraits representing such varying mature characters as Mrs. Wheaton, Mrs. McCosh, M. Rodin, and Mr. Whitredge. Now consider this painter's portraits of younger folk, the Geraldine Russell, for instance, or the lovely young girl in the picture at the summer studio. Look at those frank, simple physiognomies. They do not suggest the "problem novel," it is true. But they ought not to suggest it.

Thus, as compared with Sargent and Whistler, the Alexander work is remarkable, first, because of its *entire* fidelity to the subject. You have the whole man, not part of the man.

If Mr. Alexander thus gives you the

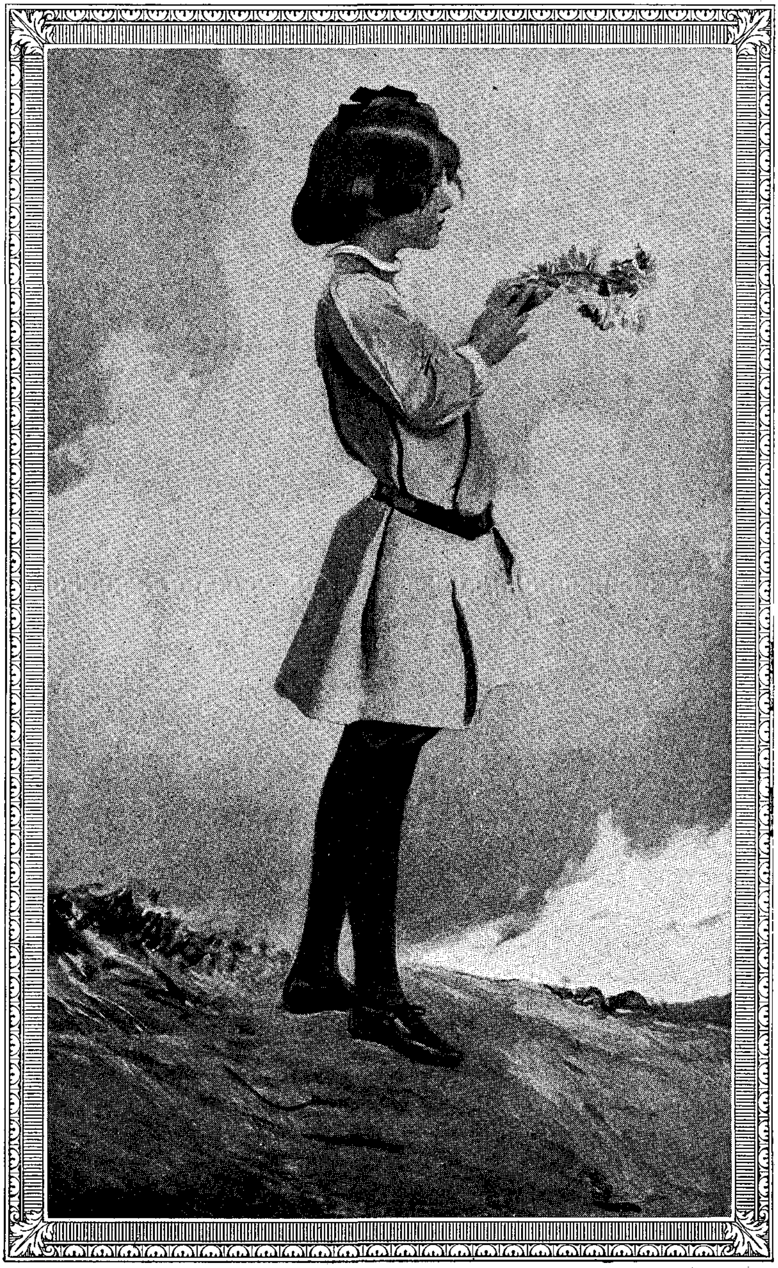


PAINTED BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER OWNED BY WHEATON SEMINARY

MRS. ELIZA BAYLIES WHEATON

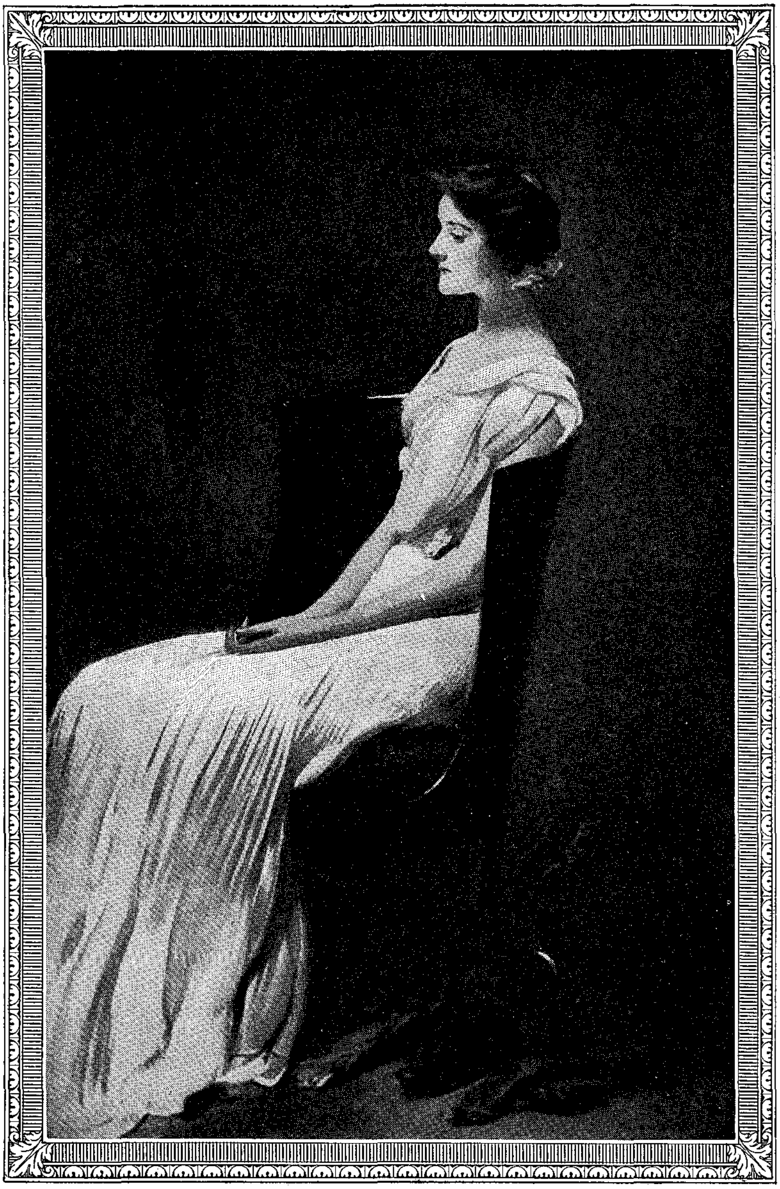
whole man, you are also conscious of another aim—to paint the good and the true in character wherever he can find them, and to add the beautiful whenever possible. They tell a story about his portrait of a school-girl whose dour old father had ever regarded her as a paragon of all the virtues, but nothing else. When the portrait was finished, the old man turned to Mr. Alexander and said, with surprise: "Why, it looks like her, but it looks charming, too!"

The good and the true plus the beautiful—what is this but the normal? Mr. Alexander's pictures are far removed from those of Señor Zuloaga, recently exhibited



PAINTED BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER OWNED BY MR. CHARLES H. RUSSELL

MISS GERALDINE RUSSELL



PAINTED BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER OWNED BY MRS. HILBORNE ROOSEVELT

MISS DOROTHY ROOSEVELT

in New York, a painter who delights to depict the abnormal side of life. You may say that the Alexander pictures lack dramatic implication because of this—that they even lack intellectual force. One sometimes hears a wish that the artist would not depict human nature so much in its serener moments, that he would consider more seriously the sterner aspects. Just such a criticism might be passed upon any normally developed person whom one meets for the first time—a surface conclusion. At first we do not read in a calm, serene face the heroism and passion which lie underneath. But afterwards we note the suggestiveness. So with Mr. Alexander's faces. To him life means wholesome life. He does not go out of his way, as did Zola, to describe a barnyard, or, as does Zuloaga, to paint a witches' caldron. He sees, as did Constable, only the beautiful. And the beautiful is the normal. Mr. Alexander depicts what all art and all life are in need of having depicted, the simple life, the healthy, wholesome existence of boys and girls, men and women, who have grown up with reverence for their own bodies as temples of the Holy Spirit, and yet who are living exuberant lives, quite consonant with æsthetic grace.

For a long time Mr. Alexander has been regarded as a portrait painter pure and simple. He must now be regarded both as a portrait painter and as a mural decorator.

In this latter sphere America possesses two important examples of his achievement. The first is in the Congressional Library at Washington; the second in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. Both represent the glorification of labor. Of these achievements, that at Pittsburgh is by far the more significant. Mr. Alexander has undertaken to decorate the interior of the immense building erected by the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Indeed, Pittsburghers have already called it "Alexander Hall."

In no formal manner, as might be expected from the building's almost majestic architecture, but in his own informal, forceful manner, the artist shows us the triumph of labor. You see the great smoky place at the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monongahela Rivers, the fumes arising from a hundred varied industries. You see, you *feel*, the onrush of workers—men, women, and children. You see Pittsburgh, an armored knight, lance in hand, to whom the goddesses of life and wealth and power are proffering wreaths and garlands. All these forms and contours glow with life. Mr. Alexander does indeed depict hard, grimy toil in its relentlessness, but this does not detract from his supreme idea of depicting the triumph of all the struggle. Hence you not only feel a sympathy for all these toiling figures, but they communicate their own vitality to you! You are caught up by them. You are made better, not only because of your sympathy, but because of their rejuvenation of you. The excellence of the artistry produces within you a feeling both subtle and stimulating. Subtle? Yes, because Mr. Alexander has caught some of those elusive individual qualities which exist in every human figure. Stimulating? Yes, because, despite the rather flat modeling, the forms and contours in these great wall pictures melt into such a symphony of color that you finally find yourself looking at them with your eyes half shut, no longer distinguishing individual figures, but stimulated by the general kaleidoscopic effect.

Mr. Alexander's well-known genius for the arrangement of figures, combined with his color instinct, led to his choice as the one to arrange the costumes and the poses of the hundreds of men and women and horses appearing at the Harvard Stadium last June, when Miss Maude Adams acted as the central figure in the production of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."

If America possesses the two great examples of Mr. Alexander's mural decoration, very many galleries, public and private, in America and Europe include one or more pictures by this artist. They are remarkable because of the entirety and normality of presentation, as we have seen. But they are equally remarkable because of their technical merit. Whether portraits or figure-pieces or mural decorations, all of Mr. Alexander's work strikes and sometimes startles a casual observer because it boldly emphasizes the sinuous in form, and the vibratory in color. The result is "the liquid style." It is true that Mr. Alexander presents an uncommon number of long-legged folk to gain the sinuous in form, and an uncommon blending of shades to gain the vibratory in color. But look at his full-length figures. Those in most canvases are generally at rest, or have come to a full stop. Not so in Mr. Alexander's; his swift, supple, flowing line makes his figures seem *still moving*.

Then look at his color, not muddy or sluggish, but bright, bold, harmonious. The observer is now lost in admiration of this combination of piquancy of form and piquancy of color—the Alexander "liquid style." It reveals an artist peculiarly sensitive to the really sensuous, a quality never sinking into sensuality. This "liquidity" is simply music expressed in terms of painting.

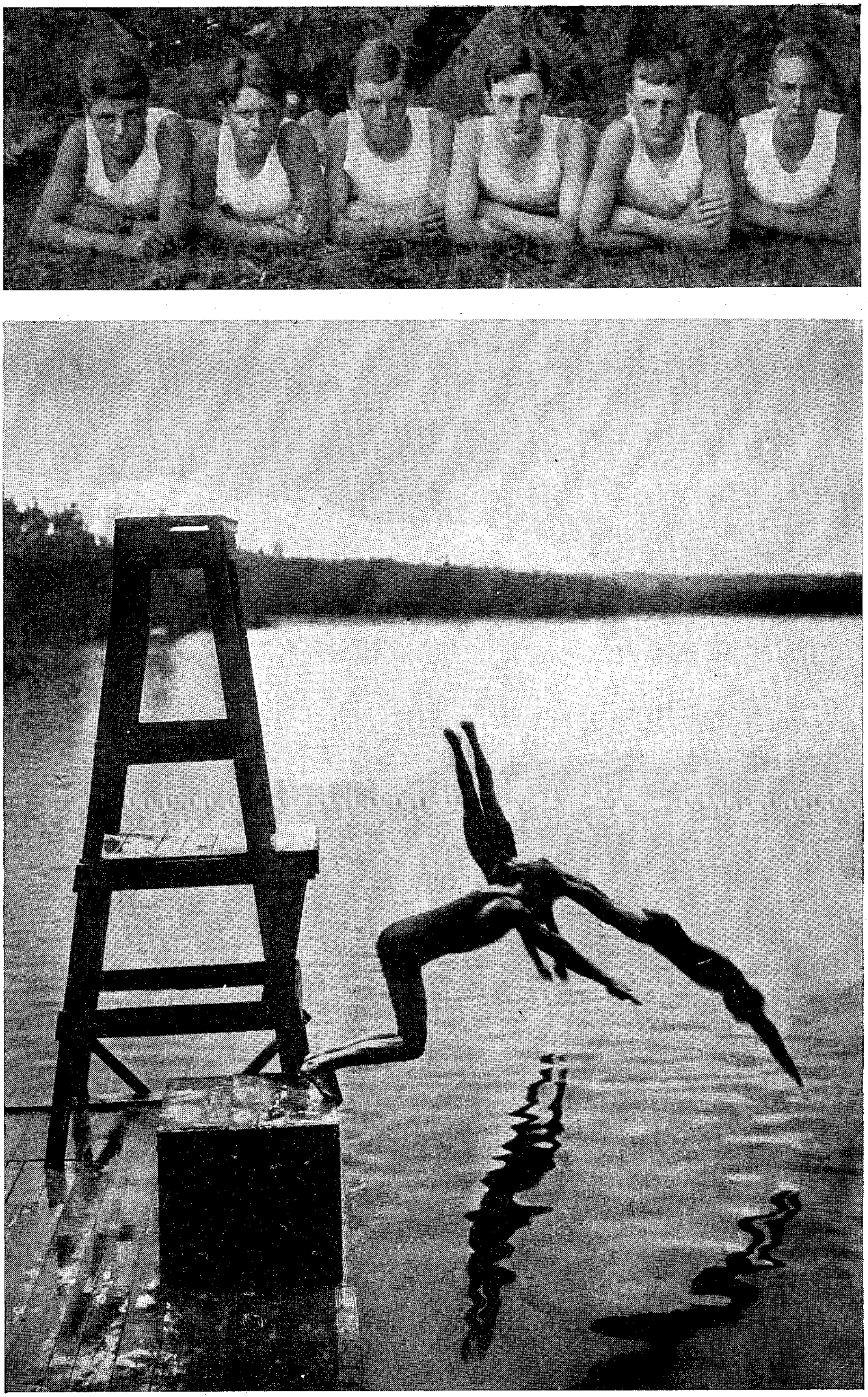
Thus the Alexander work expresses both the glamour of an individual style and the straightforwardness of a man of character.

The Call of the Camp

By W. W. Mulford and R. J. Mulford

WHY do we send our boys to summer vacation camps? They are a comparatively modern idea, for the first camps were started about twenty-five years ago, and only in the last few years have they become so numerous that either they should be classed as a fad or fetish of modern education, or else as of great value and much to be desired.

"Play . . . exercises many atavistic and rudimentary functions, a number of which will abort before maturity, but which live themselves out in play, like the tadpole's tail, that must be both developed and used as a stimulus to growth of legs which will otherwise never mature. . . . The best index and guide to the stated activities of adults in past ages is found in the instinctive, untaught, and non-imitative plays of children, which are the most spontaneous and exact expressions of their motor needs. In play every mood and movement is instinct with heredity. . . . This is why the heart of youth goes out into play as into nothing else, as if in it men remembered a lost paradise. This is why, unlike gymnastics, play has as much soul as body, and also why it so makes for unity of body and soul that the proverb 'Man is whole only when he plays' suggests that the purest plays are



EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW HOW TO SWIM

those that enlist both alike. . . . Thus understood, play is the ideal type of exercise for the young, most favorable for growth and most self-regulating in both kind and amount."[1]

Summer camps for boys represent a new form of educational activity. They supply a pressing want, one that has been forced on us by the increasing complexity of modern—very modern—civilization, and by the marked increase in our city populations and in the number of people who have undertaken urban life. The varied interests and pursuits that this causes, though the result of the tendency to specialization, have led people to give up the country in the past and to believe that the city alone furnished the proper surroundings for cultivation. A reaction has begun, and the summer camps for boys are a phase of it. This appreciation of the necessity of country life is shown in various other ways: in the growth of our great cities, the greater length of time that people stay away from the city in the summer vacations, and the development and increase of boarding-schools for boys. We are learning from our English cousins that a city is no place in which to bring up a boy, as they have known some hundreds of years. The increased interest in education has led us to seek the best environment for our boys' development.

Many, if not most, of these camps are conducted by men who are engaged in teaching during the winter, and who in this way are employed in out-of-door work in the summer. The only objection to this is that it keeps them in contact with boys for the whole year, and it would in general be better if they could engage in a different kind of work or play. Many of the assistants are college men who take up this work instead of tutoring. Usually the post-graduate men are preferable, as they are more mature and correspondingly more responsible. The star football player, or a member of the Glee Club or Banjo and Mandolin Club, or a specialist in natural history of any of the universities makes an excellent assistant or "counselor," not only because of the boys' regard for the exalted position the man has attained, in their eyes at least, but because of his enthusiasm in his game or study, which is so quickly and spontaneously taken up by the boy.

There is danger that because it is easy to start a camp it will be done without sufficient forethought, or with too large a number of boys. To a man without experience this is the greatest danger.

There are grave objections to taking boys to popular summer resorts, such as Atlantic City, Newport, or to fashionable summer hotels, where there is no family life. The boys are thrown with persons older than they are, both men and women, and they are forced into comparatively intimate relations with them. Hotels contain both ball-rooms and bar-rooms, and the temptation of both is equal. The effect on the boy's manners and morals is disastrous; the boy becomes vain and what other boys call "fresh." It requires time, often until Christmas, before he recovers from this malady acquired in his summer vacation. A boy at a summer resort is like a kitten in a certain story: A little child had a dog and some little kittens. He used to play at burying the kitten and having the dog dig it up. Once he left one of the kittens too long. It died. The child ran over to his mother calling, "Mother, here is a perfectly good cat spoiled!"

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[1] "Adolescence," by G. Stanley Hall, Vol. I, p. 202.

Life in the right sort of boys' summer vacation camp should make a boy care more for his mother and family, and not less. A boy cannot be tied to apron-strings forever. He must be for a long time, and it is a pity when he has to be untied. There is no influence of anything like equal value to apron-strings. Every boy needs such influence, but he must learn independence, he must be trusted. He must learn to be so strong that he does not have to be tied. You must feel, and be able to feel, that you can trust your son; his character must be educated up to this. He must be strong enough to resist temptation. It is in giving this strength that a summer camp should help.

The little chaps, those younger than eleven or twelve, need a woman's care and influence. Not that they are any less manly for this; quite the contrary. They have not grown old enough to do either well or happily without it. They must first learn to realize the power and strength of gentleness so that they can themselves use it. They are too immature to be thrown entirely with men and boys.

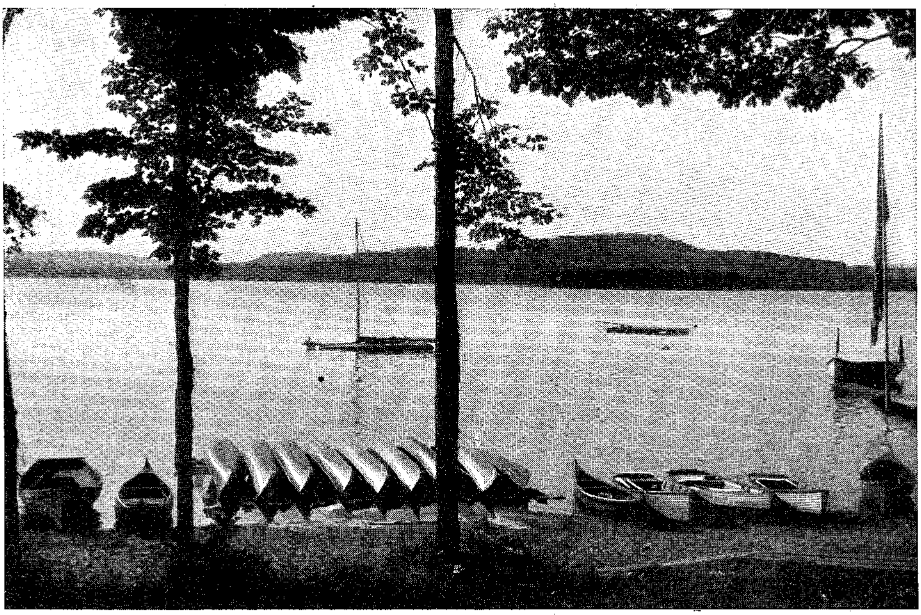
After boys are eighteen they are too old for these camps. The little discipline and kind of care they are given are not needful for them. They are old enough then to go with safety to the quieter summer resorts, where they will develop under the influence of wholesome girls of their own age. The college interests and friends make camp unnecessary.

The kinds of camps are as varied as they are numerous. Some are for tutoring, and are practically summer schools; but those we are now considering are vacation camps. The idea of vacation must be dominant. The camp is for rest and recreation, and to fit boys for the winter's schooling; everything else is subsidiary. It may be thought that work of a different kind from that of the winter is better, but the idea cannot be carried too far. The play and not the work must be strenuous, and it is important for a boy to concentrate himself on his play as on his work. If he can do the former, he can learn the latter. Manual training is not advisable, except as a recreation. It is very well for a boy to be taught to use a hammer and saw, and that he be able to drive a nail and saw a board without losing two or three fingers in the attempt; and more important in camping is the learning how to use an ax; this has to be taught, and accidents must be carefully guarded against, as instead of a finger or two a boy may lose a leg or two. Tree houses, boat and canoe building, are better for work. It must be something that the boy wants to do—a pleasure and not a task. Far be it from the writers to advocate any theory that makes work seem play, or leads any boy or parent to any such sophistry. Work is work, and should be so considered; but a camp is primarily for play. There is the same objection to farm work. It is out of doors and in the open air, but it becomes tiresome after the novelty wears off, and must then be persisted in or else another pernicious fallacy is fostered—that a boy can undertake a task and then drop it before it is finished. Trapping and following birds are excellent. They teach boys more nature and give them a greater love of nature than any books. It is a triumph to learn the habits and ways of any wild animal. It takes patience and study and the most careful observation. Guns are to be avoided in boys' camps. As a master expressed it, "I have always been afraid that if I took both boys and guns, at the end of the summer I should have only the guns left." Natural history is especially adapted to camp life; the collection and care of specimens arouse an interest and enthusiasm that are helpful and valuable to every boy. Often a boy who can do almost nothing at books will be as good at these as he is poor at lessons. He puts his heart and soul into them, and he does them well. In this he wins the respect of his friends. He can do something that they cannot; they look up to him; this gives both added enthusiasm and self-respect, and reacts on his work and lessons; he makes a beginning at these in consequence. To build huts or log cabins in the woods is excellent employment for the boys. A boy should learn at camp how to take care of himself and his surroundings, and resourcefulness in using what is at hand. Work is not disgraceful, and labor of any kind has a dignity of its own if honestly done; that is why it is well for boys to do the easy things about a camp. They should learn how to do for themselves as they would have to if they went camping on real camping trips, and they should rough it enough to appreciate the difficulties of such life, and perhaps to love it more for these difficulties.

Athletics are a real part of camp, and every game possible should be provided, that each boy may have some sport which he likes and thoroughly enjoys. Dr. Sargent has very wisely said that exercise to be beneficial must be voluntary. Dr. William T. Harris called it a return to one's individuality. There are many boys who prefer tennis to baseball, or rowing to either. Boys are often fond of a game but are too shy to play it; they are afraid that they do not play well enough, and fear being laughed at. This is especially true of little chaps. These boys should be taught the game; some counselor playing with them at first and then picking out two boys of equal proficiency to play together. In this way they will learn more quickly, and at the same time enjoy it.

An athletic association of the boys is a most helpful organization. The boys learn under competent supervision to take care of their own games and sports, which gives them an added interest; this association gets up tournaments and gives medals or cups.

The great sport of the summer vacation for boys is swimming. The whole camp goes to this each day in a body. It is the event of the morning. Before summer is over each boy should learn how to swim, and most of them do. Swimming has one characteristic that no other sport possesses in so great a degree. It gives a boy self-confidence that extends to every other department in his life. The difference in boys is extraordinary. Once in a while a boy will not learn in ten weeks of careful teaching—and there is a record held by a boy of learning in three days. The first day of camp all the new boys and those few of the old boys, if there chance to be any, who cannot swim are formed into the awkward squad. When a boy swims a certain distance, he is promoted out of this, and those who already know how get out the first day. Rivalry is keen, and boys are anxious to learn how to swim. The counselors go in with the awkward squad, taking turns in teaching each boy. After they have had their lesson the other boys go in, in groups of ten or a dozen, those of the same age going in together. It is well in all sports to



THE VIEW FROM A BOYS' CAMP IN CONNECTICUT keep this distinction, so that the smaller boys do not compete with the larger and overtax their strength. Diving is the crowning joy. "One last dive, and then all come out!" Diving is especially a feature at the "Water Sports," the informal semi-public exhibition given at the end of the season.

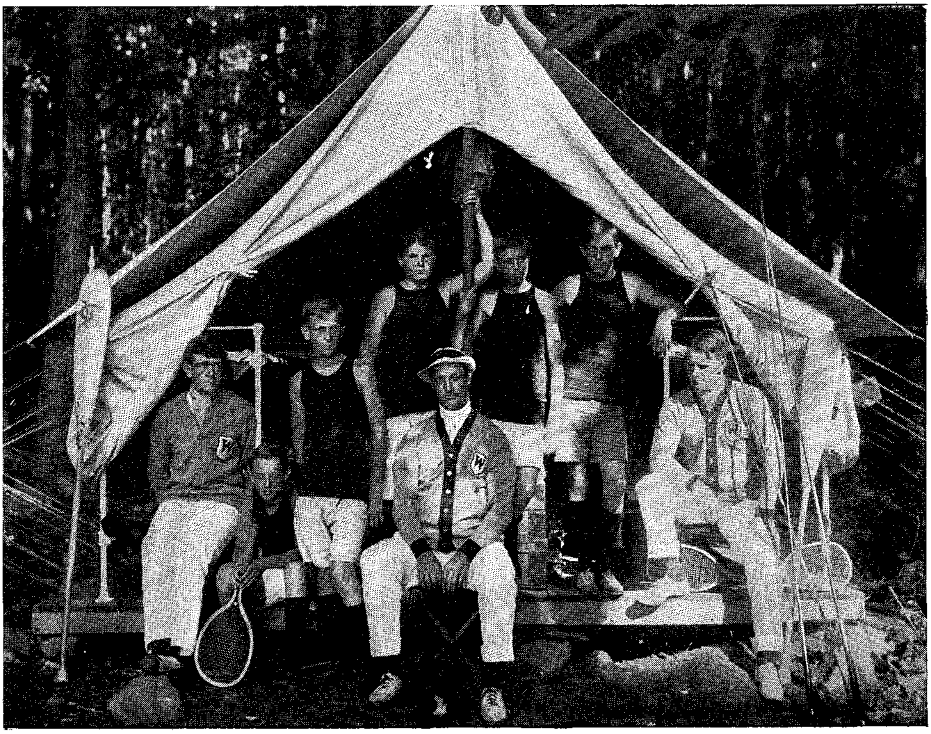
It is well to have the boys rest for half an hour before swimming. A quiet half-hour for reading or loafing should precede the swim. Great care must be taken of the time the boys are allowed to remain in the water. This varies with the weather and the temperature of the water. Among the lakes of the Blue Ridge Mountains or the White Mountains five minutes on a cold day is ample. Toward the close of the season, when the boys are thoroughly accustomed to it, or on very hot days, the time can be lengthened to fifteen or occasionally even twenty minutes. In salt water the time may be extended to half an hour, if the weather conditions are favorable.

Rowing and canoeing take up the afternoons of many boys. Of course the boy must have attained a marked proficiency in swimming before he is permitted to take out a canoe alone. The little fellows must know how to swim, or even have a counselor with them in the flat-bottomed boats. All are anxious to win these privileges.

A chief object of the camp is to keep the boys out of doors and engaged in some clean, healthful occupation, whether athletics, walking, fishing, trapping, in the meadows or the woods or on the water.

To vary their interests, a play or minstrel show toward the middle of the summer is an advantage. It makes a break and brings visitors. The boys enjoy it thoroughly. Music is an essential means of enjoyment. Stringed instruments and horns of all kinds give delight. Once some boys took the top of an old table, strung the catgut of a broken tennis racket about it, slipped in between the catgut and the board a wedged stick which bent the board almost four inches, made some sort of a bow, which they rosined well, and thus had an instrument that could be heard for miles across the countryside.

When the boys have become accustomed to the camp life and to roughing it, it is



AN IDEAL CAMP

A CAMPING PARTY OFF FOR A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN

well to take them on a long trip, a walk of seventy-five or a hundred miles, or to go into the heart of the woods and live in tents in regular camping fashion for a week. This break does more than anything else to bring the camp together, to make it homogeneous, and to get the boys and counselors really to know each other.

THE LIFE THAT MAKES BOYS STRONG

There is a manly camp etiquette, of course. You may hardly call it manners, for table manners are not the same when you have for everything your own bowie-knife, fork, spoon, tin plate, cup, and must wash them yourself. Still, consideration and courtesy are always essential. True breeding makes manners take the place of conveniences. It is very well to have guests, especially the mothers and sisters occasionally, from time to time. The boys need this to avoid forgetting entirely.

Of course the boys must be watched carefully and have plenty of sleep. One characteristic of boys is noticeable: the younger a boy is, the earlier he wakes and wants to get up in the morning. They outgrow this gradually; a boy who is often late for breakfast at seventeen has been ready to rise every morning at five when at the age of twelve. Once a little fellow went to bed with his shoes on, and explained it by saying that he had lost his shoehorn.

It is remarkable how dirty a small, well-brought-up boy who takes a swim every day can get. Of course everything of this sort requires good-natured attention and tact, and an abundance of both on the part of the masters or counselors.

A summer vacation camp is in many ways like a boarding-school without any lessons. The same association with boys exists and the same opportunities for the formation of character. There is freedom, so that every boy has room for the development of his individuality. The contact with his fellows creates the same atmosphere. The necessity for teaching morality is just as great. In a camp the counselors are closer to the boys than the master in a school can be. The very life and freedom bring them together. The counselors must rule by example and constant watchfulness and care rather than by dignified strictness.

The rules are as few as possible. Strict discipline defeats the chief aim of camp life. The constant supervision and close association make instant correction possible and prevent disorder before it reaches the necessity for punishment. It is a vacation life, and so long as the boys are truthful, obedient, courteous, and respectful, little else is necessary. Noise and "rough-house" are part of the fun. The boy must learn to be a man and to respect the rights of men. The good and comfort of all must prevail.

The care of boys carries with it a tremendous responsibility. It closely concerns questions of detail. And every detail is important which has to do with the formation of character. For instance, in answers to the questions boys ask, you need not have a wide acquaintance with boys to see the effect of any decision you may make. It is quoted, remembered, and handed on; a precedent is established; future decisions must conform to this precedent. A boy's sense of justice is very strong. It takes weeks, often months, to correct a misunderstanding. If you win a boy's confidence, you can never afford to lose it. It is as unnecessary to follow all their whims and vagaries as it is to agree to all their requests. The boys living together should learn to do so happily, which requires thought for others and unselfishness. The boys' care for each other should grow, and with it their sense of responsibility.

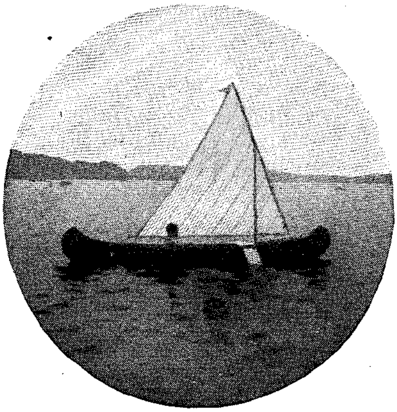
The older boys look out for the younger, and all help each other. This, as Dean Briggs has shown so clearly, is the secret of true discipline; this and tact on the part of those in authority. Get the idea of responsibility into the boys and the hard part of discipline is accomplished. You must build up the corporate spirit, on which Arnold dwelt so much—must make the camp spirit and ambition such as the best boarding-schools possess. Any means that will make the boys love the camp are worth while. Bringing the old boys back to visit the camp, encouraging an annual reunion dinner—all this helps to build up a camp spirit.

The camps are part of the yearning for Nature and to get back to her. The parents living in cities realize what they are without and are making it up to their children. As Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "You should have heard him speak of what he loved; of the tent pitched beside the talking water; of the stars overhead at night; of the blest return of morning, the peep of day over the moors, the awakened birds among the birches; how he abhorred the long winter shut in cities; and with what delight, at the return of spring, he once more pitched his camp in the living out-of-doors."

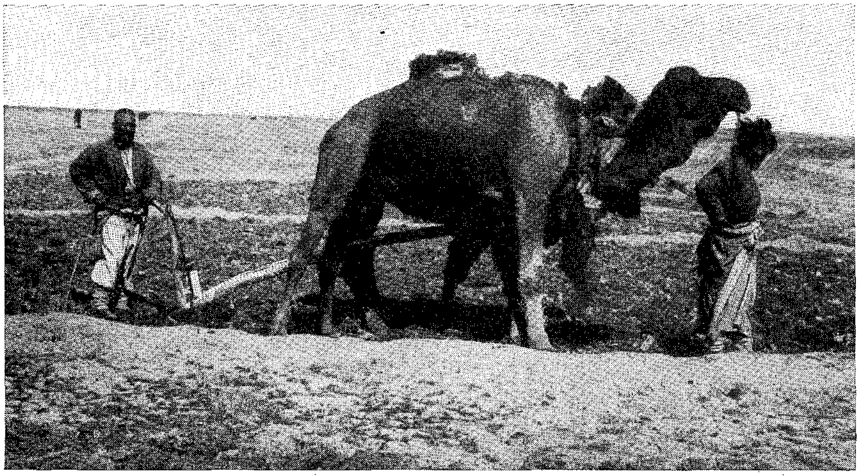
The responsibility for the boys and the care of them never end from the time they come till they get home again. This responsibility is but part of the great motto of all teaching, that the boys committed to your care may have light and may have it more abundantly.

It is an old saying that the great value of a college life is the knowledge of men and the knowledge of how to use books. Following this, the great thing in camp life for a boy is the knowledge of other boys and the knowledge of the joys of nature.

"A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."



THE NORTH POLE OF ALFALFA



By William P. Kirkwood

SHORTLY before Commander Robert E. Peary "nailed the Stars and Stripes to the geographical North Pole" early in the spring of 1909, there returned to the United States from northern Asia another explorer who had found a pole, the discovery of which, in all human probability, means hundreds of millions of dollars to the people of the United States.

This pole was the north pole of alfalfa, and the splendor of the achievement of finding it lies in the fact that the alfalfa seeds brought to America from its vicinity mean the extension of the alfalfa belt on this continent northward to the Arctic Circle, if men care to take it so far; successful alfalfa culture, that is, for an immense region from which by extreme cold it has hitherto been barred; an increase of something like fifty dollars an acre in the values of northern farm lands; an added income of millions upon millions of dollars for American farmers, and consequently, it may fairly be assumed, greater prosperity for all.

The discoverer, who came back unheralded and went ungarlanded when he came, was Niels Ebbesen Hansen, a hardy-bodied and high-spirited Dane by birth, an ardent and loyal American by adoption, plant explorer for the United States Government when there is exploring to do in especially difficult regions, and regularly the head of the horticultural and forestry department of the South Dakota Experiment Station, which is connected with the South Dakota College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Brookings, South Dakota.

Proofs? They are the seeds brought from the northern zones of wild alfalfa in frigid Siberia to tell their own story. In these there can be no question of fictitious observations. Nature has written in them her own records in that mysterious stuff called life, and Nature herself will read these records in this country and say from what kind of climate the seed came. Human fallibility, partisanship, or prejudice can have little or nothing to do with the results.

"But why?" asks some one. "There is abundance of alfalfa in this country, enough to supply any quantity of seed for the north." Obviously; the trouble is, the seed are not of the right kind. Plants from the seed of common alfalfa, such as under irrigation in California gives nine cuttings a season, and without irrigation in Oklahoma gives as many, often winter-kill in the extreme cold of Minnesota and the Dakotas. That is, the kind of alfalfa which thrives in the Southern States will not stand the severe winters of the North without a snow blanket, and such a blanket cannot be had to order from the weather man. In the winter of 1898–9 the farmers of the West lost millions of dollars just because of this fact.

To understand the significance of Professor Hansen's discovery, therefore, requires some knowledge of the value of alfalfa as a forage plant, of the philosophy of plant hardiness, and of the long quest for the alfalfa north pole.

Alfalfa is a forage of unusual protein content, it is extremely palatable to live stock, it gathers nitrogen abundantly, it restores and renovates the soil, and it is long-lived. Because of these qualities, though the exact nature of some of them was of course then not known, alfalfa, long before the Christian era, in the region between India and the Mediterranean, famous for its flocks and herds, was the main prop of subsistence. In the fifth century B.C. it was carried from Persia over into Greece, and thence into Italy and Spain. From the last-named country, after centuries, it was taken to South America, and thence it found its way into California. As farming and stock-raising became more and more of a science, the plant's value came to be more and more highly appreciated, and to-day it is taking first place as a forage in those parts of the Western Hemisphere where it can be grown. F. D. Coburn, in Bailey's "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," says: "In many parts of the Central West, by seeding to alfalfa, lands have been doubled and trebled in value, and in numerous instances alfalfa has converted lands before regarded as practically worthless into highly profitable investments." But this alfalfa winter-kills in the North. Trial after trial has resulted in failure and disappointment.

When many had about concluded that Providence did not intend the North to grow alfalfa, there came, with a new idea which offered fresh hope, a dreamer possessing the rather unusual faculty of making big dreams come true. Of this dreamer James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, some years ago said: "He is an intelligent, intrepid fellow, full of resources, and nothing stops him. When he sees anything of value he knows it, and when he goes after a thing he gets it. . . . He has done more important original work in horticulture than any man out West except Burbank." This man was Professor Hansen.

While on a trip to Russia and other European countries in 1894, when he was assistant to that very able horticulturist the late J. L. Budd, of Iowa Agricultural College, at Ames, a new philosophy of plant life took shape in this man's mind. It was this: That perennial plants cannot be habituated to endure a greater degree of cold to any considerable extent; that hardiness to withstand cold cannot be bred into a plant by transplanting from one climate to another, and by selection alone; it takes nature millenniums to accomplish such work; if hardiness is to be obtained by short-cuts, it must be by crossing hardy species, inured to cold by nature through perhaps thousands of years, with tender species; by such a process only can a tender species be made hardy in a short space of time. This was a logical but long step from a plain statement of fact set down in a work by de Candolle: That "the northern limits of wild species . . . have not changed within historic times, although the seeds are carried frequently and continually to the north of each limit."

Not long after his return from Russia, Professor Hansen, having been called from Ames to the South Dakota College of Agriculture, determined to put his new and revolutionary theory to the severest tests. He crossed thousands of native wild strawberries with commercial varieties to get the size, color, and flavor of

PROFESSOR N. E. HANSEN

The man who found the north pole of alfalfa. Photographed in the wilds of Tomsk Province, Siberia the larger berries and the hardiness of the wild in a new hybrid. That is, he fertilized by hand blossoms of one kind with pollen from blossoms of another. He did like work with raspberries, and again with plums. He succeeded. His hybrid strawberries, raspberries, and plums, while not so large as some of the commercial varieties used on one side of the crossing, had their fine flavor and rich colors, and the plants would stand forty degrees sub-zero weather without any covering whatever.

This work went on, and a large number of most remarkable and valuable hybrid fruits were originated, while thousands of others, "the shavings of his workshop," as Professor Hansen calls them, were discarded. Among the choicest fruits, invented solely for the public good and without any thought of profit for himself, are hybrids obtained by crossing the sand cherry, a favorite fruit among the Sioux Indians, with the best Japanese plums, the Chinese apricot, and European plums; also hybrids of the wild plum of the prairie Northwest and the Chinese apricot or Japanese plums—fruits destined to revolutionize the fruit culture of the Northwest.

The qualities of the man who had this kind of work in him had early attracted the attention of Mr. Wilson at the Iowa Agricultural College, and when Mr. Wilson became Secretary of Agriculture and developed his great plan to search the world for plans adapted to cold and dry climates, he chose Hansen for his explorer. Accordingly in 1897 the latter set out, the Agricultural Bureau's first plant explorer plenipotentiary.

Pursuing his search Professor Hansen crossed Russia twice, and then went southward through Transcaucasia and across the Caspian Sea into the land of the Turkoman. It was there, thirteen years ago, that the "north pole of alfalfa" idea laid its relentless grip upon him.

One memorable day he came upon the trail of a hardy alfalfa. The discovery set his blood a-tingle. His philosophy of plant hardiness, in which he had come to have the greatest faith, told him that here was the possibility at least of solving the problem of an alfalfa for northern North America, of finding an alfalfa which would not winter-kill under the severest cold and which of itself or crossed with common alfalfa would add immensely to the wealth and power of the people he served.

At once he set his face toward the alfalfa pole. The compass was useful only in so far as it indicated that the trail led northward. His guide was the alfalfa plant itself, and a weary though increasingly alluring journey it led him.

Thirteen hundred miles northeastward along the Tian-Shan Mountains, in the very heart of Asia, in a body-racking and cumbersome covered buckboard, the *tarantass*, he followed the plant, questioning Russian army officers, natives, the very horses munching their hay in the market-places, and oftenest of all the wide, wide plains. Nothing but the hardiest of this hardy new alfalfa would satisfy.

Then winter, the traditional enemy of pole-hunters, boisterously fell upon him just as he returned from an excursion to Kuldja, in northwestern China, and the quest was up for that year at least.

The question now was, how to get back with the fruits of his explorations? Two ways offered. One was the long and tiresome journey by the route he had come, and the other was northward more than seven hundred miles to Omsk, on the Siberian Railway, in the very teeth of the Siberian winter. Characteristically he chose the short cut northward, despite its hazards of Arctic storms, pneumonia, wolves, and what not.

The choice almost cost him his life. Winter, against whose sway in the northern United States he was a sworn knight, out there on the boundless steppes of Asia sought to make an end of him and his plant-hunting. He was met by a series of Siberian blizzards, in the course of one of which two teamsters of another caravan were frozen to death, and one evening as he was pushing on to make a post-house ahead his sledge-drivers lost their way. The little company spent the night battling with a mercury-freezing storm, trying to find its way, and when the late dawn came and a post was reached, Professor Hansen was fit only for the hospital. Fortunately, there was a little Russian military hospital at hand, and to this he was taken. After a week in bed he tried to go on, but was again compelled to delay in order to allow his lungs to mend.

HANSEN'S CARAVAN IN SEMIPALATINSK

After a four-hundred-mile drive across the steppes north of the Altai Mountains

Then he decided to make a dash for it, and for three days and two nights, with his interpreter, three drivers, two sleighs, and eight horses, with stops only for meager meals and exchange of horses, he drove forward and made Omsk.

While the man brought home the first Turkestan alfalfa ever imported into America, while he had been farthest north on the alfalfa map, the pole still called him, and he was eager to answer its challenge. He had come to believe strongly "that the botanical name of any species of plant was not enough for the purposes of agriculture; that a species extending over a wide area differed widely in degrees of hardiness, especially in regard to cold; and that for the northern regions of the United States there must be found the form of alfalfa that had been developed by nature in similar regions of the Old World." The only way was to find the northernmost plant of the species on its native continent, and then, if need be, improve it by crossing with cultivated strains.

It was nine years, however, before the Agricultural Department could send him out again. The Spanish-American, the Filipino, and the Russo-Japanese wars and the Russian revolution were obstacles in the way.

But in 1906 the way was open, except for continued bloodshed in Russia, and Hansen went to northern Europe, including Lapland and Finland, with instructions to go on to Siberia if, upon investigation, he thought conditions in Russia would permit. Conditions did not look promising, but he decided to take the risks, and made straight for western Siberia.

A second great alfalfa discovery was the early result. This was that away up in Siberia there grew wild a yellow-flowered alfalfa, a forage of great feeding value, on which the natives fattened their herds, but which they did not cultivate.

There were three species of this alfalfa, but of only one could Professor Hansen get seed before he had turned homeward again, and that was *Medicago falcata*. Seed of this he obtained by scouring the plains, picking open the pods by hand, or, as in the Lake Baikal region, by hiring Buriat Mongolians to pick with their fingers seed from a load of wild hay brought into market. His little harvest he guarded more carefully than he would have guarded so much fine gold until he had it safely across the Pacific to the United States.

With the seed he brought back something else of vast importance—knowledge of the fact that the regions of the yellow-flowered alfalfa of the north and of the blue-flowered farther south overlapped, and that on the overlap there were natural hybrids, suggesting immense possibilities for artificial culture exactly on the lines of his philosophy of plant hardiness.

The first thing to do, however, was to test the seed obtained in the new environment of the American Northwest, and this was at once begun. But it had hardly been begun, though with most hopeful results, before instructions were received for a third Siberian expedition. It was Professor Hansen's own feeling by this time, and that of Secretary Wilson and of B. T. Galloway, Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, that the study of the alfalfas of the world should be exhausted in order that nothing of value to the United States might be missed. Consequently, this time the man set out with the determination to find the alfalfa pole, and with it the two species missed on the preceding trip.

Crossing Siberia from west to east, the tireless traveler marked areas which gave promise of seed later in the season, and on his way back gathered his small but immensely valuable harvest.

There was much to interfere with his work. The Russians, officials and private citizens, and the natives were altogether hospitable, but the weather was not so kind. The season was late and very wet, and threw the explorer's calculations as to seed-time badly out of joint.

That the people met were not wanting in hospitality is shown by the fact that over on the very edge of the Gobi Desert a Mongol governor gave a grand banquet in honor of the visitor. "The experience was unique," says Professor Hansen, "since the menus of the Orient and of the Occident differ so widely." There were soups the component parts of which one could not possibly guess by smell or taste, but, as the guest of honor put it, "everything went—down." Other items on the bill of fare were sharks' fins, seaweeds, and water-lily seed. The host, through an interpreter who spoke Mongolian and Russian, asked his guest, through an interpreter who spoke Russian and German, which he could understand, about the exclusion of the Chinese from America. Under the circumstances, the answer required a bit of diplomacy, but Hansen was equal to the occasion. He answered that the subject was rather out of his line, being a horticulturist, but that the best plan, no doubt, was America for the Americans and China for the Chinese. This seemed to satisfy the high mandarin, and, with an admission on his part that America had done much for China and that Mr. Roosevelt was China's great and good friend, the linguistic long-distance conversation drifted into safer channels.

On the part of natives of lower levels quite as generous a spirit was shown. In the Tomsk Province the explorer had part of two whole villages—some two hundred and fifty men, women, and children—at work on the steppes gathering alfalfa seed for him, and when he was ready to leave, for their farewell they sang some of their Cossack songs.

At another place, however, the seed-hunter was under suspicion of being a spy. "I told the suspicious ones," he says, "that I was a plant detective—spying for food for American horses and cattle—and the cloud lifted."

Early in the season a four-hundred-mile wagon trip was taken through a part of the Altai Range and across the vast steppes of the Kirghiz Tartars, to Semipalatinsk. There was constant danger, especially toward the east, from Mongolian bandits, and the explorer and his assistants always went well armed. But in certain cutthroat-infested regions, where bandits move in gangs, the little company obtained a Cossack escort. Perhaps it would have added interest and excitement to the story of the search for the alfalfa pole if a little of the good red blood of martyrdom had been shed by

A RUSSIAN OFFICER AND A GROUP OF CHINESE MOHAMMEDANS

With their co-operation, the hunt for alfalfa led into China

the way, but that there was nothing of the kind caused no regrets.

The nearest approach to bloodshed was in a village where, on the day of the expedition's arrival and the day before, two murderers had been lynched after the fashion of the East—by stoning.

An epidemic of Asiatic cholera was certainly not one of the least of the dangers encountered. There were thousands of cases in the country traveled through. As the company was making its way up the Obi River by steamer, a case which ended fatally within ten hours developed on board the boat, and it was feared a quarantine would be ordered at the steamer's destination. People were already dying in the streets of the plague, however, and the authorities thought it not worth while to bother about an additional case or two.

In spite of bad weather, banquets made up of strange dishes, the necessity of picking seed by hand, unjust suspicions, lynchings, bandits, and cholera, Hansen worked on, ever on the alert for information about alfalfa, especially about the two species he so particularly wanted.

And the long quest was fully rewarded. The alfalfa pole, on which the explorer's mind and heart had been set for twelve years, was found. One of the two species was discovered on the storm-swept steppes between the Irtish and the Obi Rivers, and the other some eighteen hundred miles farther east in the Mongolian part of Manchuria. The first, *Medicago platycarpa*, has a limited range in central and south central Siberia, and thrives especially along the edge of timber and in timber clearings, suggesting the best setting for it in this country. The range of the other, *Medicago ruthenica*, is eastern Siberia, Mongolia, and Manchuria, where the most extreme cold, with the mercury freezing, comes often when there is no snow on the ground, after hot and dry summers.

It was learned, moreover, that the northeastern limit of *Medicago falcata*, the

MEN WHO HELPED SHOW THE WAY TO THE "ALFALFA POLE," AND A LOAD OF ALFALFA FROM WHICH PROFESSOR HANSEN PICKED THE SEED BY HAND great discovery of the second Siberian trip, also of a very useful clover, was not far from Verkhoyansk, in latitude 68 degrees north, according to records the coldest spot on earth, with more than 90 below zero to its credit or discredit. It was not necessary, however, to push explorations to such limits. The alfalfa Arctic of from 50 to 55 degrees north, with its fierce dry summers and sometimes snowless winters when the mercury solidifies in the bulb, was the polar region of real usefulness, and from this was obtained an ample supply of seed for experimental purposes.

Returning to the Baltic region, the hunter of plants forwarded to the United States his alfalfa seeds, and along with these a wild currant obtained near the Altai Mountains, larger than the cherry currant of this country; a wild blackberry; a wild peony of magnificent flower and perfectly hardy in a temperature of from 50 to 60 below zero; and close to three hundred other lots.

Then he struck another trail. This time he headed for the Hunger steppe of Turkestan and "the grave of caravans" in Bokhara.

Awaiting him on the borders of Persia were two more surprises worthy of headlines in black type. One of these was an enormous and delicious grape which originated among the Mohammedans, and, when introduced into Russia two years ago, created a sensation, selling for fifty cents a pound in competition with the best imported grapes from Italy. Some five hundred vines of this grape were obtained for experimental purposes in California. The other surprise was a Persian clover, *schabdar.*

This *schabdar* was found to be botanically the same as the *shaftal* clover, one of the best forage plants of India, but instead of being an annual it endures from five to seven years. The Persian revolution was revolving vigorously just at the time, and the Persian governor to whom the plant-finder had letters was strictly "at home," his palace being besieged by the revolutionists, so it was thought the better part of wisdom not to insist upon a visit. A sufficient quantity of clover seed was obtained, however, and arrangements were made for the shipment of additional supplies. So valuable were the seed in the eyes of the American that, in order to make sure that some of it should reach the United States, he divided his supply into three parts. One he kept with him, another he forwarded by mail, and the third he sent with other lots by freight.

Schabdar is of extremely vigorous growth, but is sensitive to night frosts and needs hot, dry summers for its best development. "It seems probable," says its discoverer, "that this plant will be found valuable in the regions of most extreme heat in the Southwest." A bit of important news, conservatively stated certainly, when it is seen that the find means the conquering of still larger areas of the dry Southwest.

From the Persian frontier to the dry upland region near Mount Ararat of postdiluvian fame was the next step planned, but winter, having been worsted elsewhere, here won a victory. Heavy snows and extreme cold, such as kept even the hardy Kurds at their firesides, necessitated a change, and Professor Hansen pushed on across the Black Sea and a part of the Mediterranean to Greece. On Mount Lycabetos, near Mars Hill, at Athens, he gathered for hybridizing work the seed of a peculiar tree alfalfa, on which cattle browse and from the stems of which Greek monks make prayer beads, and others, less peacefully inclined, make sword handles.

Later he dug plants of the same alfalfa from the crevices of rocks near Naples, Italy, which he reached by way of Corsica. Only because the steamer he caught happened to be a slow one did he miss being in the Straits of Messina at the time of the earthquake.

A dip into northern Africa and the Sahara was made next, in order that the study of the alfalfa of the world might be completed, and then a homeward-bound ship was taken at Cherbourg.

From the foregoing glimpse at the value of alfalfa as a forage plant and as a rotation crop and restorer of worked-out farm lands, and at Professor Hansen's philosophy of plant hardiness, it is not at all difficult to understand why twelve years were spent in searching for the north pole of alfalfa and in experimenting with the seed obtained, nor why, for that matter, exacting experiments will be continued for years to come.

But what is to be the outcome?

There is but one answer: Hundreds of millions of dollars added to the value of Northern farm lands in the United States and Canada, and many millions of dollars added annual income from such lands.

This is to be realized in two ways.

Professor Hansen, in a conservative report to the Bureau of Plant Industry on his return from Asia, said: "My own belief is that these new plants will extend the present alfalfa and clover limits as far north on the American contintent as any one will wish to farm, to the latitude of Alaska if need be." "Even in their unselected state, fresh from the wilds of Siberia," he has said elsewhere, "they will no doubt prove useful in solving the alfalfa problem for the prairie Northwest." That is one way.

The other way is better still. The new alfalfas brought from Siberia, crossed with the luxuriant alfalfa of the Southwest, ought to give a very near approach to an ideal forage and soil restorer for the Northwest—just as the strawberry, raspberry, and plum hybrids have given the Northwest a new outlook for fruit culture. This ideal alfalfa will be one that will never winter-kill, even under the severest conditions, when the thermometer registers forty or more below zero and the ground, without covering of snow, is dry and cracked. A particular alfalfa for every climate or soil on this continent is thus the realizable prospect, instead of one species from the land of the date-palm—the one hitherto grown.

Remembering Mr. Coburn's statement, that by seeding to alfalfa lands have been doubled and trebled in value, and sometimes made valuable investments when before they were worthless, it is not too much to say that the discovery of the north pole of alfalfa by Professor Hansen, coupled with his principle of plant hardiness, means literally and without exaggeration hundreds of millions of wealth for the people of the United States.

IN ANSWER

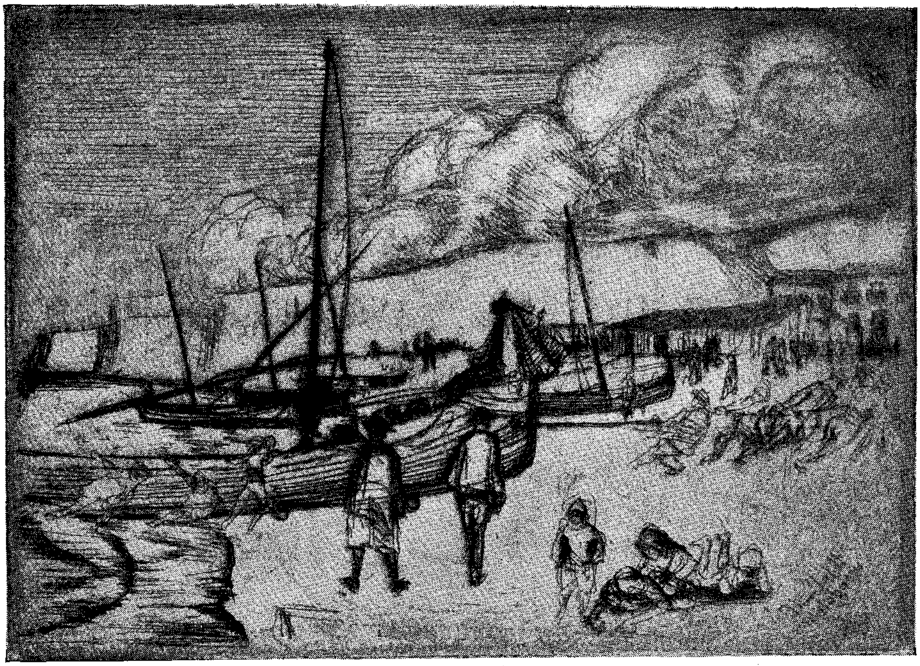
BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Let others doubt—my faith is sure
That man shall conquer and endure.

For if the universe contain
No other spirit knowing pain
And truth and love and sacrifice,
Then man—howe'er his body dies—
Shall, bodiless, fare forth and win
All power, the heights and depths within.

And if there be, above the whole,
A Spirit greater than man's soul,
Then man, as child to it, shall know
Its larger plans, and gladly go
Rejoicing, hoping, learning still,
Towards its goals of love and will.

Let others doubt—my faith is sure
That man shall conquer and endure.



HAULING THE BOAT

The Country of Paradoxes

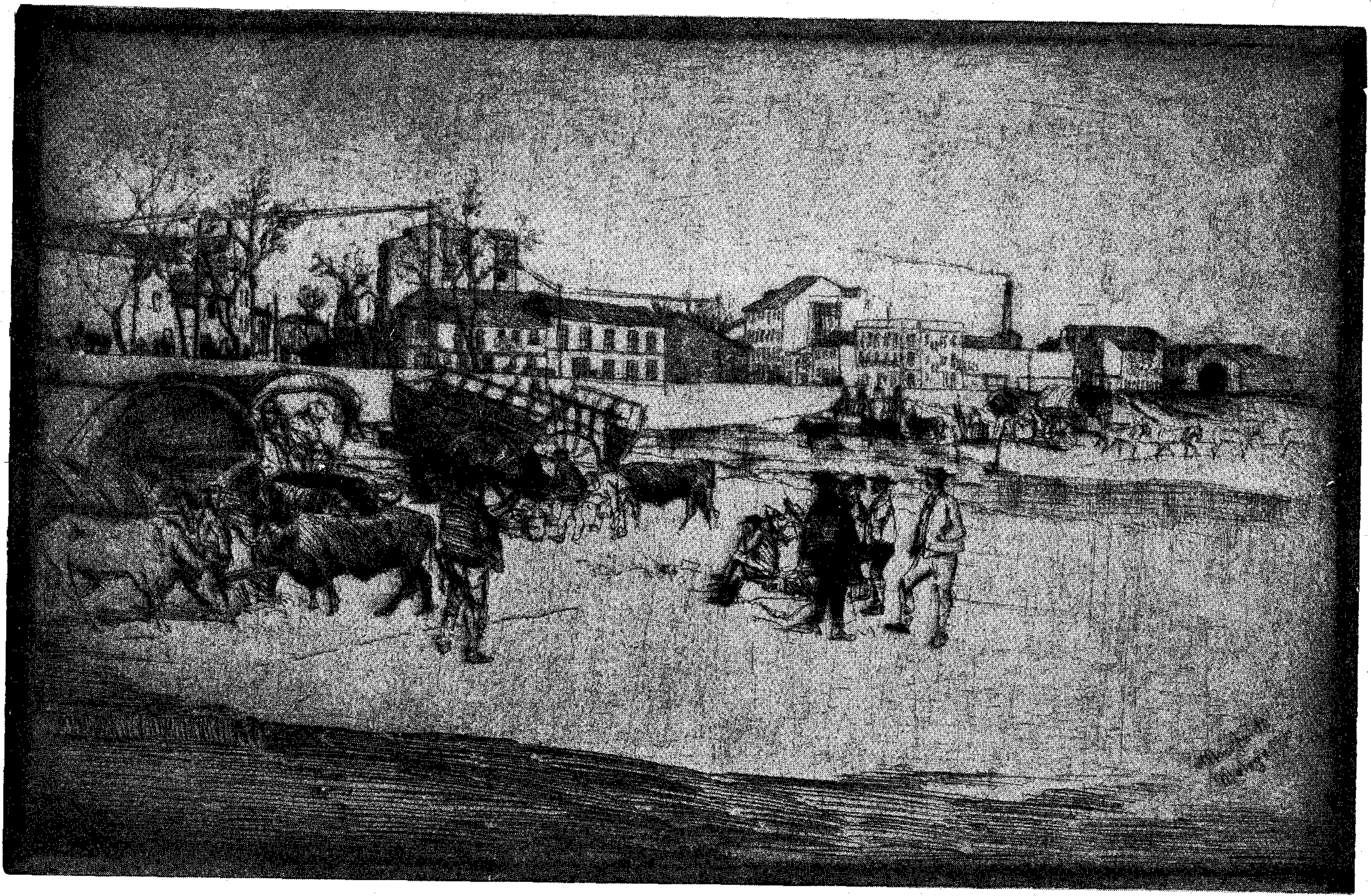
By Mary Heaton Vorse

With Pictures by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

WE sat on the top of a steep hill which sloped from us abruptly in all directions, a steep climb any way you took it. There were five of us—three Americans and two Spaniards—one of the latter a little goatherd. From the hill we could see the town of Malaga, which tries so hard to be a modern, bustling town, and which fails so lamentably in the attempt, remaining, in spite of factories, in spite of its great port, a sleepy southern place, a place full of narrow turning streets where no horses could go and where at midday one will hear perhaps no noise except the singing of little caged birds outside the houses.

From where we sat the cathedral seemed to brood over the city, dwarfing the rest of the town. Nearer was the hill of the Moorish fortress, in whose ancient walls people have made swallows' nests of houses. Before us was the Mediterranean, spotted as thick as though with gulls by a fishing fleet—inconsequent Mediterranean fishing-boats without a keel or centerboard; boats that do not come about of themselves, but have to be rowed about; boats that in an adverse wind make the fisherman take in his sails and row for shore; cumbersome things, unchanged in model since the time of the Cæsars; the delight of painters, but the despair of sailors used to boats which will sail.

Behind us the mountains of Andalusia rose file on file, rocky, abrupt, difficult of ascent, scarred and cut by countless *arroyos*, barren and wild and very beautiful—"Colorado," they call some of them in Malaga—gardens tucked in their flanks. We could look down on other gardens from where we were—gardens full of palms and oranges, full of blooming almond trees and roses, though it was not



PRAIRIE SCHOONERS

yet the middle of January. Malaga has a climate of the sort for which we search in vain up and down the Riviera.

We seated ourselves on the ground, and the little goatherd stood gazing at us with wide eyes.

"Do you stay here, *niño?*" our Spanish friend asked.

"I and the goats; *si, Señor.*"

"And at night?"

"At night also; a man comes from the valley."

"And what do you make?"

"Thirty reals a month"—which is in American money five cents a day.

"And your food?"

"And my food," he answered.

"What do they give you?"

"Good bread, Señor, and onions; sometimes a piece of cheese; sometimes, not very often, soup. Shall I show the Señoras the youngest kid?"

He went to the house and came out with the youngest kid in his arms.

"See!" he said; "it is too little to jump yet. Eight I have. This one has not lived its seventh day. It is too young to have a name. My sister thinks Victoria for a name, and I am for Fraquita; it will be for the Señora to choose."

He was thirteen perhaps, or fourteen, well grown, sweet-spoken, with the look in his eyes of a boy who sits gazing at the sea and at the mountains all day, at peace with himself and all the world. He carried the little kid back to the house, calling as he went, "*Nini, nini!*" And then he led out those big enough to have names, and which already jumped.

"How much does the man make who lives with you?" I asked.

"Pedro? Much—a peseta a day, with his food; he is a man. He works on the farm with my masters, and at night he drives up the other goats and we shut them into the room next the one where we sleep."

"Is that a usual wage?" I asked my friend. "Twenty cents a day and food?"

"Why not?" he answered. "We are poor people in Spain."

Below us the gardens lay fertile in the sun; to the south of us rose mountains where we knew are iron mines rich in ore; a few days before we had passed up through the cork forests and then swung down through the barren pass of the Chorra out into the fertile plain of Guadalmedina—rich lands full of vineyards and olive and orange groves.

"But why are you poor? With such a climate, where frost is unknown, with mines and rich lands, why are the people poor?"

"Where the poor pay the taxes," he answered, "it must be so. Down in Malaga you know the Calle Larios, which is named after the Marquis Larios? He owns that street. He has interests everywhere in Malaga; the sugar refineries, they are his, and he owns more in other parts of the province; the churches are in his hands—he gives to them. And who can tax Larios?"

"Why not?" we asked.

"No one dares," my friend answered. "He has power; he dictates, he and some others, what shall be done here and what shall not be done; and who shall dispute him? They call him a public benefactor; he gives to the poor, he gives to the hospital, he dictates concerning the public officials of the city."

"It sounds," I said, "like what we call at home 'the boss.'"

Our friend looked blank.

"'The boss'?" he questioned; he did not understand. "It is the remnants of the feudal system. The Larios are a great family, and they always had power. You remember the cork forests through which you passed yesterday? Those belong to the Dukes of M——. What they pay in taxes is negligible, and as the Government must be supported, the poor must pay. The poor pay on everything they bring into the city unless it is wine or bread. Eight cents for each fowl they pay; they must pay so much on each pound of oil, so much for eggs, so much for produce. Besides this, the Government again taxes them on the gross output, and when they have paid rent to those who own the land, what remains to them? The man who makes a peseta a day the year round and his bread is fortunate. Many work for this only for a certain part of the year, and from their twenty cents they must save for the winter, and feed from it, besides their children."

"We have heard that the Spanish cities sell their octroi duties to the highest bidder; so the control of the city custom-house duties passes into the hands of a private concern. Does not this make it harder for the peasants?"

"Certainly," replied our friend; "but the city must have money, and with the city to run its own octrois every peasant would be a smuggler, and there would be no revenue; the officers would come to understandings with certain peasants and they and the peasants would profit. A private concern looks better after its affairs.

"There is a new way, too, of getting money from the people besides taxing; we are beginning to follow your methods in Spain. The millers in the south formed what you call a 'trust.' They mixed the grains and raised the price of bread so that our poor people eat less bread, and in consequence many mills are idle in the country."

"But with war so near at hand," we asked, "and your troops to feed—how should flour mills be idle?"

"The French," he answered, "and the Americans thought of that market first, and supplied flour. Our millers of the south and those of the north who use imported grain were quarreling together to make what you call a 'deal,' and neglected the Melilla market."

"They say since our tariff reforms that you exported last year more than forty per cent increase of ore to our country."

"That does not affect our people; those mines are owned in England and in Germany. The miners get from a peseta to a peseta and a half a day."

"But if the people suffer," we asked, "from what you call the remnants of your feudal system on the one hand and from the modern system of trusts on the other, what happens to them? How do they live?"

"They do not live," he answered; "they starve."

"We have a theory with us that when people starve there is trouble."

"Not here," he answered. "They are used to it. They have always starved, and the weak among them die. They don't know any better. Hardly any one in the villages can read. They are so ignorant that the chief man in the village may come to them and say, 'There is no election this year. *I* remain as before.'"

"But in the north you have had troubles—when the reserves were called out instead of the troops already under arms, and Barcelona was in a state near revolution."

"That is the north," he replied "Andalusia and Catalonia are two places."

And I remembered the story of a friend of ours who had traveled in South America, and in Paraguay he had seen a flag which he did not know framed in black, and when he asked, "What is that flag?" the answer had been:

"It is the flag of my people, the flag of Catalonia, which will one day be a republic; and until then it is framed in black."

It is a hard thing for us who think of one vast country as America to realize how in Spain each community lives for itself, and it was here impressed upon our minds that the man in Malaga thinks of himself first as a Malaganian and next as a Spaniard.

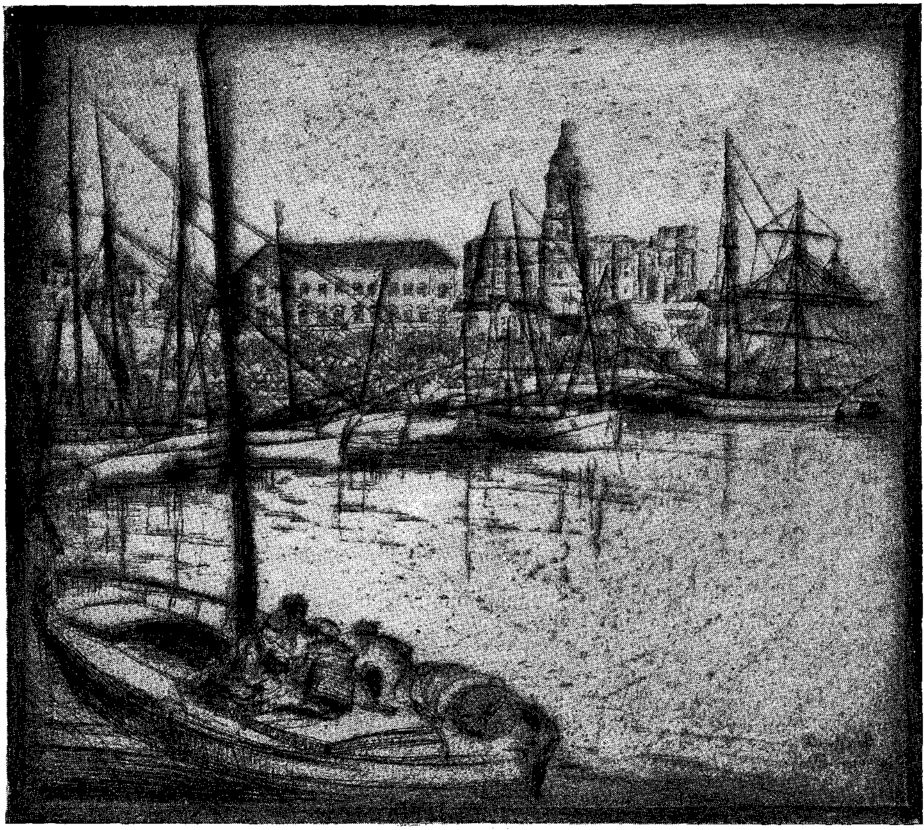
This, I think, is a fundamental thing in the life of Spain: each little community has its own separate entity; each little town around Malaga has its separate individual existence, curiously unaffected by the neighborhood of a great city. Even in Palo, where the tram takes you, you find people living in a different epoch of civilization. In Malaga you are in a South European town, half surrounded by a palm-planted Alameda; in the harbor are steamships from all the Mediterranean ports, and other steamships there are ready to take you to South America, to North America, to England—where you will; and half an hour away, bound to Malaga by a series of villas surrounded by blooming gardens, is Palo, a fishing village built on a dry *arroyo* which in one place broadens out into something like an open square, bordered by tiny houses hollowed out of the soft rock—little caves in which the fishermen live. They are clean and whitewashed as any Moorish house, and as little encumbered with the unnecessary things of life.

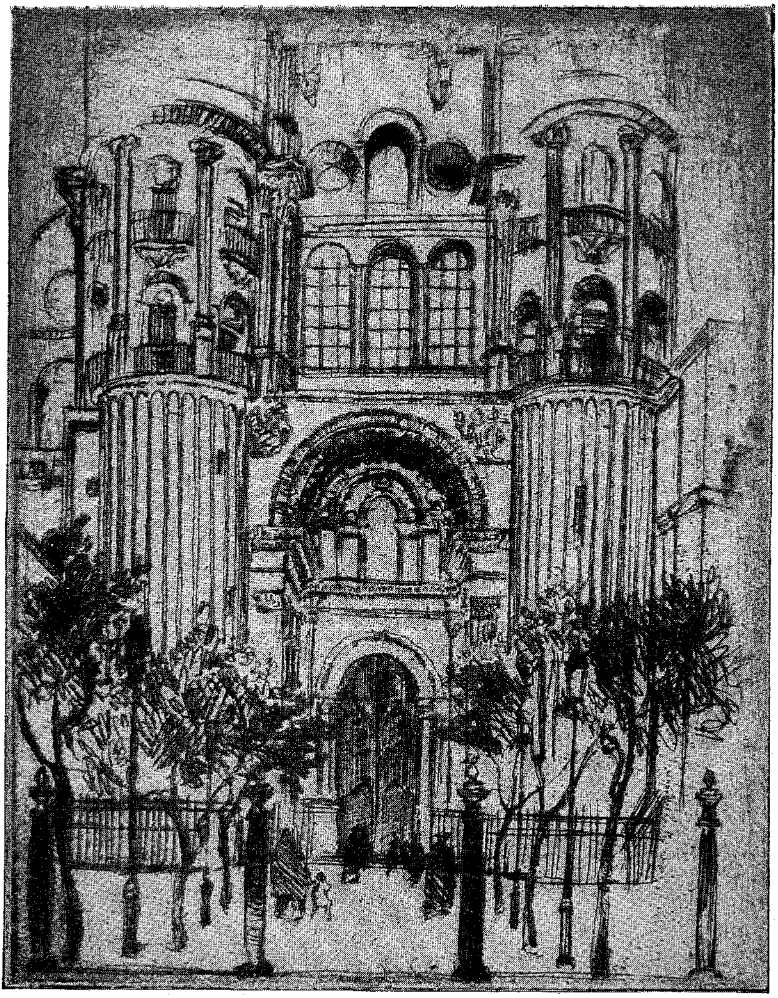
Here, in the near suburbs of this modern city, men live in caves as they have lived for just how long no one knows; or rather, I should say, sleep in caves, for they live on the beach or without the house, the women netting great nets, the men and boys engaged in the work of the sea, perpetually pulling up their heavy nets or hauling up their forty-foot boats on the beach for the night.

In Malaga it is as in other cities of Spain: one may see at every hand the old order and the new in sharper contrast than in any other of the European countries. One can descend from the electric tramway to run into a group of prairie schooners drawn by oxen, or see strings of pack-mules with gay trappings being unloaded before modern warehouses. But sharper than any contrast between prairie schooner and trolley car, than between the lateen fishing boat and the steamers which crowd the port of Malaga, is the contrast between the city of Malaga itself and many of the little towns back in the hills.

You see these towns, some of them from the railway, others as you walk around the country—a mass of brownish-red roofs, a church, narrow streets like irregular white slits, and frowning over all, very likely, the heavy masonry of some Moorish ruin.

And it was to such a little town that we journeyed, nineteen kilometers, by carriage and by mule. Almogia sits high among the hills, nine kilometers by the road and ten more by mule. Not once along the whole road did the almond trees fail us, and the almond trees of Malaga are one of the beautiful things I have seen in the world. They bloom when the faintest mist of green appears on the bare red earth, before they put out their leaves. Now single trees grew by the steep trail, flinging their branches against a brilliant sky, branches white if you like, but with a very gentle bloom of pink over them, very fragile and very lovely—a very valiant tree, for they dare to bloom when other trees are bare and the ground is


THE HARBOR



THE NORTH DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

bare, and gain in beauty by this contrast. Orchards of them there were in the valleys, and orchards on steep hillsides, throwing a white mist of flowers against the brilliant rocky hillsides, which in places glowed a deep red in the sun. There were whole fields planted with young almond trees, each tree a tiny nosegay. Now and then our trail made us look down into solid masses of flowers neither pink nor white, a color too delicate and too illusive to have an exact name. Or, again, the trail was bordered by trees, while on other slopes the silver green of olive and the bloom of the almond were mingled. Nowhere was there the careful terracing which one sees from one end of the Riviera to the other and throughout northern Italy. Like certain districts in Calabria, the land was often wasted, and often sunny hillsides were left to gorse—hillsides that with terraces would have borne almond and olive.

The trail wound deviously up and up, through the dry bed of an *arroyo*, above which grew hedges of cactus. At a tiny two-roomed house by the roadside our Spanish friend cried out greetings.

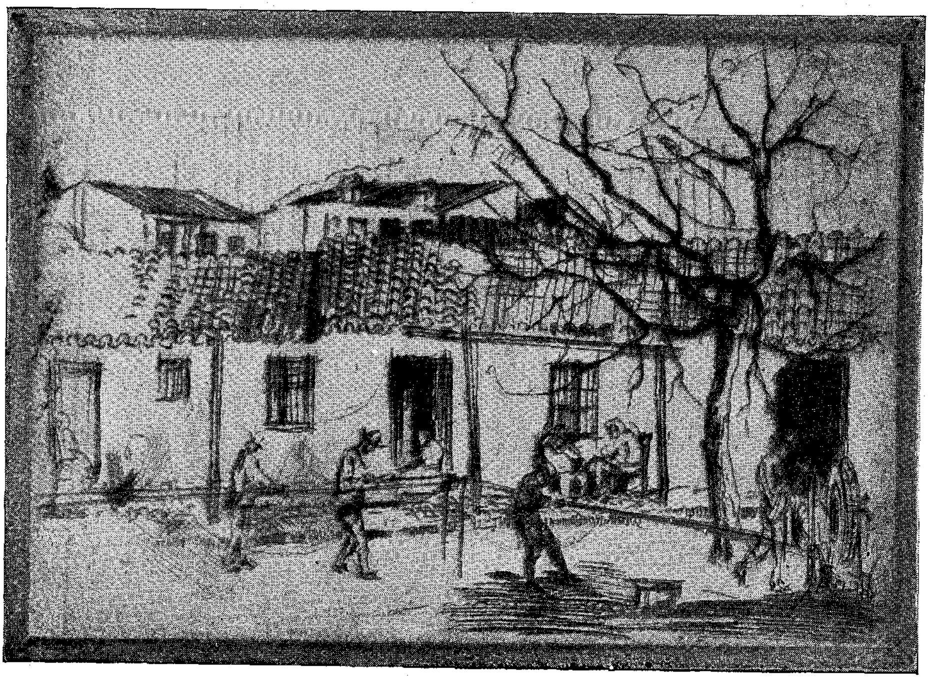
"I asked them how they did," he told us. "They said that they had had good crops of oil and grain, but that the Government had taken all. But then they all say that!"

And we went on, now skirting flanks of hills, now diving abruptly downwards. Across the narrow valleys we could see occasional white houses, and again we would catch a glimpse in the distance of the road to Madrid which we had left, white as a chalk-line. A goatherd called to us a greeting and asked us to taste of his bread and cheese, as politeness requires. At long intervals we passed a house. The women, weaving hats, crowded to the door, and as we passed they bade us "Go with God."

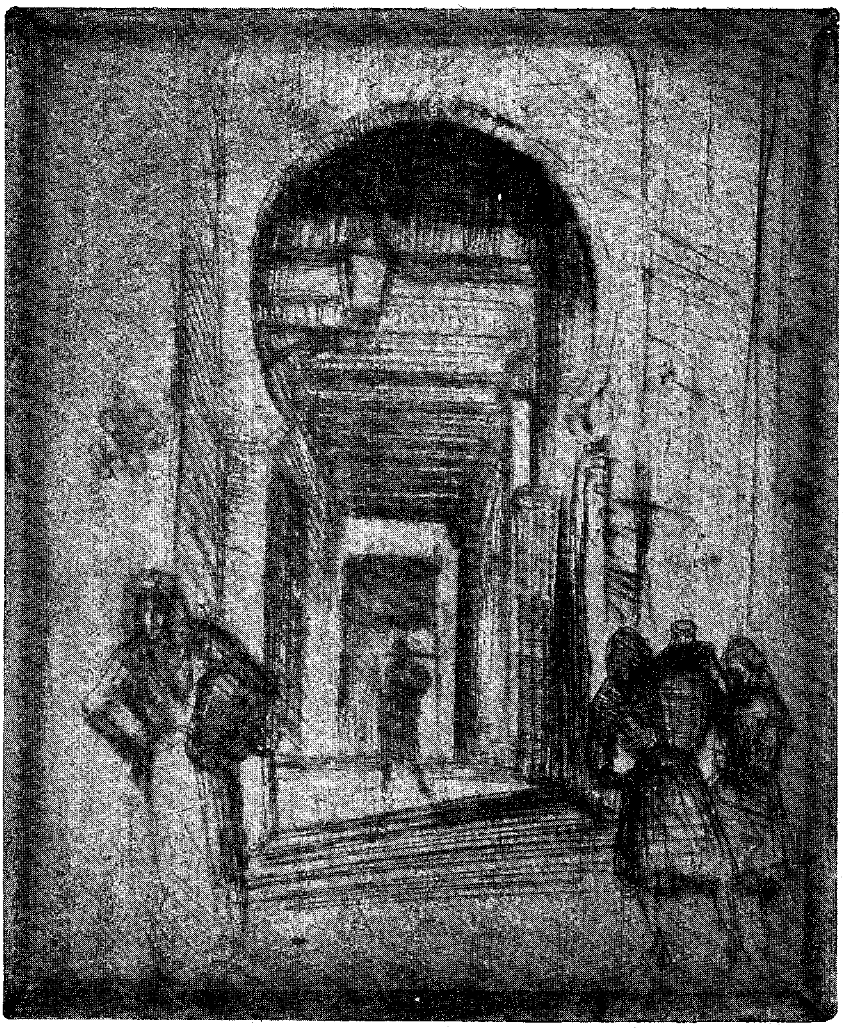
We were seated upon high mules whose gait was as comfortable as that of camels. Pillows were set on their backs, and in our honor a ruffled bedspread, doubled on itself, was thrown over the pillow, and a wooden cradle was supposed to keep us from toppling off. By our side walked our mule-drivers. They are the public carriers of Almogia, and every day walk the nineteen kilometers between Almogia and Malaga. They bring back cloth and flour, and supplies of all kinds. Twice a day in all weathers they go over this road, starting before light and in the night-time. The trail is a bad one, full of loose stones and boulders, with no attempt at paving, as in the *salitas* that lead to the towns in Italy which are situated off the main road. They bring down great cargoes of hats slung over the backs of their mules, for the whole town of Almogia makes palm-leaf hats, and makes them for the American market.

Before these hats reach the American retail purchaser they must pass through six hands. They are braided and sewn in this little hillside town, and the cheapest children's hats are paid for at the rate of one cent apiece, the larger hats at a peseta and a half a dozen, and this when the people have gathered and bleached their own palm. If they must buy the palm, it cuts their earnings in two. It is said that the skillful can make as many as a dozen hats a day, although it is hard to believe how they can weave the intricate braid and sew the hats in this time.

The reason for this pitiful wage is a curious little foot-note of the ebb and flow of modern trade. Formerly the trade of hats was important in Malaga, and the palm-leaf hat was much sought for by us. The people of that time got four and even five times as much as they do to-day; and then, at the other side of the world, in Java and Sumatra, they began making hats which suited the public taste in the American market, and Java and Sumatra, without knowing what they did, cut into



THE ROPEWALK



ARCADE CRISTO

the prices of Spain, and so the hat-makers of Almogia starve.

After several hours of climbing, we looked down upon the town which lay below us—its roofs of weathered red, its walls of glistening white, a crown of almond blossoms about it, and almonds and olives slipping down the steep flanks of the hills, and in the distance hills of limestone with a rosy bloom across them, singularly like the almonds in color.

When we had dismounted from our mules, children came to look at us; from all directions they came—little ones and big ones, grown lads and laughing girls—and at once a sense of remoteness such as I have never felt came over me. Though all my days I have traveled off the beaten track—to remote little hamlets far from the railway in the Bavarian Tyrol, to villages in Italy that, as distance goes, were inaccessible compared with Almogia—yet in Almogia for the first time I was in a place where townspeople were a spectacle, a thing for the whole population to turn out and look at. We were as foreign a sight to them as we would have been to people in the heart of the desert.

Little hands tugged at our skirts and felt of our clothes; the procession about us amounted to a rabble; excitement ran high. Word flew through the village that strangers were here, and the crowd increased about us every moment—not an impertinent crowd, a crowd that laughed at us for our strange attire, but an admiring crowd, for as they grew bolder little girls quarreled with one another to excel in admiring the clothes such as they wear in cities, and all at once we felt self-conscious and overdressed, though our garments were battered and weather-worn enough and crumpled from our half a day on mule-back. It was truly embarrassing and in a way tragic that a shabby old traveling suit could in the twinkling of an eye become the clothes of a fairy princess—a commentary upon the scale of living more eloquent than any array of figures.

We had sent word of our coming, and lunch had been prepared for us in the house of one of the more well-to-do families of the village, and there we gladly took shelter from our army of admirers. But the children thronged in afterwards; they hid in the wide fireplaces, they sat behind the furniture, and when they were chased out they fled into bedrooms and courtyard. When, finally, with the aid of three men, they had been cleared out, all but some dozen or so, perhaps, and the massive doors had been barred with a great bar, they battered upon it, while over the grated windows little boys swarmed like wasps, obscuring the light.

Meanwhile the meal had begun, and we realized that this meal was a feast; we saw it in the faces of the wide-eyed children, who squabbled with one another without that they might see what was being placed before us. There was first a soup made of oil and onion and water and bread, very savory; next, two plates of meat—bits of chopped ham fried in its own fat, and square chunks of fresh pork, spiced and fried in oil with dry bread, honest in quality; and after this a sweetened dish of rice, not unlike "poor man's pudding" with a coating of cinnamon.

Our hosts ate with us, and, while we ate, the children had found some means of entrance, and the room quietly filled up until a circle of hungry eyes surrounded us, watching us eat the incredible number of courses of hot food. Except for soup, from one year's end to the other only the very well-to-do ever see hot food; and two dishes of meat at a time, with a sweet dish besides—that was a feast almost incomprehensible.

The house itself was charming; thick-walled, flagged, and through its center a sort of driveway with wide doors opening at both ends, high enough for a man mounted on a mule to ride through, the center part paved in red and white and gray stone in a pretty pattern; a wide fireplace, and above this as fine a display of brass and copper as I have ever seen. The rooms opened off the main room, large, and with solid furniture of a pleasing design.

Our hostess asked us if we cared to arrange our hair and wash, and produced mirror and hand-basin and clean towels; and then, upon this mountain top, where our poor clothes had grown glorious and where the substantial luncheon had seemed a feast, in this town so much more remote than any place to which I have been, my hostess handed me a little box familiar in shape—handed it to me as a matter of course after the towel had done its duty.

"The powder," said she.

Good rice-powder it was, too, and scented with violet, and as much a matter of course as the soap and water—powder and the eider-down powder-puff that you might look in vain for through many a hill-town village in New England.

It was late afternoon when we left Almogia, and the sun struck the almond trees which threw a bridal veil across the whole country. The children followed us as far as they might, still smoothing our skirts and talking about hats and veils.

And so we started on our way back to the near-by city, in whose ports are ships from all parts of the world to take out to all countries its exports—luxuries all of them: olive oil and candied fruits, almonds and Malaga raisins and sweet wines; the city where the old and the new jostle each other at every turn in the road, where the old and the new conditions equally grind the people. They tell us that Andalusia is too Oriental in spirit to fight for its rights; but people emigrate and come back again also, and one day a rich country, happy in climate, rich in soil, rich in minerals, where the people are miserably poor, will seem a paradox to them as it does to us.

A Woman's Ascent of the Matterhorn

By Dora Keen

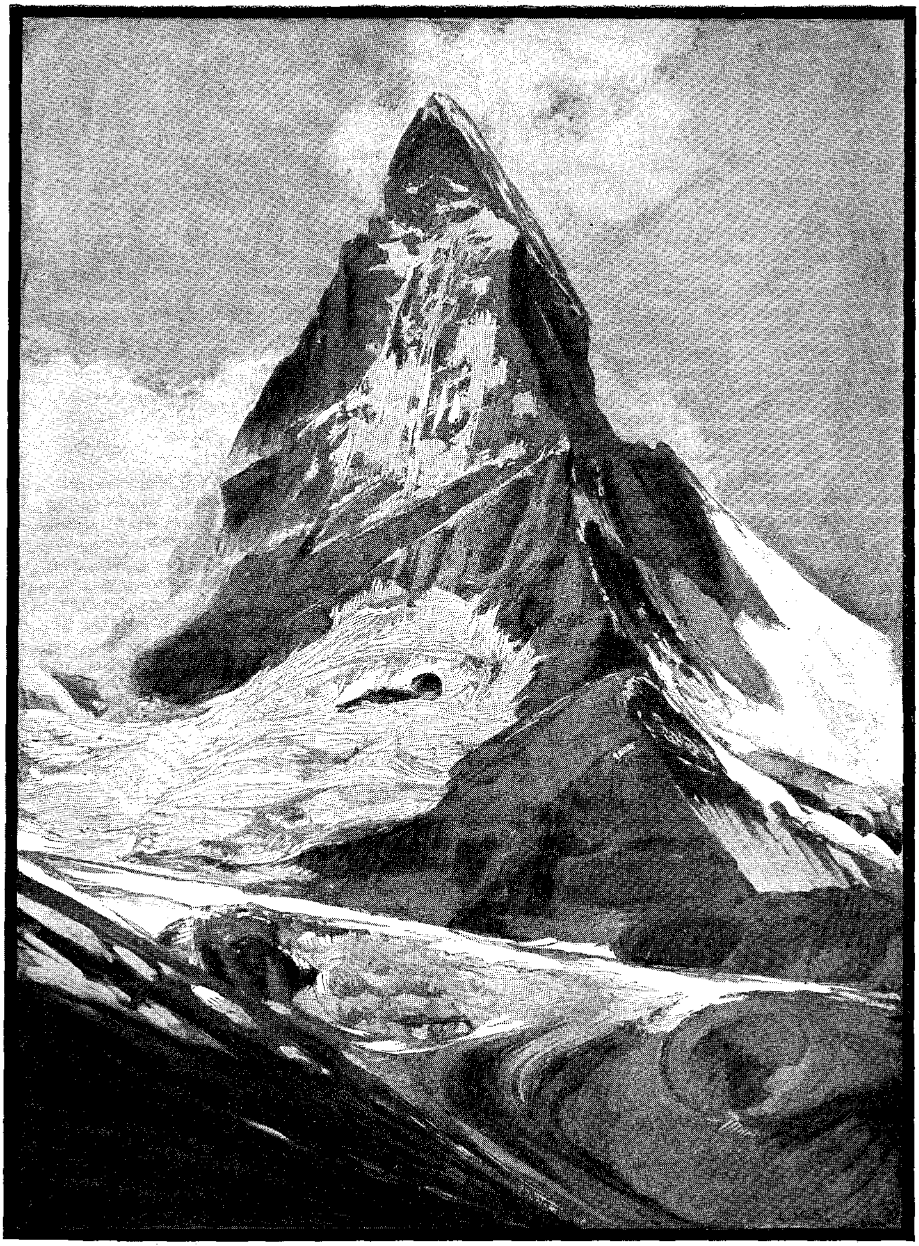
With Drawings by Leon V. Solon

IT was a still, cold, moonlight night, and the white peaks across the surrounding valleys seemed even more majestic and imposing than by day in their silent grandeur, as, with my two guides, I left the little Schwarzsee Hotel, on the plateau two hours above Zermatt, at two o'clock on the morning of September 7, 1909. For three weeks the lofty Matterhorn, for whose summit we were bound, had been almost completely white with fresh snow every third day, even on its steepest sides, and the mountain climbers at Zermatt had been obliged to content themselves with other peaks whose snow slopes or less steep rocks made the fresh snow less to be reckoned with than on the Matterhorn. There the added difficulty and time make it dangerous to go until a few days of hot sun have melted some of the snow.

One other tourist had decided to attempt it that day, the second day after the last heavy snow, but he turned back exhausted within an hour and a half of the top. He had started with his guides at three in the morning from the miserable hut, one hour and fifty minutes above the little hotel where my experienced guides had advised me to spend the night.

Called at 12:30 A.M., after a breakfast of hot milk and bread, our first two hours' walk was up a comparatively level path by which mules could go, so that, as I walked ahead of my guides, I could enjoy the full beauty of the distant spectral glaciers and the snow and rock peaks that formed a complete circle about me. Rising higher, the few lights in the valley below became mere specks. The great isolated Matterhorn, towards whose base we were fast coming, seemed to rise directly above us, and gradually we saw signs of the beautiful dawn. Reaching the hut, we stopped to rope. From then until our return to the hut at 8 P.M., I was to walk between the guides, the rope tied securely around each of our waists. A length of thirty feet of rope between each two of us gave leeway to climb, and when less was needed the slack was coiled around the shoulders or in one hand of the guides. At once, a few steps from the hut, our rock work began, and from this hour, 4 A.M., until 8 P.M., when we got back to the hut, the only rests from hard work were a total of three hours—just the briefest stops necessary to eat, to photograph, and to take momentary looks at the view. At six, sunrise, we overtook and passed the other "caravan," as these insignificant parties on the mountains are called, in the similarity to the silent desert wilderness of the vast, pitiless, impressive masses of rocks, ice, and snow. Only with a telescope can the progress of a party climbing be watched, and as our success was thus watched all day from many points below, our return found the base hut overflowing with seven parties who had resolved to profit by our tracks on the next day.

Three and a half hours of hard rock climbing from the upper, now useless, hut where we had breakfasted brought us at 10 A.M. only to the "shoulder," as the long, steep ice slope is called. Under normal conditions—that is, without snow—we should have been on top at this hour. Thus far it had been a steady pull up snow-covered, precipitous rocks, with care and difficulty, but no continuous anxiety. We were following the ridge, but enough at one side not to be in the full north wind. The first beautiful rose hues of the dawn, about 5:15, had given place to the deep lights and shades of a cloudless day in which the green valley, black rocks, and masses of snow and ice against a deep-



THE GREAT ISOLATED MATTERHORN, 14,780 FEET HIGH

The mountain base hut lies just above the tiny snow path on the bare left side of the ridge whose base is in the foreground. The ascent is up this ridge; it takes seven hours from hut to summit, and almost as long to return

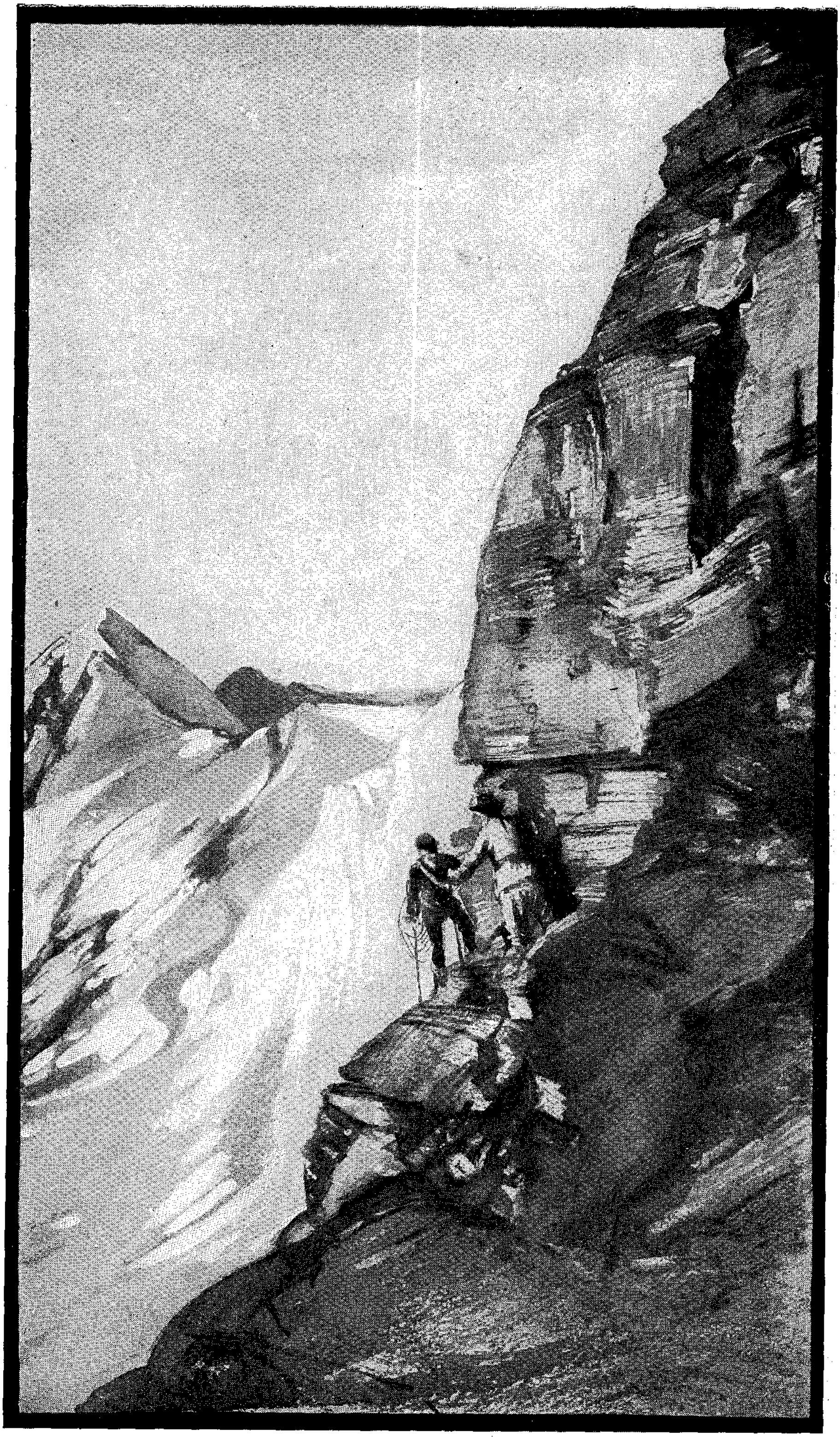
blue sky made the panorama more wonderful every hour as we got higher and higher. At six we had had our first scanty breakfast. The shoulder attained, we now had a second, perched insecurely on widely separated snow-free rocks, while we gazed at the marvelous beauty of the scene.

From here on was to begin our difficult work. Stanchions have been put into the rocks at long intervals, and one or two inch-ropes or iron cables run from one to another across the shoulder and again up the perpendicular rocks to the summit, but for quite a third of our three-quarters of an hour on the shoulder we had to trust to step-cutting and care, since the ropes lay buried beneath two feet of snow. Here, also, we had become fully exposed to the icy north wind. At last we reached our final test, the perpendicular pull of an hour and a quarter up the ropes to the snow-covered rocks and overhanging shelf of snow with which the summit ridge was covered. In spite of the aid of the ropes, the Matterhorn is "*immer anstrengend*," as the Germans say—a great test of endurance. If one is tall enough to reach them, there are foot and hand holds in various projecting ledges and points. Up the face of this wall goes the first or head guide, aiding himself by pulling on the friendly rope. When he has reached the limit of the rope, thirty feet, he tries to find secure footing and braces himself, while I follow. As I measure but five feet, he has to pull me up once or twice where I cannot reach. But, even so, it is the hardest kind of work, and, contrary to my custom, I have to stop for breath now and again. It pulls limb from limb.

A short half-hour above the ropes brought us to the highest point above sea level, 14,780 feet. On the steep path to the Weisshorn hut, five days before, I had risen 4,800 feet in three and a half hours of easy ascent. Here it had taken us nine hours, exclusive of stops, to come up the 6,300 feet from the Schwarzsee Hotel. Such are the difficulties of the Matterhorn and of fresh snow on precipitous rocks. We were the first party that had attempted the mountain for two weeks.

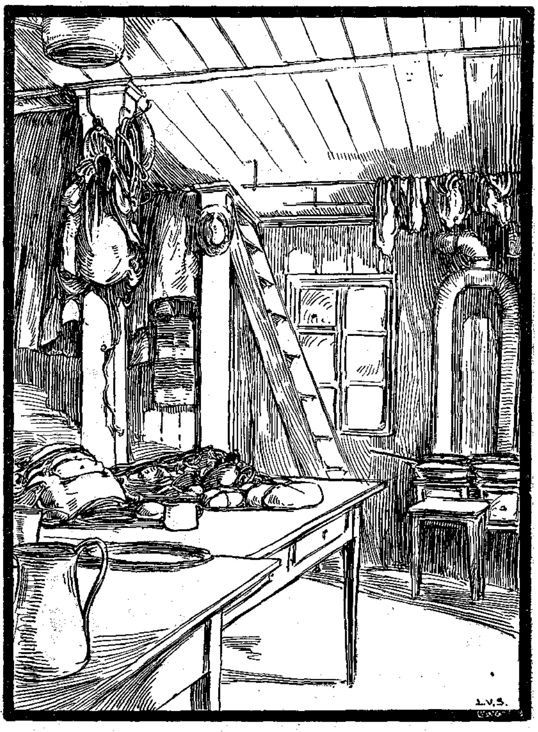
Spellbound by the view, hungry, tired, we could remain but ten minutes; for it was one o'clock, the descent would be nearly as long as the ascent (because requiring just the same constant care and attention to footing), and the wind was coming in furious icy gusts that made photography useless and its positions dangerous. It was too cold to stop to eat. With difficulty I took a few photographs, and with regret turned to go down. To go down is easier than to go up, because it makes no such demand on the breathing powers as does the steady upward pull, but it requires more care, and on this descent from the summit and on the steep snow slope of the "shoulder" below it we seemed as isolated and as much in need of self-possession as if we were descending a church spire. Not until we had again traversed the shoulder at 3 P.M. did we find a point at which it was warm enough and safe enough to stop for a few minutes to eat. Two hours below we again passed the other party descending, unsuccessful and half exhausted. At 5:30 P.M. we ate again, at the same point where we had breakfasted at 6 A.M., at the old ice-filled hut. It was growing colder. I put on a heavy sweater. By seven the light began to fail. By 7:30 we had to go more slowly, in the dusk, and all but lighted our lamp, and at eight, in almost complete darkness, we finally got off the rocks and back to the hut. Here the next day's climbers, who had long been answering our shouts, received us with enthusiastic congratulations, tea, and many questions. After a half-hour's stop, another hour by lantern down the path brought us back to the Schwarzsee Hotel for the night at 9:30 P.M. I was not even tired now, except a little in the knees, because of the seven and a half hours of continuous descent, after a day of nineteen and a half hours. Half-past six next morning saw us off down to Zermatt, looking back ever and again at the clouds that were rising about our wonderful mountain.

"Where does the pleasure come in?" I am constantly asked. It comes in the wonderful, awe-inspiring views, in the sense of grandeur, of isolation, of harmony, of mighty forces dominating our littleness, above all in an inspiration that is not to be gained elsewhere, and that is worth all that it costs. The physical strength developed also pays; if I was not tired, it was because in my one month at Zermatt I had already climbed the Riffelhorn, Untergabelhorn, Wellenkuppe, Zinal Rothorn, Rimpfischhorn, Monte Rosa, Breithorn, and Weisshorn, three of which rank as first-class peaks. The moral and spiritual uplift seems to be as great as the physical elevation. To see the panorama unfold hour by hour is as if one got a new realization of the universe, a new perception of how great and how beautiful is nature, a stimulation to rise above the small things of life, and a glimpse of the sublime. It is as if our earthly longings



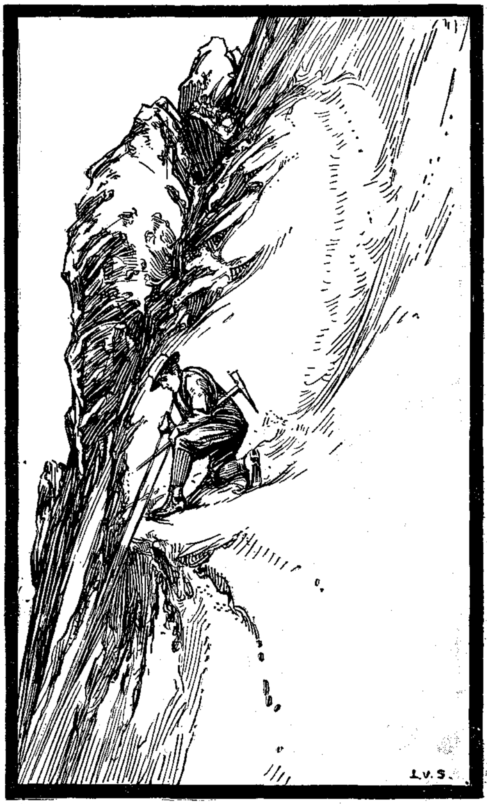
A DANGEROUS POSITION AT THE BASE OF THE MATTERHORN

The ascent is hard, steep, and troublesome, and the same difficulties are met with in the descent because of the caution that must be used every moment. The constant physical and mental strain make this one of the most difficult peaks in the Alps had been rewarded, as if we had actually attained the heavens by our long effort, and as if we were being shown a new vision of life, inspired to new resolves of service, of worth, and of high-mindedness. And this sense comes only as a reward for the struggle. The *funiculaire* by which a part of this wonderful panorama above Zermatt may be seen at 10,290 feet, from the Gornergrat in its center, arouses no such thoughts. The exhilaration of rising to such heights comes when they have been attained by effort, when it has cost something in time and strength and courage. Again, there is the excitement, the entering into new worlds, the anticipation of the adventures, of difficulties that must be foreseen and prepared for. One must think well and quickly. All one's resources are taxed, the whole man is developed. And is it not worth something to learn to overcome obstacles, to develop endurance, courage, prudence, perseverance, to learn the relative unimportance of bodily comfort? Just as truly as with football does mountain climbing develop moral character. There is nearly always some element of anxiety, some real difficulty, to be surmounted on a long, hard climb. The way is far, nature is immovable, rocks are pitiless, and there is no help at hand. But that, again, is one of the pleasures: to feel that we have attained to where few can come, and are undisturbed in our possession and contemplation.



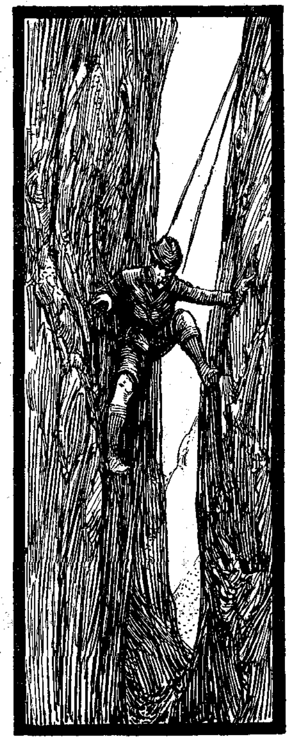
INTERIOR OF A MOUNTAIN HUT

Accidents are relatively few, and nearly always occur only with those who go without guides. They may lose their way, may slip, or fail to recognize the signs of bad weather in an unfamiliar locality. For those who go with carefully selected guides there is practically no real danger, for the guides will not start unless conditions are safe, and will turn if they become unsafe. They are legally responsible for the safety of the party. They obtain their books of recommendation and licenses from the Government, through the Swiss Alpine Club, only after a certain age, a certain experience as porters accompanying experienced guides, and an examination as to elementary knowledge of topography, geography, and weather conditions. Their book states the loads they may be required to carry, the tariff for each mountain, and other regulations, and has leaves for the written recommendations of previous parties whom the guide has served. The license or book can be taken away for any misconduct, and the license must be renewed annually. As a class the Swiss guides are a stalwart, reliable, intelligent set of men to whom one may trust one's self without hesitation. To be good guides, they must, in addition, have good judgment, be sure and swift climbers, and be courageous as well as prudent; and in these qualities there are differences among them. They almost never slip, and while climbing they keep taut the rope that attaches them to the tourist, prepared at any moment to protect him from any serious slip. In difficult places the head guide makes the tourist wait until he himself can reach a secure foothold, when he stops, braces himself, and directs the movements of the tourist by calling from above. In descending the head guide goes last, bracing himself and with a tight hold on the rope, prepared for the tourist to slip or to be lowered by the rope at any difficult point.

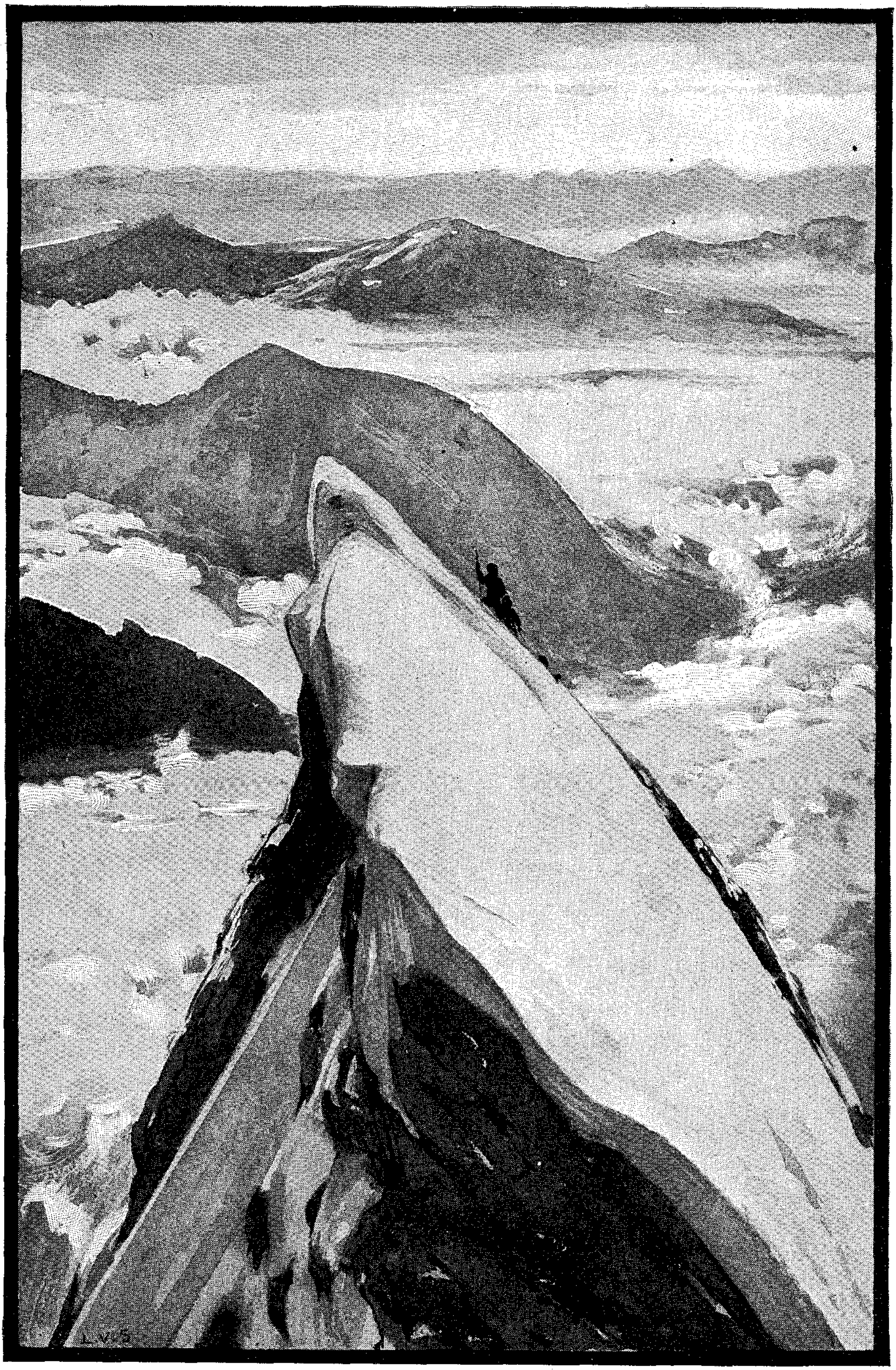


A FREQUENT METHOD OF DESCENT

Certain parts of the Alps are accessible only by climbing in the rock cracks. The guide in that case acts as an anchor, braces himself at the top of the cliff, and gradually slackens the rope which is swung under the shoulders of the climber. Some of these cracks which are very long and narrow are termed "chimneys" by the mountaineers



An experienced guide must also be a good organizer and something of a cook; for on the more difficult mountains, where few climbers go, even a small base hotel would not pay. On many of these mountains there are, however, small huts, built and kept up by the Swiss Alpine Club. No one lives in them, but their doors are kept unlocked and they may be used by any one without other charge than for the wood used. These huts are usually as far above the valley as a mule can go and as water can be found, namely, from two to five hours' walk up a path, and as near as possible to the beginning of the real hard work of the mountain, whether glacier or rocks. They must be near water, whether from a glacier or mountain snows; a sign and arrows indicate which way it lies from the hut, and a large can, shaped for the back, is at hand, to be filled by the first comers of the evening. The huts are protected by their position or by retaining walls above from avalanches, which, however, occur only in winter and spring. They have a stone base which serves as a woodhouse. Each spring a boy and mules are sent up with ample supplies of wood for the summer, and each tourist leaves in the iron box attached to the wall in the hut twenty cents for each bundle used. The building is of wood, about fifteen feet square, with a ladder to the loft, in which the guides sleep. Its one room usually contains a small stove, cooking utensils, a table, and a straw-covered shelf which serves instead of beds. One corner of this shelf is curtained off for ladies. An ample supply of blankets hangs from the rafters, as also a coiled rope for rescue work. There is a Red Cross chest, a stretcher, a red light to signal with, and instructions on the wall what to do in case of accidents. A visitors' book, pen, ink, and barometer complete the furnishings —all that is necessary; for the guides bring in their packs on their backs the small amount of food necessary for each party. The hut is usually reached about five o'clock in the afternoon, supper is cooked and eaten by each party in turn,



A CLIMBING PARTY ON THE SUMMIT OF A PEAK

To the right and left of this peak and in the distance, between the other peaks, a rolling sea of clouds hides the valleys from sight and by 8 P.M. all is quiet. The early start, usually by 2 A.M., is in order to have the snow still hard all the way to the top; for after nine in the morning the sun begins to make it soft, and progress then becomes much slower and much more fatiguing.

Food for the six to twenty hours of climbing from the hut to the summit and back must be reduced to a minimum of weight, must be nourishing, and must not be dry enough to produce thirst; but this will vary with the person. My own choice is always a small can of some fish, not salty, a half-pound of sweet chocolate, a few fresh pears, a quart bottle of water, and sometimes an egg, but never bread nor meat, because too dry. These last can be eaten at the hut only, and may be supplemented by soup and cheese.

In America, especially in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, Selkirks, and the High Sierras, are peaks as wonderful as those of the Alps, but guides are few and huts practically none, so that ascents must be made all the way from the few valley hotels up and back in one day, or else costly camping expeditions must be arranged. The American Alpine Club is only about five years old, with sixty-four active members, the Canadian Alpine Club but two years old. With the increase of the sport in this country, huts and guides will no doubt be provided. Meantime, as in the early days in the Alps, a few hardy and courageous pioneers are making first ascents and guideless ascents, in comparison with which a present-day ascent of the Matterhorn may not rank as presenting difficulties other than endurance.

KING ARTHUR'S MEN HAVE COME AGAIN

BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

FIELD WORKER IN THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF ILLINOIS

King Arthur's men have come again.
They challenge everywhere
The foes of Christ's Eternal Church.
Her incense crowns the air.
The heathen knighthood cower and curse
To hear the bugles ring,
But spears are set, the charge is on,
Wise Arthur shall be king!

And Cromwell's men have come again,
I meet them in the street.
Stern but in this—no way of thorns
Shall snare the children's feet.
The reveling foemen wreak but waste,
A sodden, poisonous band.
Fierce Cromwell builds the flower-bright towns,
And a more sunlit land!

And Lincoln's men have come again!
Up from the South he flayed,
The grandsons of his foes arise
In his own cause arrayed.
They rise for freedom and clean laws,
High laws that shall endure.
Our God establishes his arm
And makes the battle sure!

The Epoch of the Child

By Frank Marshall White

IT was thirty-six years ago in April that a good woman who devoted her life to the service of the unfortunate as a city missionary in New York paid a visit of mercy in a tenement-house in West Forty-sixth Street. Here another woman lay dying of consumption, but, dying though she was, her thoughts were not of her own sufferings, but of those of a little girl in the room next to her own. "Every day the child is beaten," the sick woman told the missionary, "and her screams and sobbings are pitiful to hear. I have sometimes feared that she was being killed, so terrible are her cries. If you could only get the police or some of the charitable societies to take her away from whoever is practicing these frightful brutalities upon her, I would die happy."

The missionary called at police headquarters and told the story, but was informed that unless a witness to an assault upon the child who could swear that its life was endangered made a complaint the police could not interfere in the matter. She applied to a city magistrate, who proved to her by a book of law that he was powerless to render her assistance. She went to the charitable societies, but they were unable to act in the circumstances that existed. And everywhere the missionary was told that it was a serious matter to interfere between parents and child. Probably the little girl was vicious, well-meaning people said, and punishment therefore justifiable, and the violence of her outcries was doubtless out of all proportion to any pain inflicted.

So earnest had been the appeal of the dying woman in the tenement on behalf of her unknown and unhappy little neighbor, however, that the missionary felt that she must not give up the quest for assistance. And then an inspiration came to her. Why might not Henry Bergh, whose great heart went out in sympathy to our dumb fellow-creatures in oppression, come to the relief of a suffering child? The missionary bent her steps at once to the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street (where the great building of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that is a monument to her visit, now stands), and told to its President the story of the wretched little girl in the tenement-house. Mr. Bergh's sympathies were immediately enlisted, and he bade the missionary to go and assure the compassionate woman in the room next door that nothing would be left undone to bring the child succor.

Now the question arose of how to go about the rescue. Mr. Bergh called forthwith upon Elbridge T. Gerry, counsel for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and they made a search of the statutes, in none of which was aught to be found bearing upon the case they had in hand. Finally they went before Judge Lawrence, in Supreme Court Chambers, and obtained from him a special warrant of habeas corpus calling for the production of the little girl in court, which was given to a policeman to serve. Mr. Bergh now chartered a City Hall hack, and took the policeman in it with him to the tenement-house in Forty-sixth Street, where they learned that the child was the adopted daughter of a man and his wife named Conolly, who occupied a couple of rooms on the fourth floor.

Demanding admission in the name of the law, Mr. Bergh and the policeman entered these rooms. Shrinking in a corner they found a wan and emaciated girl of eight years, clad only in ragged cotton underclothes and a calico skirt, her feet and legs bare and covered with cuts and bruises, as were her arms and body, as was afterward disclosed. The child had no clothes other than those she was wearing, and Mr. Bergh sent down to the carriage waiting in the street for a horse-blanket, in which she was wrapped and taken to court—never again to enter the rooms in which she had been tortured, nor to fall again into any but kindly hands. With her Mr. Bergh took to court a pair of heavy scissors, a foot long, found in the room, with which her foster-mother had been in the habit of striking the child, and which had made many of the cruel marks on the wasted little body.

This is the pathetic story, according to the newspapers of the time, that the waif told in court: "My name is Mary Ellen. My father and mother are both dead. I don't know how old I am. I have no recollection of a time I did not live with the Conollys. I call Mrs. Conolly mamma. I have never had but one pair of shoes, but I cannot recollect when that was. I have had no shoes or stockings this winter. I have never been allowed to go out of the room where the Conollys were, except in the night time and only in the yard. I have never had on a particle of flannel. My bed at night has been only a piece of carpet stretched on the floor underneath a window, and I sleep in my underclothes with a quilt over me. I am never allowed to play with any children or to have any company whatever. Mamma has been in the habit of whipping and beating me almost every day. She used to whip me with a twisted whip—a rawhide. The whip always left a black and blue mark on my body. I have now the black and blue marks on my head which were made by mamma, and also a cut on the left side of my forehead under my hair that was made by a pair of scissors. She often struck me with her scissors and cut me. I have no recollection of ever having been kissed by any one. I have never been taken on mamma's lap and caressed or petted. I never dared to speak to anybody, because if I did I would get whipped. I have never had any more clothing than I have at present to my recollection. I have seen stockings and other clothes in our room, but was not allowed to put them on. Whenever mamma went out, I was locked up in the bedroom. I do not know for what I was whipped. Mamma never said anything to me when she whipped me. I do not want to go back to live with mamma because she whips me so. I have no recollection of ever being on the street in my life."

It was learned afterward that Mary Ellen had been abandoned by her parents—of whom nothing was ever learned—and sent to the Department of Charities at the age of two, six years before, having been adopted by the Conollys immediately afterward. Mr. Bergh and

Mr. Gerry brought about the arrest of the inhuman foster-mother, and she was finally convicted of ill-treating the child and sentenced to a year at hard labor in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Mary Ellen was given a pleasant home in the country, and she is to-day the happy wife of a prosperous farmer, with three children of her own.

It was not until late in the fall, owing to the laxity of the laws dealing with the cruelty of parents to children, that Mrs. Conolly was convicted. In the meantime the case of Mary Ellen, reported in the newspapers, had roused the indignation of the community, and Mr. Bergh received many appeals to right the wrongs of childhood. One day in December he and Mr. Gerry were in the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when John D. Wright, the Quaker philanthropist, one of the directors of the Society, called. The three fell into a discussion of the Mary Ellen incident and other instances of cruelty to children it had brought to light, in the midst of which Mr. Bergh, on the inspiration of the moment, sat down at his desk and dashed off and signed the following memorandum, to which he asked the others to put their signatures:

"The undersigned, desirous of rescuing the unprotected children of this city and State from the cruelty and demoralization which neglect and abandonment engender, hereby engage to aid with their sympathy and support the organization and working of a Children's Protective Society, having in view the realization of so important a purpose."

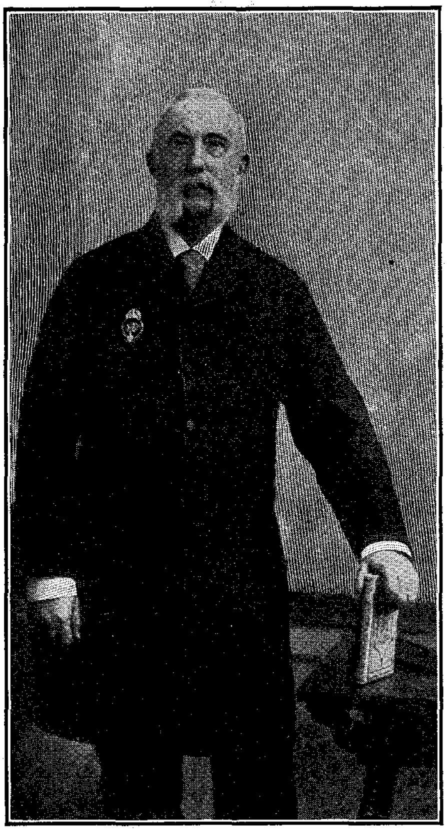
The memorandum was immediately and enthusiastically signed by Mr. Gerry and Mr. Wright, and it resulted in the formation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. During the thirty-five years that the Society has been in existence the laws that it has been instrumental in placing on the statute-books of the State have been models for similar beneficent legislation throughout Christendom. Through the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children the world has been taught that the care and education of children are of paramount importance to the State, and that it is the place of the State to stand in the parental relation to the child when parents or guardians are remiss. Directly to the influence of the Society may be ascribed that change in the attitude of the law toward the child that is best set forth by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, who himself has done as much as almost any one man to further the movement for humanization. "Formerly, when a boy entered a box car to steal and was captured," said Judge Lindsey, "the first and only thing put under consideration in the courts was the box car; now the welfare of the box car is a secondary condition to that of the boy." And tangible, concrete, prehensible evidence that, if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had never been heard of outside of this city and State, it would be abundantly justified of its existence, is found in the circumstance that it has rescued from environments of vice and immorality, and removed to surroundings adapted to their physical and moral development, more than 160,000 children, and that since the foundation of the Society the total number of cases investigated in which the welfare of children was concerned is upward of 250,000, while more than 105,000

JOHN D. LINDSAY

President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children convictions have been obtained of men and women who have wronged helpless children.

Conditions with reference to children in the city of New York when the Society came into existence seem incredible to-day, though they are within the memory of men of middle age. Boys of five years and younger, many of them trained by the whip and without redress against brutal taskmasters, appeared as acrobats on the stage; thinly clad girl actresses of ten and less shivered in the wings of cheap theaters while waiting for their cues; juvenile opera troupes gave performances by night as well as day, and went "on the road" in charge of managers who not infrequently cast small members adrift in distant cities; children danced and sang in some of the better class of music halls as well as in the lowest amusement dens in the slums; girls of fourteen and fifteen were admitted to the dance halls and concert saloons of Sixth Avenue and the Bowery; mothers sent daughters of eight and ten years out to sell flowers and newspapers at night, and the little ones wandered at will into hotels, saloons, and immoral resorts at midnight and later; crippled children begged in the streets at all hours of day and night; girls and boys of tender years were sent to the newspaper offices to purchase papers as they went to press at two o'clock in the morning; Italian slave children, purchased from their parents by the *padrones* who exploited them, played musical instruments and sang for pennies in the principal thoroughfares; there was almost open buying and selling of little girls in Chinatown; baby farming, conducted by wretched women who did not hesitate at the murder of their charges, was considered a legitimate occupation; refractory school-boys were expelled, the theory being that if they refused to submit to discipline, the reformatory, and afterward State prison, was their inevitable destination; juvenile offenders against the laws were locked up with adult malefactors and subjected to nearly the same treatment, and for a boy to be sent to a penal institution was almost invariably to doom him to a life of crime.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was formed in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, then opposite those of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on another corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, on the 15th of December, others besides Mr. Bergh, Mr. Gerry, and Mr. Wright signing the call for the meeting being Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, James Brown, B. B. Sherman, Albert Aiken, W. L. Jenkins, and R. J. Thorne. The men who responded to this call and became the original members of the Society were among New York's foremost citizens. Mr. John D. Wright was its first President, and it began business with a desk in the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Since that time the work of the Society has never flagged. Gradually the field of operations for the exploiters and abusers of childhood has been reduced in two



ELBRIDGE T. GERRY

One of the Founders and former President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children directions—the laws punishing them have been made more comprehensive and more drastic on the one hand, and their potential victims have been got out of their way on the other. No influence, social, political, financial, has ever stayed the prosecution of offenders against the little ones. Particularly during the twenty years' presidency of Mr. Gerry, from the death of Mr. Wright in 1879 until Mr. Gerry's resignation in 1899, which of course covers more than half of the Society's existence, during which period it became better known as "the Gerry Society" than by its longer title, his name was an actual and constant terror to those evil-doers who menaced children.

One of the earliest cases to attract wide attention taken in hand by the Society was during the first year of its existence. At that time there was an amusement hall called the Tivoli Garden on Eighth Street, near Fourth Avenue, where a boy of seven billed as "Prince Leo, the Wee Acrobat," gave a tight-rope-walking performance nightly at the risk of his life—or at least at the risk of his limbs—for the rope was eight feet above the stage. The Society learned that the boy was frequently beaten by his trainer, a man named Leonard, in the effort to make him do his "turn," and the fellow was arrested. Aberle, the proprietor of the Tivoli, made a long fight to retain control of the child, but the Society finally obtained the custody of "Prince Leo" through the courts. The difficulties overcome in obtaining the enactment of the present law, whereby no child under sixteen may appear on any stage without a special license from the Mayor, may be inferred from the fact that as long afterward as 1883 Aberle was arrested for allowing a girl actress eight years old to play at the Tivoli. This time, however, the Society succeeded in closing his place, and he fled from the city to avoid prosecution.

YOUNG BOYS APPEARED AS ACROBATS ON THE STAGE

It was the "Prince Leo" case that caused the Legislature to pass a law forbidding the training of children for acrobatics; and under this law the Ellis children, aged eight and nine respectively, English boys who had been brought to this country and were riding in Murray's Circus as "the Leon Brothers," were taken in charge by the Society in 1876. As their parents did not send from England for them, they were adopted by two bachelor brothers in Poughkeepsie, who eventually left them all their property. In 1877 the arm of the Society was long enough to reach to California and bring back Harry McCabe, aged four, whose parents lived in this city, and who was doing an act consisting of standing on the head of a bareback rider at full gallop in the ring with Montgomery Queen's Circus in Oakland. The little fellow had been most shamefully abused. He was adopted by a wealthy man after his return to New York.

In 1880 the conviction of the Rev. Edward Cowley, who conducted the Shepherd's Fold, an institution for children somewhat on the lines of Dotheboys Hall, enforced a statute in-

THE SOCIETY HAS IN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS WORKED FOR THE WELFARE OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND CHILDREN

troduced into the Legislature by the Society, providing that "whoever having the care or custody of any child shall willfully cause or permit the life of such child to be endangered, or the health of such child to be injured, or who shall willfully cause or permit such child to be placed in such a situation that its life may be endangered, or its health shall be likely to be injured, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." Cowley, who was a regularly ordained Protestant Episcopal clergyman, was charged with having allowed a child of five years known as Louis Victor, who was an inmate of the Fold, to suffer for lack of care, food, and medical attendance, insomuch that when his condition was made known to the Society, and he was sent to the hospital, he was thought to be in a dying condition, though he subsequently recovered. Cowley was, however, sentenced to serve a year in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $250.

In 1883 the Society won a signal victory, and one that meant much for the welfare of young girls in the city, by sending the infamous "Owney" Geoghegan, prize-fighter, politician, and keeper of a disorderly resort in the Bowery, to the penitentiary. The Society had secured the passage of a law forbidding proprietors and managers of dance halls and concert saloons to allow girls under sixteen years of age in their places. Geoghegan, who had sufficient political power to "break" the captain of his police precinct, and who boasted that, while one hundred and two indictments for violating the excise law had been found against him, he had never been brought to trial, defied the "Gerry Society," as he had all other representatives of law and order. His conviction for permitting girls under the legal age to frequent his resort is said to have "broken his heart." In any event, he never returned to New York after serving his sentence, and soon afterward died at Hot Springs in Arkansas.

One of the Society's cases that attracted considerable attention at the time was the forcing of Josef Hofmann, the eleven-year-old pianist, who was playing to crowded houses at the Metropolitan Opera-House in 1887, to quit the stage, much to the disgust of his father and manager, who were dividing the profits of his labors, although he was breaking down physically. That Hofmann is the finished artist he is to-day is undoubtedly due to this action of the Society, for not only did he regain his health, but a wealthy New Yorker paid all his expenses for years as a pupil of Rubinstein in Germany, with a bonus to the father, on condition that the boy should not again be allowed to play in public until he had completed his studies.

THE PERMANENT WELFARE OF THE WAIF IS THE OBJECT IN VIEW

However, mere mention of the *causes célèbres* of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would cover pages. New laws, most of them drawn personally by Mr. Gerry, designed to protect children at new points as those points were discovered, were continually enacted by the Legislature. The baby farmers were thus driven out of business; the trade in children in Chinatown was broken up; street begging on the part of children was stopped; the hours of children for selling newspapers were regulated; children were forbidden to enter saloons or disreputable resorts.

The mere rescue of a child from unfit parents or guardians or from the streets has been only a small part of the function of the Society, the permanent welfare of the waif being the definite object in view. Thus while good homes in families are found for many children, and others are sent to institutions where they will be well cared for, there are still others of promise in one direction or another, who—like Josef Hofmann—have been assisted to a career by individual members of the Society. One of England's leading actresses of to-day was schooled for the stage under competent instructors by private benevolence through the recommendation of officers of the Society, and there are many similar instances not of public record, while only Mr. Gerry himself knows how many boys and girls of promise who had fallen into the hands of the Society have been educated at his expense.

Perhaps the most important achievement of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in its effect upon the welfare of children throughout the world is the establishment by its influence and effort of a separate house of detention and a separate court for children, out of which has grown the probation system employed in institutions for the reformation of juvenile delinquents. Ernest K. Coulter, Clerk of the Children's Court in Manhattan, himself an enthusiast in child-saving work, who has gone into the history of the subject, finds that Massachusetts seems to have been the first State to enact legislation looking to the separation of children's cases from those of adult offenders, having in 1863 adopted such laws, which, however, long remained a dead letter. In 1877 the Legislature of New York passed a law directing that "any child under restraint or conviction, actually or apparently under the age of sixteen, shall not be placed in any prison or place of confinement in any court-room or in any vehicle for transportation in company with adults charged with or convicted of crime, except in the presence of proper officials." In 1892 a law was passed in New

York which permitted cases involving the trial and commitment of children under the age of sixteen years to be heard and determined "separate and apart from the trial of other criminal cases," and required that a separate docket of such cases be kept. In 1894 advantage was taken of the permissive clauses in these laws for the holding of hearings in which children under sixteen were charged with violations of the law separate and apart from other magisterial hearings, which were not, however, permanent. An Illinois law to this effect became operative in July, 1899, when a permanent court for children was established in Chicago. Police Justice Thomas M. Murphy, of Buffalo, established a similar court in that city under the New York law on January 1 of the following year. Judge Lindsey's court was established soon afterward.

Since its organization the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has devoted its energies untiringly and unceasingly to bringing about recognition of the now universally conceded truth that ordinary child offenders are not criminals and should not be treated as such, and has endeavored to ameliorate the condition and treatment of juvenile culprits in harmony with this idea. Since it entered its present home, in 1893, it has harbored not only children of both sexes charged with crime, but also all the abandoned, destitute, neglected, and abused little ones found in the territory over which it exercises jurisdiction, and has temporarily fed, clothed, and cared for them at its own expense. By far the most important legislative concession to the present view, according to President Lindsay of the Society, was the New York Statute of 1905, which was framed by the Society and enacted through its efforts, whereby all offenses committed by children under sixteen, except those punishable by death or life imprisonment, are reduced to the grade of misdemeanors. By an Act that passed both houses of the Legislature last September, no child under sixteen may now be found guilty even of a misdemeanor, but only of "juvenile delinquency." The result of this radical and unprecedented change in the law is to divest the higher criminal courts of all jurisdiction in cases affecting ordinary child offenders. Another of the Society's measures enables the release pending trial, on the personal recognizance of a parent or proper custodian, without security of any kind, of children charged in the various cities of the State with any crime except those of the most serious character. The vast majority of children taken into custody in the city are now given their liberty under this statute, the wisdom and expediency of which have been demonstrated by the fact that of the many thousands of such recognizances entered into during the past seven years not one has been forfeited by failure to produce the child in court.

One of the most helpful movements in the uplift of the bad boy in New York grew out of a discussion of conditions between Mr. Coulter and the Rev. Dr. W. Merle Smith, of the Central Presbyterian Church, and took form four years ago in the organization of the "Big Brothers," some twenty young men connected with the church club agreeing to play that part for as many "little brothers" who had been paroled in the Children's Court. To-day there are a thousand Big Brothers connected with a score of different churches in the city, and a like number of small boys who have been in trouble under their protection. The idea is not to give financial aid except in extreme cases, but to make the "little brother" understand that some one has a real and sympathetic interest in him; and it is almost the universal experience among the young men who are taking part in the movement that, no matter how vicious a boy may be, once his confidence is obtained, he is as clay in the hands of the potter. The Big Brother finds out where the other lives and makes the acquaintance of the family, more often than not in a slum tenement; he intercedes for the boy with parents who are unnecessarily harsh; he asks permission to take the boy to a ball game or a theater; he lends him the right kind of books and encourages him to study, and one evening of each week is set apart for athletic work, the Young Men's Christian Association allowing the use of their gymnasiums for this purpose. Last summer the Big Brothers established a camp in the country, where each of the "little brothers" spent a happy fortnight.

Almost contemporaneously with the successful application of the personal equation in the case of the bad boy on the part of the Big Brothers, a movement was set on foot on not dissimilar lines in the public schools of New York, whereby the discovery has been made that there is no such thing as an incorrigible child. If the opinions of men and women with such facilities for studying the subject at first hand as have been afforded to E. Fellows Jenkins, who recently resigned as Superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children after holding that position since the Society was founded; Mr. Coulter, of the Children's Court; Miss Olive M. Jones, Principal of the special school for unmanageable boys in Broome Street; Assistant Superintendent of Schools Edward B. Shallow, who deals with the truancy question in the five Boroughs; the Rev. Dr. Smith, who was one of the originators of the Big Brothers movement; and, last but not least, Miss Julia Richman, District Superintendent of Schools in that section of the city that includes the most congested parts of the East Side, are to be considered, any normal child under fourteen years of age, and a great majority of those under sixteen, no matter what conditions of birth or previous surroundings may have been, may be led into useful walks of life; congenital criminal traits may be eradicated; and, with so few exceptions as to constitute a negligible quantity, every child in this great metropolis, where social problems are complicated as nowhere else by an abnormally increasing and polygenous population, may be made a respectable member of society, given the proper training at the proper age.

Miss Richman thus described the method in the new idea school at a recent meeting of the National Educational Association: "Every incentive was offered to make the school attractive. Academic requirements were kept in the background until respect for the teacher, respect for authority, and self-respect had been, in part at least, developed. The school was a boon to those boys: boys who had been driven from pillar to post; boys who had been the disturbing influence in their classes; boys who had been beaten by their parents, with or without cause; boys who had been run down by the police—the veritable pariahs of school life. Have you any idea what it means to such a boy to find himself under an influence so directed that he discovers that he is of interest to somebody; that somebody cares for him; that when he tries somebody is pleased; that when he backslides somebody is grieved?"

A few years before the woes of little Mary Ellen awakened the compassion of the dying woman in the New York tenement, a young Englishman named Thomas J. Barnardo, who at twenty years of age had devoted his life to the cause of humanity and was studying medicine at the London Hospital, in Whitechapel Road, with a view to becoming a medical missionary to China, opened a Sunday and night school for working-boys in the neighboring district of Stepney. The school was a disused donkey stable, which the young man had whitewashed and fitted up with a table and benches. One cold November night, just as Barnardo was clsoing up his school after his pupils had departed, a lad of about ten years, barefooted and shirtless, with only a ragged jacket to cover his gaunt little body, came in and timidly asked if he might stay there overnight.

"No, indeed," said Barnardo. "You must go home to your mother."

"Ain't got no mother," replied the child.

"Well, to your father, then," urged the medical student.

"Ain't got no father," the boy responded.

"You must go to your home, anyway," Barnardo told him.

"Ain't got no home," was the child's reply.

Now, while young Barnardo had seen a great deal of the poverty of London's East End, he had never previously had any idea that there were children there without homes, and when this lad assured him that he had had no place to sleep since his mother died in the workhouse hospital a year before, he refused to believe him. When the boy informed him further that there were "lots of other boys" in the same predicament as himself, Barnardo demanded ocular proof. The child led him to a wilderness of old sheds, tumble-down outhouses, and wreckage in Houndsditch, not far away, where, lying asleep on the low, flat roof of a dilapidated building, were eighteen boys between nine and eighteen years of age, clad only in rags, exposed to the open sky.

Barnardo spent his last penny in bread and butter and coffee for the half-famished lads, and took them to his schoolhouse to sleep. The next evening he told the story at a charitable meeting, and it got into a newspaper, and so came to the attention of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was then in the midst of his philanthropic work for the child toilers of England. Shaftesbury asked Barnardo to dinner to meet some other benevolent Londoners, and made him tell them the story of the children without homes sleeping in the open air. It seemed as incredible to these gentlemen as it had to Barnardo, and finally their host asked the medical student if he thought he could show them anything like it if they were to accompany him to the East End that night. Barnardo thought that he could, and cabs were called and the entire party driven to Whitechapel. For an hour Barnardo led them about in what he considered likely places in the bleak slums without finding any homeless boys, and he was beginning to think that the others would put him down as an impostor, when a policeman informed the party that he had seen a number of waifs crawl under a fence into a lumber yard not long before, and showed them the place.

As there was no response from the other side of the fence when Barnardo called into the darkness, the policeman suggested that the offer of a copper might bring the boys out. Dr. Barnardo thus described the scene that ensued: "A halfpenny a head was offered, and then from out of a great confused pile of old crates, boxes, and empty barrels, which were piled together and covered with a huge tarpaulin, *seventy-three boys* crawled out from the lair where they had been seeking shelter for the night. Called forth by the offer of a halfpenny each, there they stood beneath the light of the lamps, a sorrowful and mournful regiment of the great army of the destitute, confronting an even more sorrowful and mournful regiment of the well-to-do."

The seventy-three boys were taken to a coffee-house and provided with food, and each was given his halfpenny, and the result of the visit of the philanthropists to Whitechapel that night was Dr. Barnardo's Homes. To-day in London, as in New York, no child need go without food and shelter, for—like the house of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children here—the big Home in Stepney Causeway is never closed, day or night, and no destitute boy or girl under sixteen years of age is ever turned from its doors. Besides the Home in Stepney, there is "Babies' Castle" in Kent, for "infants in arms," and half a dozen other Homes in London and the suburbs for boys and girls of various ages in which trades and domestic service are taught, with a day school for children of the very poor, where free meals are served. Before Dr. Barnardo's death in 1903 he had sent more than 50,000 boys and girls to homes in Canada and Australia, 98 per cent of whom have become useful men and women. The lad who may be said to have started the Dr. Barnardo's Home movement, by applying at the medical student's school for shelter on that cold November night long ago, is now a well-to-do merchant in Canada, by the way.

Dr. Barnardo was much hampered in his earlier work by laws that virtually made children chattels of their parents, but soon after the formation of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children he and others engaged in philanthropic work in England began to take cognizance of the methods of the American institution. In 1883 Frederick Agnew, a Liverpool banker interested in charitable work, visited New York for the purpose of studying the mode of operation of the Society, and on his return he formed a society based on the same principles, which began to do work on similar lines. In 1885, when a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children applied to Parliament for a charter, 1,200 copies of "Gerry's Manual," as the volume of laws of the State of New York applying to children is known, were distributed among Lords and Commons for their instruction.

In the meantime the movement for the

betterment of the condition of children that was started in New York has spread over the earth. There are about fifty Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in this State, and more than three hundred in the United States. There are two similar societies in England, two in France, several in Germany, and single societies, many of them national, in Russia, Spain, Switzerland, South Africa, British Guiana, Australia, New South Wales, India, Cuba, and Porto Rico, the last country to join the movement being Italy. As by the New York Society's example, and largely through its direct endeavors, organizations for the prevention of cruelty to children have been formed throughout the civilized world, so has the distinctly American institution of children's courts been unreservedly adopted in other lands. England was the first to follow our lead, but Germany, France, Austria, Italy, and other countries have profited by the example. Even in Asia there is a children's court, the Gaekwar of Baroda, who visited the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Children's Court here four years ago, having promised to establish similar courts in Baroda.

In line with the general movement for the welfare and happiness of children is the recent work of the National Child Labor Committee, whose measure for the establishment of a "National Children's Bureau," now before Congress, has been favorably reported in both houses, and will probably soon become a law. The Children's Bureau is to be a center for the collection and dissemination of intelligence about children. Not only would all States, all municipalities, all legislators, and all people generally interested in charitable and correctional work apply here for information on all subjects relating to childhood, but bulletins on physical defects, their seriousness and means of correction, would be circulated throughout the country, as are to-day those of the Bureau of Animal Industry on scabies in sheep, for instance, or those of the Bureau of Plant Industry on the Colorado beetle. Every kind of information that might prove useful to mothers, such as simple discoveries in medicine and improved methods in the treatment of infantile ailments, would be issued from this Bureau and sent broadcast by members of Congress among their constituents, as well as to the newspapers for publication.

However, the dissemination of information is not the main purpose of the Children's Bureau in the view of the National Child Labor Committee, the idea being that the facts and figures that will be obtained will shame and frighten the exploiters of children and bring legislators to realize their responsibilities in the matter. The National Child Labor Committee was formed only six years ago, at which time there were but two similar organizations in existence—State committees in Alabama and New York. To-day there are thirty State and local committees, and the National Committee has a membership of more than five thousand throughout the country.

So many phases of the work among the children are of comparatively recent origin that figures are not yet to be had upon which anything like an accurate estimate may be based as to the ultimate outcome of the movement. It is possible, however, to make a comparison as to the value of modern methods compared with the old. Of the thirty-three institutions (aside from the truant schools), Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew, to which children up to sixteen years of age are committed in New York City, the one that receives those boys who, by the process of sifting through the streets, the truant schools, and the courts, are finally condemned as the worst, is the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island. This is conducted by the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents—which, by the way, was founded half a century before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Boys under twelve are not sent to this institution unless they have committed what would be a felony in the case of an adult, and most of these young ruffians and desperadoes would, under the old system, matriculate for the Elmira Reformatory, and there for the State prisons. The probationary system went into effect on Randall's Island five years ago, and since that time there have been paroled from the institution nineteen hundred boys, more than half of whom are making the best of their opportunities to lead reputable lives. In other words, there may be said to be about a thousand more potentially useful citizens in the State and a thousand less potential criminals as the result of the work at the House of Refuge under the new system, whereby the welfare of the boy rather than that of the box car is considered.

Of course there have been many instances of genuine reform among the thirty-one thousand boys who have been sent to Randall's Island since the institution was opened in 1825, and many of them are to-day respected members of the community; but, by comparison with the results obtained during the last five years, the wheat gleaned from the chaff during the previous eighty years amounts to a negligible quantity. This splendid showing is all the more extraordinary in view of the circumstance that a worse lot of boys is now being sent to the House of Refuge than ever before, since by reason of the existence of the Children's Court many boys who would otherwise have been committed to Randall's Island have been saved by suspended sentences and the probation system at an earlier stage. Perhaps the House of Refuge does not afford a fair instance for comparison, by reason of the fact that Superintendent Joseph P. Byers, who put the probationary system into operation there, has made the reformation of juvenile delinquents the study of a lifetime and brings superior intelligence as well as extraordinary zeal to his task; but the work that has been done in that institution is nevertheless of tremendous significance.

It is impossible, however, in a single article even to outline the principal features of the epoch of the child. The subject of the children's courts and their work is in itself a profound study. As Mr. Coulter says in the report previously referred to, the economic worth of these courts "is of a kind beyond the possibility of estimate in dollars and cents, and is rather to be reckoned with in our future citizenship." That is true of the entire movement for the welfare of the child, and its results may well be manifested in the very near future.

A SONG OF REUNION

BY P. T. DURHAM

The years have wrought their miracle: America is one;
The dream of Lee and Lincoln, out of light and shadow spun,
Has come to long fulfillment, and their shining task is done.

Our dead are not forgotten; we keep vigil o'er their dust,
We sing their deeds in deathless song and hold their fame a trust
Till Time, the final judge, shall write a judgment that is just.

But America, our mother of the sorrow-chastened soul,
Has called, and we are coming from the years of bitter dole,
"Forgiving and forgiven" writ across the darkened scroll.

And to her field of battle where the light and night oppose,
Where wrong and right are marshaling their lines of ancient foes,
We follow where America's out-streaming banner goes.

And, marching to the star-sown flag, this song of war we sing:
"The sword of Lee to battle for America we bring,
And Jackson's rankers answer where her far-blown bugles ring.

And when upon that battlefield the victory is thine,
When high above the death of wrong the blazoned stars shall shine,
Look thou for us, America, along the foremost line."

The Happy Village

By Mary Guérin

ON a slope of the fortified promontory of Montboron, near Nice, and overlooking the loveliest and bluest sea in all the world, lies the beautiful old Villefranche road. When, on a spring morning, I saw it for the first time dazzling white in the sunlight, with all its voluptuous glow and warmth of color, I wondered who were the happier—the green and gold lizards palpitating on the ledges of old walls, or myself?

The season had been an unusually late one. We had crossed Italy, and I am inclined to think that by comparison I had enjoyed hotel radiators no better than the lizards would have done. But this was the radiant "Côte d'Azur," the very essence of the ardent south, with that inimitable beauty of the Midi made incarnate in the songs of Frédéric Mistral, whom Lamartine called "l'Homère de la Provence."

Above us the terraced slopes of almond, fig, and olive were sumptuously abundant and interspersed with orchards, pink and blooming, or gray-green and hazy in the sunshine. We kept the sea in sight as we followed the old road, and, by peering between the umbrella-shaped tops of the pine trees that seemed to hang poised along the borders of the cliffs, we could see great patches of blue, upon which tall white sails moved as airily as did the white doves in the blue above them. Along the wayside wild corn-poppies nodded and bloomed, their glowing redness contrasting vividly with the deep sapphire of the Mediterranean below. A seeming bridal procession of slim trees in their white spring bloom followed the road at one time, while a sedate company of young cypresses appeared to be demurely walking up hill at another. Oh, the sweetness that filled the air! Combination of blossom and sea breeze, what perfume *ravissant!*

We saw an adorable old man in wide blue *pantalon* and *sabots* fairly wading through his terraces of mignonette and roses, of daisies and daffodils, as he cut sweet heaps of them and filled his *paniers* for market.

Beyond high walls, perhaps where geraniums fell in scarlet profusion and clusters of oranges drooped, rose the marble columns of a villa, and many of these, both large and small, repeated their gleaming beauty in the sea at their feet, or sat perched high up on sunny slopes. The latter were topped by little red-tiled roofs which had, I remember to have thought, an almost coquettish resemblance to fluted ruffles.

But what foolishly happy intoxication takes possession of one in such air, in such sunshine, in April! I'd gladly have changed places with the soldier of France—raw recruit though he was—whom we beheld on his seaside parade ground, running his bayonet through the chest of a straw *mannequin* dangling in the breezes.

En route we met barefooted peasant women swinging along with baskets on their heads, which they set down by the wayside shrine where they stopped and knelt. More than once we were obliged to cover our faces as a heavy wagon drawn by a superb team of Norman horses lazily creaked down the road, raising clouds of that fine white Riviera dust that lightly powdered everything.

But your guardian angel does not allow you to go far amiss here. We halted a moment under a pine whose roots were in the cliffs far beneath us, but whose huge green umbrella spread over the sea wall on which we rested, and here, from between its drooping branches, we beheld on the border of the waters the spot we had come to seek, Villefranche-sur-mer.

How enchantingly lovely it seemed, this happy little village lying between the Alps and the sea on serenely wooded hills! Its tiny landlocked harbor looked like a toy, and you could not possibly take seriously a man-of-war lying at anchor on the shimmering, rippling waters of the bay, looking no more ominous than a big horned toad. Tall, slim masts, gracefully aslant, and richly colored sails mingled gayly with the bright roofs of the town clustering together most thickly near the water.

We went down to the sea—the streets were a veritable stairway—at first past dwellings with their terraces of oranges and olives, their arbors and kitchen gardens, their balconies, flower-pots, and bird-cages. Then over the roofs appeared the tops of what were lateen-rigged Mediterranean fishing vessels with their great sails of saffron and orange-colored *toile*. With the first strong briny whiff of the deep, things changed to sterner stuff, and we soon found ourselves on a fine old quay of stone lined with houses. The architecture assumed a certain grand and protective appearance. Walls were buttressed. Buildings rough hewn at the base were high and of solid masonry, pierced only at the top by small windows. What appeared to be an ancient fortified castle commanded the dock and had been built, in all probability, at the time the Dukes of Savoy established their naval arsenal here, which was, I believe, before the Government of Piedmont became possessed of Genoa and its maritime territory. But even to-day Villefranche is a naval station, and one can picture the small harbor alive with the great vessels of many foreign fleets. And as you stand gazing seaward something most romantic fills your soul. Is this not the one spot to which you might expect to see the great ship bring Edmond Dantès? What if he were to come ashore this very moment in the little lighter, searching with eager eyes for Mercedes, who stands on the wharf to greet him? Would it surprise you? No, for from the first the scene has recalled to your mind your first thrilling impressions of "Monte Cristo."

But of course there is no such tableau and its attendant group of "merry villagers," and you stroll along the old quay with its great stone posts, displaying rusty anchors and enormous brown seines spread out in the sun. Indeed, you may receive a pleasant smile and nod, as did we, from the *bonne vieille* who sits mending the latter with a queer shuttle-like affair. She is surrounded by her chickens, which step familiarly in and out among the meshes of the nets, grubbing and clucking complacently meanwhile. White gulls are in the blue above you, and the salty flavor of the wind is mingled with that rank, fishy smell. A group of fisherfolk surround some small boats which have just come in with a sardine catch.

At first glance this suggests a Christmas tree, for the heaps of little silver fish still lie among the bunches of seaweed adhering to the net, and twinkle and sparkle in the sun. A remarkable specimen of the deep comes to light as the seine is emptied; it looks (to one landlubber at least) like a poached egg. The catch is distributed—all except my poached egg, which was unceremoniously shoveled back into the water—among a number of expectant men, each of whom goes off with his portion slung over his shoulder in sack or basket.

Then comes the picturesque work of the boatmen. The exceedingly long nets are stretched out on the stones, the sides and rails of the boats scrubbed, and things generally put into ship shape. All the while the brawny fellows smoke their pipes, and laugh and chatter among themselves in a *patois* and *idiome provençal*, lyrical and sweet to the ear. It has been described as combining with its Latin accent an Attic grace and a Tuscan ruggedness. These fishermen furnish the greater proportion of fish for the markets of Cannes and Nice, and we learned that just a step farther up the coast is the famous tunny fishery of Nice.

There was not a portion of the old waterway that I did not at once love, perhaps best the little tumbledown portion of it, with its rows of quaint houses and sheds of pink, yellow, and green, revealed by a bend in the dock.

Gardens peeped from behind broken, sun-scorched walls, and over the water's edge hung a row of neatly trimmed plantain trees. There was a confusion of nets festooned from these, of baskets, old sails, and every sort of fishing gear, all topsy-turvy and picturesque!

At a public *lavoir* many a goodwife was dipping and beating her family linen and hanging it out to flap itself dry in the freshet of zephyrs. Here we turned back, for the stroke of *midi* was resounding from the *tour l'horloge*, which, by the way, in its turn also delights you with its mediæval beauty and grandeur. You feel sure that in the days of robber barons it must have been a watch-tower.

But the question of *déjeuner* now being wholly absorbing, we recalled a certain little "Maison Dorée," to which we at once went to investigate its possibilities. If Monsieur, the *patron*, had seen us pass an hour ago, and had stood there in the doorway ever since watching for our return, we surely could not have guessed it from the way he greeted us—all bows and smiles, to be sure, but with a busy importance such as can only be expressed by a *patron* when he folds his hands behind his back and agitates an ample napkin. When Monsieur learned that we were Americans, he promptly took his place behind a small, up-to-date bar, thus proudly anticipating what he seemed to feel sure would be expected of him. However, he maintained a smiling composure when we limited ourselves to the selection of a bottle of good red *vin du pays*. The ordering of *déjeuner* was an event, after which Monsieur disappeared and his pretty wife came forward to do the honors. She invited me to make a tour of their little *ménage*, and it was all too deliciously quaint for words, and spotless from the floors of red waxed tile to the white muslin curtains ironed—convent style—into precise plaits.

Of course we had elected to have our table placed under one of the awning umbrellas of broad orange and white stripes standing in front of and making festive the entrance of the Maison Dorée. So, with snowy cloth fluttering, we ate such a repast as one can only hope to find in France—only there such melting *omelette jambon!* such delectable *rognon brochette!* and only when turned by Monsieur, such wonderful salad! We had been served by Madame and Sandré, the small *garçon*, but Monsieur himself must needs fetch the bowl and dress the salad before our longing eyes.

We sat at table drowsy with warmth and supreme contentment. What air! What sunshine! What music in the lazy lapping of the waves at our feet and the gentle bumping sound made against the old quay by the little boats at their moorings! I could see the painted names on the bows of these, and I found it amusing that St. Jean Baptiste and Philippe de Commynes should thus be hobnobbing together, while I was much pleased with the idea of Sadi Carnot.

Madame interested us very much. She and Monsieur were not natives of the place, but at their marriage had come here and opened the little hotel. Madame had been born in St. Gall, Switzerland, and was intelligent and refined. She was extremely pleased at our interest in her infant daughter, who appeared on the dock for an airing in the arms of her small nurse. Hélène, the young lady in question, was to be baptized the next week, and was to have such a nice godfather! Who? I asked. The Count de G——, residing in Nice. He, it seems, liked to come to Villefranche, and had on one occasion partaken of refreshment at the Maison Dorée, so that thereafter, on similar occasions, he had always returned. But one day he came to find a change. Monsieur was not there to concoct the dishes of his *prédilection*. "Why, had anything happened?" "*Mais, oui*, there was a new baby two days old!" And when yet again he came and saw Mademoiselle Hélène as she took her airing upon the dock in the arms of her small nurse, the childless man had looked with favor upon the fair little head, and had bestowed upon her a *rente* which she would receive each birthday until she should reach the age of twenty, and thus acquire her *dot*.

One could have wished to remain for more sweet, uneventful days such as this by the serene seaside of Provence. Madame told us that, taking a little boat to the Bay of Passable, one sailed across to St. Hospice. To her mind, however, there seemed no argument for or against the fact that there still stands the gloomy old tower where centuries ago the patron saint had died a recluse.

She added that it was indeed very lovely sailing home with fishermen at sunset—or, if one preferred to wait for that quieter light which falls on hill and water, one could see afar out the twinkling lights of the Phare de Villefranche, where on certain nights, when the moon rises, the fishermen hear the call of the sirens upon the rocks.

As we wandered down the road in the twilight, we heard the echo of the great bell from the tower of the village church, and somehow it awed me as I thought of what Madame had said about the rocks and the song of the sirens.

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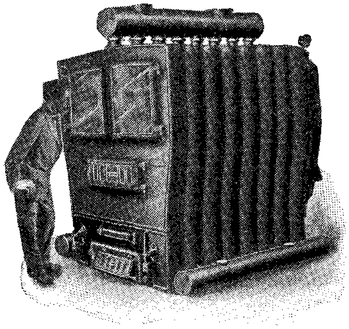

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We learned how to build a cross circulation water way which does for the water circulation what the "diving flue" does for the fire travel.

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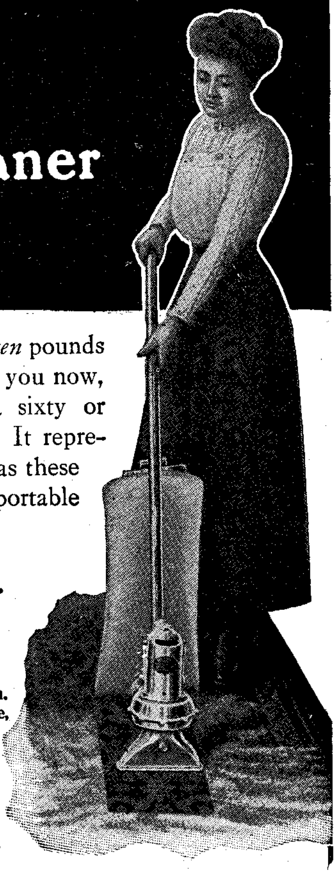

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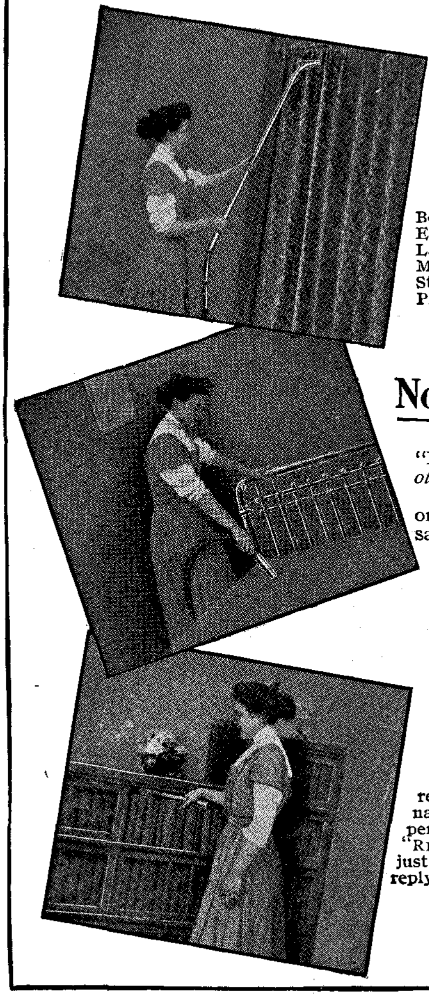

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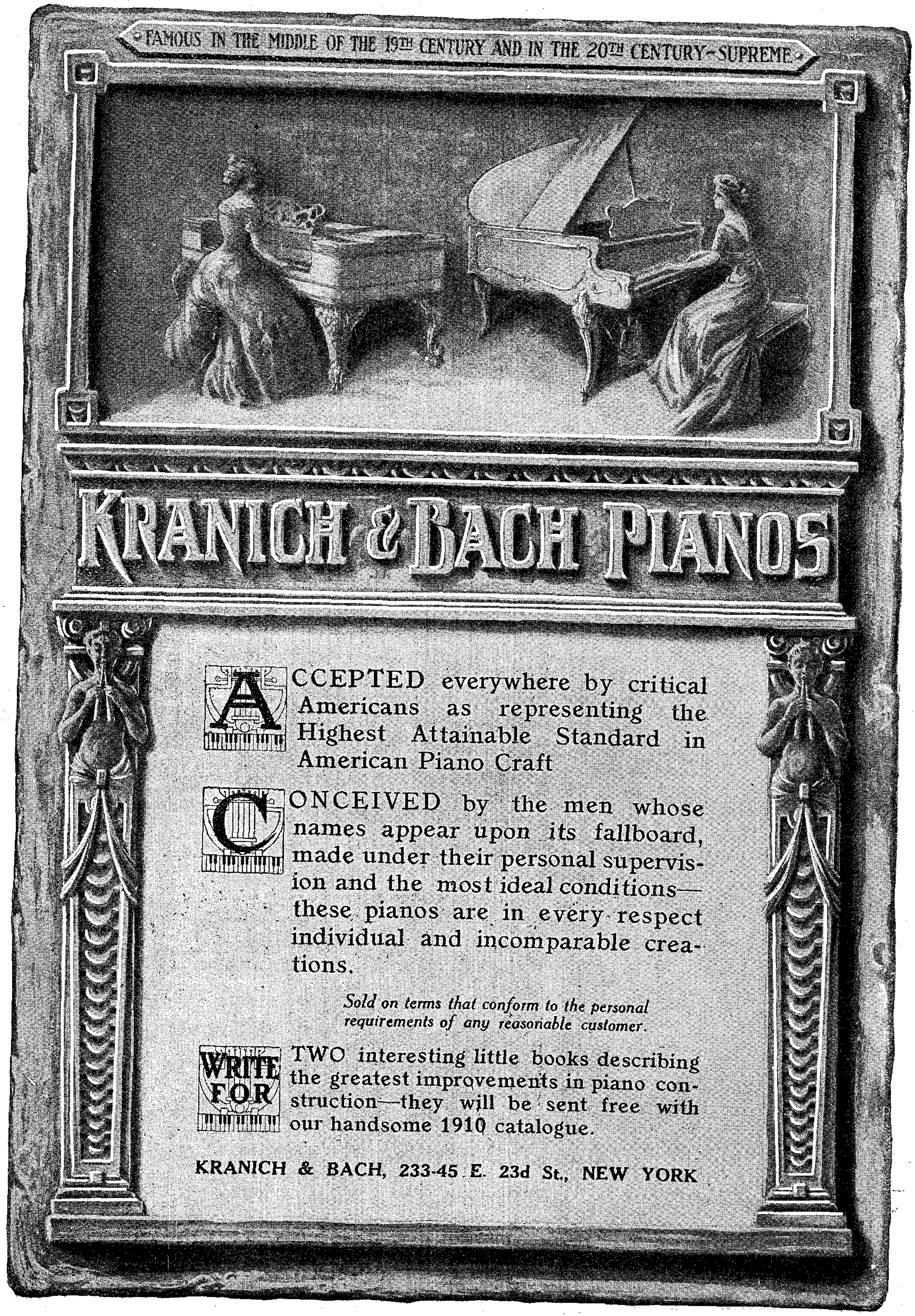
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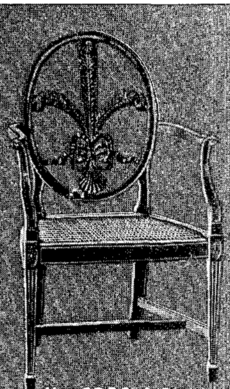

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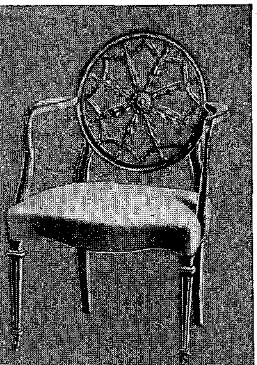

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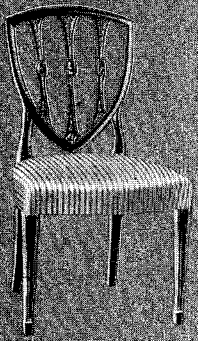

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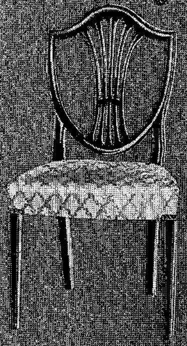

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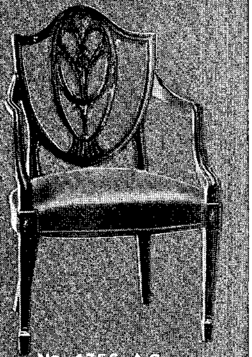

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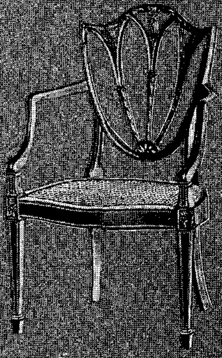

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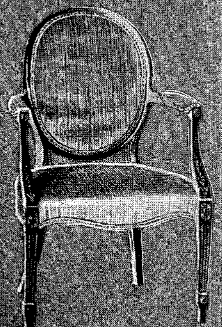

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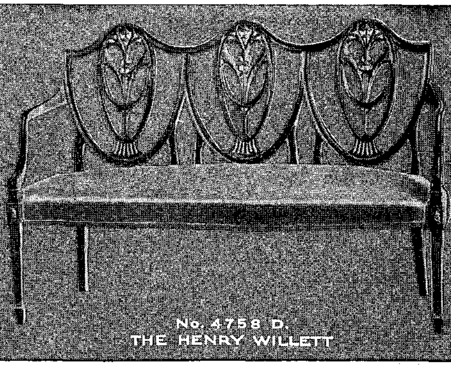

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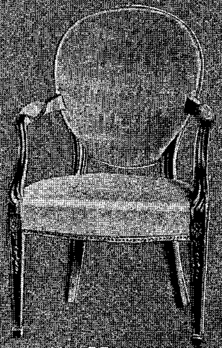

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Brushing with such a hair brush is the surest, safest way to remove the daily accumulation of dust which collects on the hair and clogs up the little oil outlets, preventing the free flow of the natural hair oil, which is necessary for a healthy hair growth.

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They are Prof. Anderson's foods—the digestible foods—the ideal of every food expert.
In no other process are the granules of grain so broken up as in this. Nor was there ever a way to make cereals so enticing.

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You can judge how such grains fairly melt in the mouth, and how nut-like they taste mixed with cream or milk.
But they are better than you can imagine. They are so good that we have at times been a million packages behind on our orders.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West* Puffed Rice, 15c

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For a between-meal dish, for supper or bedtime, serve these puffed grains in a bowl of milk. They are as crisp as crackers, and four times as porous as bread.

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The only real improvement made in shaving soaps and in which you will find your shaving troubles solved.

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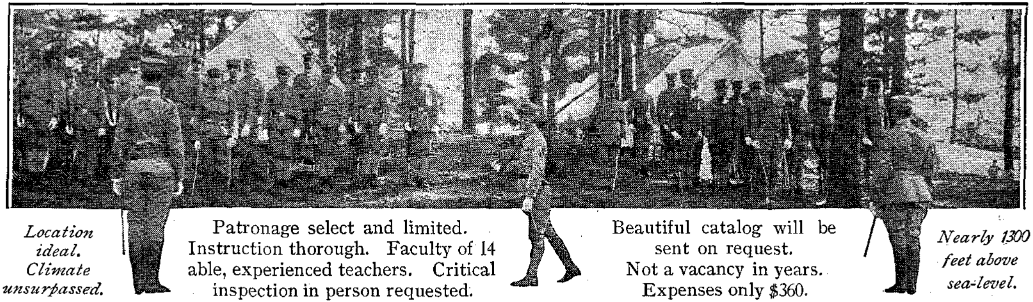

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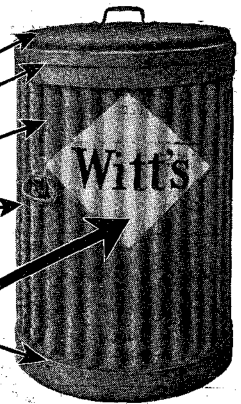

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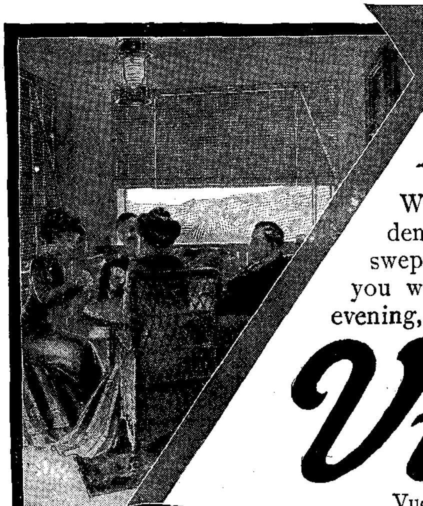

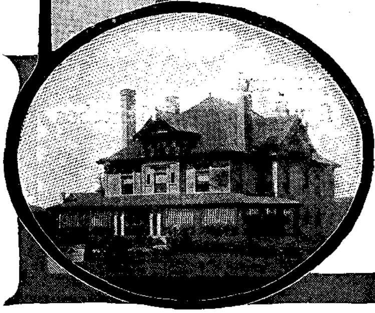

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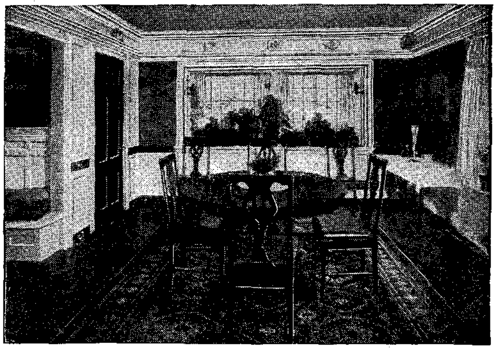

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